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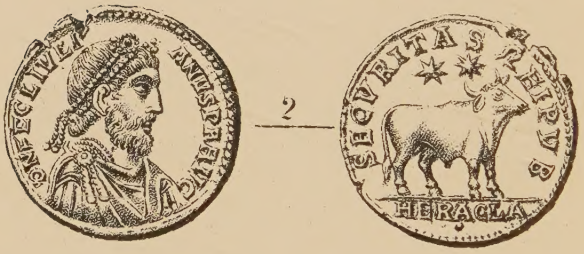
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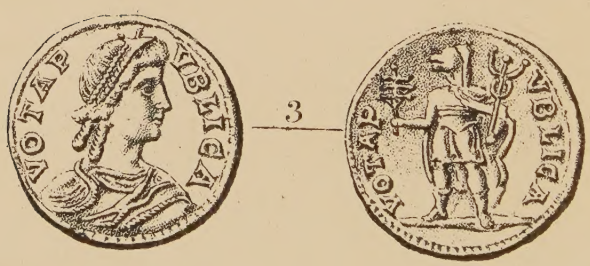
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JULIAN THE EMPEROR

CONTAINING

GREGORY NAZIANZEN'S TWO INVECTIVES

AND LIBANIUS' MONODY

WITH JULIAN'S EXTANT THEOSOPHICAL WORKS

TRANSLATED BY

C. W. KING, M.A.

"Fame, if not double-faced, is double-voiced;
And with contrary blast proclaims most deeds:
On both his wings, one black, the other white,
Bears greatest names in his wild aëry flight."

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PREFACE.

IN the case of the Emperor *Julian*, Historic Truth possesses the very rare advantage of having *two* portraits of the same person, taken from diametrically opposite points of view—and both of them by painters intimately acquainted with their subject during the whole course of his career. Gregory of Nazianzus, a city of Cappadocia, sometime Bishop of Constantinople, had been a fellow-student of Julian's at the University of Athens, and had been treated by him with marked kindness and consideration (for which the worthy Father was subsequently forced to invent a very malicious motive), after his elevation to the purple. Libanius, a teacher of Eloquence, or, in modern phrase, a Professor of Greek Literature, had been summoned and established at Antioch by Julian's ill-fated brother the Cæsar Gallus; in which city during the nine months whilst the emperor was making his vast preparations for the Persian War, he lived upon terms of the greatest familiarity with him. They then renewed the friendship formed some seven years before at Nicomedia, where Julian, as yet in a private station, had greatly benefited by the lectures of the Pagan Professor, although debarred

from personally attending them by the jealousy of his appointed Tutor, Ecdicius. The satirist and the panegyrist were both of them men of the highest education their times could afford. I leave it to the reader of their respective productions to decide which of the two had reaped the greater advantage from that education. But the careful perusal of their Attack and Defence will throw a clearer light upon the state of feeling that distracted the civilized world, at this, in every sense, the most critical period of its history, than can be gained from the study of all the Church historians that have written, from the gigantic treatise of Philippus Sidetes in a *thousand* books ("equally useless to the learned and the unlearned"), down to whatever of the kind may be most in vogue at the present day. I may however remark, parenthetically, that some of Gregory's charges against the emperor, require a very prejudiced construction to give them the blackness aimed at—as for example, his refraining from actual persecution from no other motive than that he begrudged the Christians the honour of martyrdom to which they so zealously aspired. The history of this, in every way, remarkable man, has hitherto been considered merely in its connection with Religion: and, so treated, it is become the most threadbare of all themes. I, therefore, take some credit to myself for discovering a totally new way of investigating these records of his life, and that is, for the valuable service they afford to archæology. A glance at my Index (compiled specially with that view), will show how many curious questions of antiquity derive fresh light from the casual remarks of the two

writers. To instance a few—we get descriptions of ancient "University life;" the course of study there pursued; military matters, such as the system of carrying on distant campaigns; and what is unexplained from any other source, the true nature of the *Dracones* (*ventosa draconum pallia*, as Prudentius calls them); the transformation of the materials of the ancient temples into the decorations of private houses; the inner life of the later Imperial Court, with its swarms of rapacious officials and domestics, so comparable to that of a Turkish Sultan; the duties and the abuses of the *Agentes in rebus;* the constitution and the burdens of the Provincial *Curiales;* the British corn-trade, and the route it followed; and the solution of the problem that has so long vexed every intelligent numismatist—the existence of that incalculable quantity of *billon* denarii, of various degrees of baseness, but nevertheless all pretending to be the actual mintage of the emperors of the third century.[1]

The *Manes* of the saintly Gregory himself ("si quis sensus in illis") will doubtless rejoice at my thus making use of the unintentional service he has rendered to archæology, for that he, despite his austere Puritanism, was a lover of Antiquity, is abundantly shown by the hundred and eighty-two little poems, full of good feeling and good taste, which he has directed against the bigoted, or rapacious, destroyers of ancient monuments.

To complete my portrait of the imperial philosopher,

[1] The Numeration in the text of Libanius refers to Reiske's edition, used for this Translation.

I have added a translation of his only two theosophical treatises still extant; from which the reader will be able to form an unprejudiced view of the religious system adopted by him. These little "Confessions of Faith" are evidently *coloured* by the careful study of certain Treatises amongst the "Moralia" of Plutarch: but they exhibit the fullest and latest development of notions only briefly sketched out by the earlier writer. Plutarch and Julian, therefore, enable us to contemplate Platonism and Neo-Platonism side by side, and I know not where can be found so lucid and able an exponent of the latter system as the emperor shows himself in these writings. In these our days, when we are gravely assured that "*Cosmic Theism* is the future religion of the World," many thinking men (but unable to wade through the difficulties of philosophic Greek) will be thankful to know what "Cosmic Theism" meant in the ages when it *was* the religion of the World (or, at least, of its educated portion), in the form under which its doctrines are here set forth by a man of acute intellect and high education, and who, at a mature age, and dissatisfied with all other systems, had embraced it out of a deep conviction of its truth.

C. W. KING.

TRINITY COLLEGE.
March 1, 1888.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

Frontispiece.

No. 1. Constantius II. *Rev.* The emperor standing, crowned by victory, and holding the *labarum*, emblazoned with the monogram of Christ. The legend *Hoc signo victor eris*, adopted from the celebrated vision of Constantine, makes it probable that this reverse was chosen as a hopeful augury of success when the pious emperor was making his vast preparations to resist the invasion of the bold usurper Magnentius. The letter in the field indicates that the value of the coin is *one-third* of the *Follis*, the largest copper piece, which after the monetary reform of Diocletian, was made the *unit* of the currency.

No. 2. This fine portrait of Julian must represent him nearly at the close of his twenty months' reign, to calculate from the ample growth of his beard. He did not venture *sapientem pascere barbam*, and to assume that outward and visible sign of a "philosopher," which then meant an adversary of Christianity, until he was become the undisputed master of the Empire through the sudden death of Constantius. In fact, Ammian mentions that on Julian's departure from Gaul to contest the purple with his cousin, in his march through Vienne, he attended the Church service of the Epiphany, in order to conciliate the favour of the Christians, an important element of the provincial population. In the Mithraic religion (even at that date predominating in the Roman world) the *Bull*

was the emblem of the Earth; and the representation of the Persian piercing the animal with his *acinaces* signified the *penetration* of the solar ray into the soil. The Two Stars are in antique art, the regular symbols of the Twin Dioscuri, whose apparition, when invoked by tempest-tossed mariners, quieted the winds and calmed the waves. The type of this coin therefore meant, and certainly was understood by the generality, as signifying the restoration of *Tranquillity* to the world after all the civil and foreign wars of the three-and-twenty years of Constantius's reign —and this is the proper translation of the legend SECURITAS REIPUBLICÆ. At first sight, it appears unaccountable why Julian, with all his zeal for the ancient worship, did not restore the Grecian gods to their old place upon the coins, and should have contented himself with such inoffensive symbolism. It may be that he was guided by the Pythagorean rule forbidding the profanation of things holy by exposing their representations to the touch of vulgar hands; for which very reason, as Plutarch ("Numa") had found on record, the Romans placed no figures of gods in their temples for the first five centuries after the building of the city. The name of the mint, *Heraclea*, is given at *full length* in the exergue, the sole example of the kind known to me, such indications being usually much abbreviated. It would seem that the mintmaster gloried in the new liberty of using a Pagan device. The coin is a *Follis*, twelve of which went to the *Siliqua*, small denarius of the period. Julian has made good his boast of being "a votary of the Sovereign Sun" by an elegant reverse of a gold coin, in which we see the cities of Rome and Constantinople holding up between them a large shield, emblazoned with the established emblem of the Sun—a great eight-rayed star—a type without precedent or imitation. And what is more, the same emblem, within a myrtle crown, is the sole type used for the reverse of the few coins that can with certainty be assigned to his wife, Helena.

Nos. 3 and 4. The obverse of one of these pieces is the bust of Julian himself: the other in the character of Serapis. The reverse of the one bears Isis carried upon her cow, and tinkling the *sistrum* as she goes. They are not *current* coins, for they lack the mint-mark, the indispensable stamp of the *Sacra Moneta* (legal currency) in those times, but are *medals* in the modern sense of that word. Ficoroni has published in his "Piombi Antichi," cap. xxxvi., a stone mould for casting square medals (five at a time) of the same nature. They have on one side Isis standing, holding up the sistrum; on the other, the sistrum alone. There can be little doubt that they were meant for *tickets* to be given to those initiated into the Mysteries of Isis.

No. 3 presents us with the Jackal-headed Anabis, bearing the caduceus, in his character of Guide of Souls in the Lower World, whilst in the right hand he lifts up the sistrum. The legends *Vota Publica* seem to imply that the restoration of the ancient religion was the "universal wish." There are many varieties of these types, though individually they are extremely rare. Some bear heads of Serapis and Isis *conjugated*, others the same confronted, where the goddess is supposed to represent the emperor's lost Helena, but on no sure grounds. I am inclined to place these memorials of a dying cause in the class of the posthumous portraits of Julian, mentioned by his panegyrist as introduced into the Temple.

Note.—No. 2 is drawn to the actual size, the others are enlarged.

Woodcuts in the Text.

Page 85. Epicurus: inventor of the Atomic Theory, and denier of the eternity of the universe.

Page 121. Aristippus: on each side are placed full-length figures of Venus and Bacchus, the deities who in-

spired his jovial system of philosophy.—Antique paste. (Blacas Cabinet).

Page 218. Bust of Julian's great rival, the master of the other half of the then known world, Sapor II. This is not meant for the portrait of the monarch in the flesh, but as his *Ferhouer*, the Jewish *Angel* of the man, the Platonic *Idea* or *Type*, pre-existent in the mind of Ormuzd. This is symbolized by the quadruple *wings* that bear it aloft as a deity, and the Sun and Moon, emblems of Eternity, between which it is placed. The Pehlevi legend reads *Piruz Shahpuhri*, "Of the victorious Sapor," which supplies an interesting comment upon Ammian's notice, that at the siege of Maogamalcha the Persians chanted the praises of their sovereign with the titles *Pyroses* and *Sasaan*, which he translates by "Victor" and "King of Kings." (New York Museum of Art.)

Page 253. Confronted heads of Socrates and Plato, the finest portraits of these two philosophers to be found on gems.—Sard. (Paris.)

Page 280. Signet of a Roman *Pontifex:* exhibiting as the insignia of his office the victim's skull surrounded with the several sacrificial implements.

Page 288. Plato: the butterfly-wings affixed to his temples allude to his doctrine of the Immortality of the Soul.—Sard. (Berlin.)

GREGORY NAZIANZEN'S FIRST INVECTIVE AGAINST JULIAN THE EMPEROR.

"HEAR me all ye nations, give ear unto me all ye dwellers upon earth," for I am calling on you all, as it were, from a conspicuous and lofty watch-tower, with a cry both high and loud. Hear ye nations, tribes, tongues, every kind of men, and every age, as many as now are, and as many as shall be; and in order that my proclamation may be greater, every Power of heaven, all ye Angels, whose deed was the putting down of the tyrant, who have overthrown not Sihon, king of the Amorites, nor Og, king of Bashan—insignificant princes, and injuring but a small part the land of Israel—but the Dragon, the Apostate, the Great Mind, the Assyrian, the public and private enemy of all in common, him that has madly raged and threatened much upon earth, and that has spoken and meditated much unrighteousness against Heaven!

2. "Hear, O heaven! and give ear, O earth;" for it is the fitting season for me to exclaim the same things with that loudest-voiced of all the prophets, Isaiah; save that he calls out and testifies thus to disobedient Israel; but *I*, over a tyrant who also was disobedient, and has fallen a fitting victim of his own impiety.

3. Hear this, thou Soul of the great Constantius!—if thou art sensible of things below,—and ye souls of all the

emperors before him that were lovers of Christ; but of *him* (Constantius) above all the rest, inasmuch as he had grown up together with the inheritance of Christ, had augmented it to the utmost of his power, had made it strong through duration, so that he became on that account the most celebrated of all the sovereigns that had gone before. Alas for the contumely done him! He committed a mistake highly unworthy of his hereditary piety; he perceived not that he was bringing up for the Christians the enemy of Christ, and this one alone of all he did not well in showing kindness, &c., in saving[1] and crowning him that was saved and was crowned for evil. And very greatly will he rejoice, as much at the overthrow of impiety and the restoration of the affairs of the Christians to their first condition, as at this speech of mine: for I am about to offer unto the Lord a sermon of thanksgiving—one more holy and more pure than any sacrifice of heart; not after the fashion of *that man's* criminal and idle speeches, and his yet more criminal sacrifices, of which the superfluity and the effect was the power of impiety, and the wisdom, to give it the right name, foolishness: because all the power and learning of this world is but "walking in darkness, and falling away far from the light;" but that of *his* was of such sort, lying in such things, and bearing such fruits, that it was "like grass quickly withered up, and as the herbs of grass quickly falling off," and clinging unto rocks tumbling down in ruin with a crash, and more conspicuous for its fall than even for its impiety.

4. But as to me, sacrificing the sacrifice of praise to-day, and kindling the bloodless offering of words, who will furnish me with a stage commensurate with my thankfulness; or what tongue will sound it forth to such a distance as I desire; what audience will be equally eager

[1] In allowing Julian, then a child of six years old, to escape, when he commanded the massacre of his father and brothers.

with my speech? For not merely are thanksgivings in words most suitable unto that "Word," Who, of all the names whereby He is called, especially delights in *this* appellation, and in such a sense of the title, but also a fitting judgment is it for that man to be punished by means of words for his transgressions against *words*,[1] which, though the common property of all rational beings, he begrudged to the Christians, as though they were his own exclusively; devising as he did a most irrational thing with respect to words; although, in his own opinion, the most rational of men.

5. In the first place, because he wrongfully transferred the appellation to a *pretence*, as though the Greek speech belonged to religious worship exclusively, and not to the tongue; and for this reason he debarred us from the use of words as though we were stealing other people's goods —just as if he would have excluded us from the practice of the arts that are found in use amongst Greeks,[2] and thought it made any difference to him on account of the identity of name; and in the next place, because he fancied he should escape our notice, not in his attempt to rob us of a benefit of the first class—we who so utterly despise these mere words—but in his apprehensions of our refutation of his impious doctrine, just as though our force lay in the elegance of diction, and not in the knowledge of the truth, and in arguments or syllogisms, from which it is more impossible to preclude us than to hinder us from acknowledging God as long as we have a tongue. For we offer in sacrifice this thing along with the rest, that is to say, our speech, in the same way as we do our bodies,

[1] It is impossible to preserve in English this string of miserable puns on the word λόγος, in its numerous senses of the Word, Reason, Literature, Speech, &c., on which the preacher evidently prides himself not a little.

[2] Another play upon the double meaning of "Ελληνες," "Greeks," and "Pagans."

whensoever it may be necessary to contend for the Truth's sake: so that when he issued this order, he did indeed prevent us from talking *Celtic*, but did not stop our speaking Truth, and he exposed his own rottenness, but did not escape our refutations; because he did not perceive that he was laying himself so much the more open to them.

6. For it was not acting like one who had full confidence in the grounds of his religion, or in the arguments themselves, to put a check upon our words: exactly as though a man should consider himself the best of the athletes, and demand to be proclaimed victor over them all, through ordering that none of those distinguished in that line should take part in the contest, or descend into the arena; or else should first maim his competitors in some limbs, which conduct would be a proof of cowardice and not of strength, for the crowns belong to those that contend, not to those that sit above, and to those that put forth the whole of their strength, not to those that have been deprived of part of their force; but if thou art altogether afraid to engage and to come to blows, by this very fact thou hast proclaimed thy defeat, and the victory belongs to me, though I have not contended at all, and he whom thou hast contended with should not contend. Thus then acted our wise Sovereign and Lawgiver, as though wishing that nothing should be beyond the scope of his tyranny, and enjoined speechlessness over all the extent of his empire, exerting his tyranny over words first and foremost. But it is well-fitting for us to return thanks to God in behalf of words themselves, which have now recovered their liberty; and especially to honour Him with other offerings, sparing nothing, neither money nor estates, which though at the mercy of the times, and of his tyranny, the goodness of God hath preserved to us: and before all other things to honour Him with *words*—that well-deserved and united return of all whosoever have had their share in the benefit. But thus much suffices for my words concerning *Words:* for fear lest by stretching the

theme too far we exceed the limits of our time, and be thought to attend to other matters than the one on account of which we are here met together.

7. Already does my speech leap, and exult; and grows joyous along with those who hasten onward, and summons unto the spiritual dance all who were giving themselves over to fastings, to weeping, and to prayer; by day and night beseeching for deliverance out of the troubles that beset them; and making their fitting remedy in their ills that "Hope which bringeth no shame;" all who, having gone through great conflicts and struggles, and been beaten by the many and hard assaults of the times, have become "a spectacle to the world, to angels, and to men," according to the saying of the Apostle, and though wearied in their bodies, yet continuing unconquered in their souls, being strong for everything in the Christ who gave them strength; all who, having put off the worldly Matter and dominion of Evil, or who have submitted with joy to the robbery of their possessions,[1] or banished unjustly, as the saying is, from their own country, severed, for a brief space, from husbands, or wives, or parents, or children, or by whatever other names of kindred less close we are bound; and who, for the blood of Christ, have despised their sufferings for the sake of Christ—all these may now seasonably repeat, and sing the words: "Thou hadst set men upon our heads; we passed through fire and water, and thou didst lead us forth into a cool place."

8. I also summon the other side to the rejoicing, as many as while they acknowledge the God of all,[2] and so far are sound in their doctrines, but yet stick fast in their questions touching Providence, and out of the opposite have often chosen the better part, "through the goodness that exhorteth unto reformation"—but who nevertheless,

[1] That is the restitution of the revenues of the temples which they had appropriated without form of law under Constantius.

[2] Probably alluding to the immense body of neutrals, who had given up Paganism, but not accepted Christianity.

through their meanness of spirit, and their levity, in the "proudness of the ungodly," are kindled and set on fire, neither do bear "the peace of sinners," as the Psalm says, "nor endure the counsel of God, neither do they wait patiently unto the end," being ever slaves of things present, and of things visible, by wonders like these are made strong for the reception of truth.

9. I call also to the souls that stand amazed around the scene and great theatre of this world, and I call unto them in the words of Isaiah: "Ye women returning from the show, come hither, and turn towards me the eye of the soul from its wandering abroad, and wait and know that this is the God, exalting Himself amongst the heathen, exalting Himself in the great things that He hath done, in signs, and in the things now done yet more manifestly."

10. Would that part of our choir were that company [1] which of old chanted together with us a hymn to God, one neither feigned nor inglorious, but deemed worthy once of a place at His Right Hand, and which I am confident, shall be again (after a little time) thought worthy of that same place: but which at present, from I know not what offence, stands aloof, and revolts from us, and does not even (what more astonishes me) through the influence of the common joy, come to meet together with us, but is holding a festive dance on its own account—one that is neither good in measure, nor danced to tune (for thus much, perhaps, even they themselves will allow me to remark)—but of what kind, and what a dance!! But if Zeal is moved to speak, yet Faith gets the upper hand, and I shall check the harshness of my speech out of respect for my hope. Still do I cherish my own members: still do I concede more to old love than to present jealousy, and for that reason I become too long-suffering than that I should upbraid them in warmer terms.

[1] The monks of Nazianzus, who having squabbled with their bishop about some matter of discipline, hated him even more than they did Julian.

11. One party, one kind of souls, do I exclude from the festive assembly, though I groan and am pained, and grieved for them who perhaps understand me not, neither are sensible of their own ruin, whom I bewail (for this is the most pitiable part of their affliction): nevertheless I exclude by proclamation, all who have not been sown upon the solid and immovable Rock, but upon the dry and barren ground.[1] These be they who having come unto the Word superficially, and through not having depth of earth, forthwith springing up and peeping forth, upon a brief assault of the Evil One, and a slight blast of persecution, have withered up and died away. And those yet worse than they, and still more worthy of exclusion from the festivity—all those who did not for even a little space hold out against the times and against those who were leading us into an evil captivity away from Him "Who ascended up on high and made captives of us for our good;" but *these* did superfluously show themselves good for nought, and mercenary, inasmuch as they did not resist even for a little while, but were straggling plants, though not even a slight affliction or trial had befallen them on account of the Word; but for the sake of temporary gain, or court-favour, or brief power, these wretched fellows bartered away their own salvation!

12. And now that we have purified by speech the entire body of our choir, let us sanctify ourselves both in body and in soul, and joining all together in one spirit, let us chant the song of triumph which Israel sang of old over the Egyptians overwhelmed in the Red Sea, while Miriam led the choir, and brandished high her timbrel. "Let us sing unto the Lord, for He hath glorified Himself marvellously, the horse and the rider He hath cast" (not into the sea, for this part of the song I alter, but) "whither it was pleasing to Him, and in what way He thought it fit; the God that doeth and changeth all things" (as saith

[1] An unfortunate simile—a "solid rock" being even more unfavourable to the germination of seed than a "dry ground."

somewhere in his prophecy, Amos, most divinely philosophizing). "He that turneth into mourning the shadow of death, and that darkeneth the day into night," and Who, as it were, by means of a certain revolution, directs and corrects the whole world, as well as our affairs, whether tempest-tossed or not tempest-tossed, shaken and upset by its changes, and subject to constant vicissitudes, though by the ordering of His Providence they be fixed and not to be shaken, even though they move through contrary courses—ways that be clear unto the Word, although unknown to us. "He that putteth down the mighty from their thrones, and adorneth with a crown him that expected it not" (for this, too, I borrow from Holy Scripture). "Who clotheth the feeble knees with strength, and breaketh the arms of the sinner and the wicked" (this is from another song, just as each occurs to my recollection, there being many ready to complete my hymn, and to contribute their part to my song of thanksgiving). "He that giveth to be seen of the ungodly both the exaltation above the cedars, and the plucking down into being no more; when we may be able with safety and swiftness of foot to escape from the ungodliness of the same."

13. Who shall sing these things as they deserve, and relate them amongst those who relate things divine? "Who shall tell the mighty works of the Lord, shall make to be heard all his praises?" What voice or what force of speech shall he find equal to the miracle? Who hath broken the shield, the sword, and the battle? Who hath bruised the heads of the dragon upon the waters, and given him for food unto the nations to whom Thou hast delivered him up? Who hath stilled the whirlwind into a breeze? Who hath said unto the sea, Be thou silent, be thou muzzled, and thy waves shall break themselves within thee? He Who hath crushed him that was lifted up and boiled furiously, but not for long. Who hath given us to walk upon serpents and scorpions, no longer lying secretly in wait for the heel of the passer-by (as

their sentence directed), but publicly rising up and lifting on high the head that they were condemned to have trampled under foot? Who is He that hath made an unexpected condemnation an acquittal? Who is He that hath not completely "suffered the rod of sinners" (shall I venture to say) "in the lot of the righteous" (or, what is more modest than this expression) in the lot of those that know Him?

14. For it was not as *righteous* that we were delivered up to Him (for this is what few men, on few occasions, have experienced in order that they, like noble athletes, may put to shame him that tries their strength, but as *offenders* who have been condemned, and afterwards pardoned out of His fatherly compassion; having been beaten only that we may be reformed, and admonished in order that we may turn unto Him. "For He hath tried us, yet not in wrath; He hath chastised us, but not in anger:" having manifested his loving-kindness through both things —his *admonition*, and his *remission*. "Who is he that hath wrought vengeance among the heathen, rebukes amongst the nations?" "Even the Lord strong and mighty, the Lord mighty in battle."

15. I find but one voice, one song in any way worthy of the present occasion—that which Isaiah hath shouted out before us, exactly suited to the present times, and vying with the magnitude of the blessing: "Let the heavens above rejoice, and let the clouds drop down righteousness; let the mountains break forth into joy, and let the little hills exult" inasmuch as the whole creation and the heavenly powers, such, at least, is my opinion, take an equal interest in these events. For not only does the "whole creation groan with us and is in the pangs of labour, being made subject to corruption" (I mean to things below that are born and perish) "expecting the end of these things and the revelation," in order that itself may then obtain the hoped-for deliverance, as being bound fast to them against its will through the

power of Him that created it; but it also joins in glorifying Him, and exults together with the sons of God when they do rejoice.

16. For this cause I will not refrain from sacred expressions when I am telling of Divine Power. "Let the desert rejoice, and let her blossom like the lily" (that is, the Church, which but yesterday seemed a widow, and husbandless, as well as everyone that was withered up by the envious and joyless winter of ungodliness), "because the Lord hath had compassion upon His people, neither hath He abandoned His own inheritance:" because He hath done marvellous things, and His ancient, true counsel, the which was to be favourable towards them that fear Him and that hope in His mercy, forasmuch as He hath broken down the gates of brass, and smitten asunder the bars of iron; because we have been humbled for our transgressions, and the snare has been broken, and we are set free, in the joy of the God that hath called us, and who comforts the lowly in heart."

17. Do ye mark how I weave my song out of sacred words and thoughts? and, as it were, with what belongs to others, I exalt and decorate myself, how I grow inspired by my joy? I spurn everything humble and human, cementing together and joining one thing with another, and bringing into one whole what belongs to the same spirit.

18. Aforetime the wonderful works of God were shown forth in Enoch translated, Isaiah[1] caught up, Noah himself saved, and saving the names of races; the whole world in a small bark escaping the deluge of the inhabitable land, in order that the earth might be adorned with more godly inhabitants; Abraham called, and honoured with a son in spite of his age, as a pledge of another promised Seed,

[1] This name must be wrong; all these legends being quoted in chronological order. Methuselah was probably written, he being the only noteworthy personage between Enoch and Noah.

and offering up his only begotten son a willing sacrifice, and receiving a miraculous victim instead of that son; the miraculous destruction of the wicked overwhelmed with fire and brimstone; the yet more miraculous deliverance; the Pillar of Salt that proclaimed the turning back again to sin; Joseph sold into slavery, fallen in love with, preserving his chastity, and receiving wisdom from God, and set free, and made a ruler, and dispensing corn in a higher stewardship; Moses thought worthy of talking with God and admonished, and making laws, and becoming a god unto Pharaoh, and leading forth Israel into the Land of Promise; the plagues of the destroyed Egyptians, and the preservation of the Israelites, who laboured in the midst of these Egyptians; and the Sea retiring before the rod, and giving heed unto a word, and letting some pass along as on dry land, whilst others, according to its proper nature, it overwhelmed.

19. And whatever other miracles came after these: the Pillar of Cloud giving shadow by day, the Pillar of Fire giving light by night, and both of them leading the way; the Bread rained down in the wilderness; the Meat sent down from heaven—the former proportioned to their need, the latter even above their need; the Water from the Rock—the one gushing forth, the other rendered sweet; Amalek overcome in battle, and that too by the ineffable and mystical gesture of the hands;[1] the Sun standing still and the Moon stayed, and Jordan cut in twain; and the walls shaken down by the walking round them of the priests and the sounding of trumpets, and by the number[2] that hath power; the Earth and the Fleece of Wool alternately wetted and unmoistened; Strength residing in the hair—a match for a whole army; the few chosen by Lapping of Water, and trusting to conquer, and conquering according to their trust, that small number

1 Supposed to represent the Cross.

2 The number Seven.

those many thousands. What need is there for me to reckon up one by one everything that was done through Christ Himself during His saving presence and dwelling in the flesh? And all the miracles that have been wrought *after* Him and *through* Him, by His holy Apostles and ministers of the Word? How many books and monuments tell *their* history!

20. But as for the present matter in truth, come hither and hearken, and I will tell unto you, in order that the generation that now is, and those that come after, may understand the wonders of the power of the Lord—since it is not possible to set them forth without first laying before you the greatness of the danger that threatened us. And this cannot be done without our showing up the badness of that disposition, and from what principles and seeds of wickedness it ran off into this unhappiness, storing up its venom little by little, till it exceeded all the most spiteful of reptiles and wild beasts. To tell the tragic tale of all his actions we shall leave to books and to the charge of history; for we at least have not leisure to rehearse them beyond the limits of our present purpose; but by enumerating a few instances out of many we will leave to those that come after, as it were a published bill of indictment against him, having collected therein the most weighty of our charges.

21. First and foremost then, this man having been saved by the great Constantius, immediately on his succession to his father, at what time the army rose against those in power[1] (making a revolution through their apprehension of revolution), and settled the government under new sovereigns; being saved together with his brother (a preservation beyond belief and all expectation), he neither felt

[1] Constantine's half-brothers, Julius Constantius and Delmatius. There can be no reasonable doubt that Constantius II. was a party to the forgery of his father's last injunctions by the Bishop of Nicomedia, which was the pretext for the massacre of these two princes and their sons.

gratitude to God for his escape nor to the emperor through whose means he had been preserved,[1] but showed himself wicked towards both, by conceiving apostacy from the one and rebellion against the other.

22. But to come to what is necessary for me to state in the beginning—they were honoured with a princely maintenance and education in one of the royal castles,[2] being treasured up for imperial power by this most humane emperor, as the sole relics of his family: who thus, at the same time, made his excuse for the revolution that had taken place upon his accession on the plea that it had been audaciously done and not with his consent;[3] and equally seeking to display his own magnanimity by the sharing of the empire with them; and thirdly, to establish his power on more solid foundations by means of these props—a thing that showed he planned more humanely than wisely.

23. Whilst they were here enjoying complete leisure, imperial rank being still in the future, and being prepared for them, whilst their age and expectations did not yet exalt them to the secondary dignity; they had masters in all branches of learning, their uncle and sovereign causing them to be instructed in the complete and regular course of education; they studied also, and still more extensively,

[1] Even by Gregory's own showing, these children owed their escape from the massacre, not to the mercy of Constantius, but to the care of Marcus, who made them take sanctuary in a church.

[2] The two children were kept close prisoners for fourteen years in a secluded castle at Cappadocia, carefully secluded from their friends, and allowed to see none but their servants. There is no doubt that if Constantius had had male issue, the last of his nephews would immediately have been sacrificed to state necessity.

[3] He showed his complicity in the murders not only by appropriating the provinces of the slaughtered princes (which might be excused by political necessity), but by confiscating the paternal estates of the orphans, and retaining them to the last. It was only after Julian was made Cæsar that he restored to him the dowry of his mother, Basilina.

our own kind of philosophy,[1] that which deals not with words alone, but which conveys piety by means of moral training: living in intercourse with the most excellent of men, and in the exercise of the most pleasant of occupations, and which offers a great field for the display of virtue: for both brothers offered and enrolled themselves amongst the clergy; reading aloud the sacred books to the people, thinking that this tended not a little to their glory, and that piety was a greater decoration than all things else.

24. By most sumptuous monuments to Martyrs, by emulation in their offerings, by all the other marks by which the fear of God is characterized, did they make known their love of wisdom and their love of Christ: the one of them being sincerely pious; for although too hasty in temper,[2] nevertheless he was genuine in his piety: the other awaiting his opportunity, and concealing under a mask of goodness his evil disposition. A proof of this (for indeed I cannot omit noticing it) was the miracle which then occurred, one highly deserving of being remembered, and capable of opening the eyes of many of the ungodly.[3]

25. Both the brothers were, as I have told you, labouring for the Martyrs, and were zealously vying with one another in erecting an edifice to their honour with a large and efficient body of workmen: but inasmuch as the work did not proceed from the same motive, so neither did the labour come to the same end with both: for the

[1] Theology, under Eusebius of Cæsarea. The enthusiastic temper of Julian was so wrought upon by his teachers that at one time he was anxious to become a monk.

[2] Gallus was a monster of cruelty; but this, not being incompatible with soundness of faith, Gregory regards as a mere trifle. Julian, as he remarks in an epistle to the Alexandrians, was, up to the age of twenty, a firm believer in Christianity.

[3] It must be borne in mind that his congregation was composed entirely of women, and mechanics or slaves—the only apology for such a narration.

work of the one (the elder brother, I mean) was finishing, and going on according to calculation, as though God readily accepted the offering, like Abel's sacrifice, rightly offered up, and cut in pieces ; for the donation was, in some sort, the consecration of the first-fruits of the flock: but the offering of the other (alas for the dishonour of the impious, that already in this world bears testimony to the next, and that proclaims beforehand great events by trifling signs !), the God of Martyrs rejected *it*, as He did the sacrifice of Cain !

26. And he continued labouring, and the earth shook off what he had toiled at, and he grew all the more zealous in the task, and she rejected the foundations of him that was unsound in the faith ; as though she were crying aloud at the shaking of the world that was about to proceed from him, and doing honour to the Martyrs through the dishonour she did to the most impious of men. This fact was a kind of presage of the future obstinacy and madness of the man, and of his insults to the Martyrs, and of his lawless conduct against the sacred edifices—one that from afar pursued[1] the persecutor, and signified in advance the recompense of his impiety !

27. O thou Soul, clever truly for evil-doing, yet that canst not escape thy own punishment ! O thou God, that hidest the Future, in order that it may either cut short impiety, or display Thy foreknowledge ! Oh unexpected, yet more true than unexpected miracle ! Oh brotherly love of the Martyrs ! They did not accept honour from him that was hereafter to do dishonour to many Martyrs ; they did not receive the gift of him that was hereafter to make many Confessors, or rather, to begrudge them the credit of the conflict ![2] Or, to speak more correctly, they did not suffer themselves to be the only Martyrs to be insulted, whilst the others were interred and cared for by

[1] A curious figure, of a thing *pursuing* what it *preceded !*

[2] This admission, which Gregory often repeats, is a sufficient evidence that there was no real persecution of the Christians by Julian.

No real persecution by

pious hands; nor would they give the Sophist of Wickedness the pleasure of exulting over the insults done them, in order that by the same hand some monuments of the Martyrs should be set up, and others pulled down; and that some Martyrs should be honoured, but others dishonoured; whilst the honour in semblance anticipated by but a little while the dishonour in reality; lest, in addition to the greatness of the insult, he should think in himself how clever he was in thus cheating (as he did man) God also—the most quick-sighted, the All Wise, He who "seizeth the wise in their craftiness"—by means of his outward show; but that he might know that he was understood, and that he might not be puffed up, seeing that he was detected.

28. For if the God of Martyrs had not checked his impiety, nor had dried up, like a poisonous stream, his intended and concealed villany, or cut it short by what means He only knew, according to His hidden wisdom and government, like as He suffered the iniquities of the Amorites to fill up their measure; but it was needful that his evil intention should be hated, and his offering be rejected, for the edification of the multitude, and that the justice and purity of God with respect to the things offered unto Himself should be manifested to the world.

29. For He that said unto backsliding Israel, "If ye offer a wheaten cake, it is vain: your incense is an abomination unto me;" not accepting their New Moons and Sabbaths and Great Day, seeing that He, being full, stands not in need of anything that is human and little, so that He should take pleasure in those who offer to Him unworthily; for He abominates the sacrifice of transgressors, even though it be a calf, as that of a dog, and their frankincense like a blasphemy; and excluding from the Temple and shaking off as defilement the hire of a harlot; whilst He gives honour to that sacrifice alone which pure hands bring unto the Most Pure, and a high and sanctified spirit. What wonder, then, if He did not

accept honour from that man, offered in bad manner and from a bad motive,—He that seeth not as man seeth, nor looketh at the outward appearance, but at the hidden man, and the inward workshop of virtue or of wickedness! So much for this; and if anyone is incredulous, we call in evidence those that beheld the fact, for they are numerous, who have delivered down the miracle to us, and will deliver it down to those who come after.

30. But when, as the two advanced to man's estate, they began to handle the doctrines of philosophy (which I wish they had never done), and were deriving that power from words which to the good is the weapon of virtue, but to the ill-conditioned the incentive to vice, this man was no longer able to restrain his disease in every part, nor to plan within himself alone the plot of his impiety in all its completeness; but like as fire smouldering in wood, even though it does not rise into a bright flame, either sparks flying out, or smoke from the inside, give warning of the mischief; or, if you like it better, as certain water-springs that run through subterranean channels by the aid of air, and then, not having sufficient room nor a free passage, burst forth in many places of the ground, and gurgle out from below, being forced upwards by the strength of the air, but checked and repelled by the weight above; in the same way did he conceal the most part of his impiety, by reason of the times and the superintendence of one stronger than himself (for as yet it was not safe to be impious); still, in some points he exposed the secret of his thoughts; and, to the more sharpsighted, his impiety rather than his intelligence, by exerting himself in advocacy of the Pagans, in his disputations against his brother, to a greater degree than was becoming—on the pretext, forsooth, that he was practising upon the weaker argument; but this was in reality an exercising of himself against the Truth, and a delighting in everything by which an impious disposition is characterized.

31. But when the kindness of the emperor appoints his brother ruler, and puts into his hands no small part of the habitable earth, this youth obtained opportunity to hold intercourse, in all freedom and security, with teachers and opinions of the freest kind. Aria was his school of impiety; whatever works wonders as regards astrology, nativities, the show of knowledge of the Future, and all the jugglery that goes along with them. The only thing now wanting was for power to be added to his impiety; he had not long to wait, and this also is given to him against us, because wickedness of the multitude was now filled up to the brim, and the prosperity of the Christians had run, so to speak, into extravagance, and demanded the contrary change; and because of the license, and honours, and satiety, through which we had waxed proud.

32. In reality it seems a harder matter to *retain* good things, than to *obtain* those we do not possess; and more easy to recover departed prosperity by dint of care, than to preserve long that which is present, and "pride goeth before destruction," the Proverbs well say, "and humility before glory;" or, that I may speak more plainly, ruin follows pride, and glorification follows humility. "The Lord sets His face against the high-minded, and giveth grace unto the humble, and recompenseth contrary things unto the adversaries; He that meeteth out all things justly." Of this the divine David was well aware, and reckons as one of his blessings, the fact of his being chastened, and confesses his thankfulness to Him, Who had chastened; inasmuch as the learning the commandments accrued to himself therefrom. And, "Before I was humbled (says he), I went astray: on this account I have kept Thy word," placing his humiliation in the middle between his transgression and his correction, seeing that it arose out of the first, and produced the second, for sin is the parent of humiliation, and humiliation of repentance. So we, having been exalted when we were virtuous and orderly; and having grown up into this form and multi-

tude through God's guidance, "waxed fat and kicked;" and when we had spread ourselves out, we were pressed close; and the glory and strength that we had gathered amidst persecutions and oppression, this when we prospered we brought to ruin—the sequel of my discourse shall show how.

33. The reign and the life of the Cæsar (Gallus) receives its termination: the intervening events I shall pass over in silence, from a wish to spare both the maker and the sufferer, of both of whom I respect the piety, though I approve not of their rashness; for though it was unavoidable for them, as being men, to err, *this* feature is what one cannot praise in the character of either, except that, even in this case, by the charge we shall bring against the one we shall acquit the other of all blame.[1] The man we are speaking of immediately became the heir of his brother's power, but not of his piety, and shortly after heir to the men who had raised him to power, partly with his consent, and partly because he was forced by the lot of all, and was overcome by compulsion, which proved evil and ruinous to the whole world.[2]

34. Why didst thou this, O most religious and Christ-loving of princes! (for I address thee as though present here, and listening to my censure, even though I know thee to be far above our fault-finding, for thou art placed at the side of God, and hast inherited the glory that is there; having retired from earth only to *receive another crown*—change thy crown). Why didst thou devise this scheme? thou who didst so far surpass all in sagacity and understanding, not only the princes of thy own times, but also those who preceded thee: thou who didst clear

[1] The temerity of Gallus in power was so far beyond all calculation as to exonerate Constantius from the charge of temerity in raising him to that power.

[2] Alluding to the advice of Constantius' prime minister Eutropius, to put Julian to death along with his brother—a piece of useless cruelty overruled by the empress, whose influence Gregory here deprecates.

away barbarian force from round about us, and didst put down domestic tyrants, some by means of argument,[1] others by force of arms; and in either way, without being embarrassed in the one course by the employment of the other: thou of whom great trophies stand erected with arms and with battles, but yet greater and more conspicuous thy gifts to heaven: thou to whom embassies and petitioners flocked from every quarter of the world, whom part already obeyed, and the rest would have obeyed; for everything was hoped, equal to what had been already achieved. Thou that wert led by God's own hand in every action and purpose, whose prudence was admired more than his valour, and his valour again more than his prudence, and yet more admirable than his glory in both was his piety.

35. How was it then that in this case alone thou didst show thyself ignorant and inconsiderate? What meant the hastiness of thy inhuman humanity? What evil spirit took part in thy deliberation? The great inheritance, thy hereditary decoration—I mean those that are named after Christ—the nation shining out in all parts of the habitable world, the Royal Priesthood gathered together with so much blood and sweat: didst thou in so little space and brief moment of time present and deliver up unto the public murderer!

36. Perhaps I appear to you, my brethren, to be impious somewhat, and unreasonable in using words like these, and because I do not immediately subjoin the words of the truth to the words of upbraiding; and yet I have sufficiently cleared myself even by the terms of my accusation, if ye have only paid a little attention to the form of my chiding. And in this case only the accusation contains in itself the acquittal, for by using the word "benignity," I let you see the defence: for who is not assured, even of those but slightly acquainted with that prince, that not

[1] Vetranio, whose troops Constantius gained over by bribery, whilst spinning out fictitious negotiations with him: Sylvanus, whom he caused to be assassinated; and Magnentius in pitched battle.

merely would he have passed over not only that man, the glory of his own family, or the maintenance of his own power, but that he would have, without grudging, purchased our well-being and safety by the sacrifice of his empire, of all his possessions, and of his very life, than which nothing is more precious to every man?

37. No one, surely, was ever possessed with so fervent a desire for any object, as was that emperor for the aggrandizement of the Christians, and their advancement to the highest pitch of glory and power: and neither nations vanquished, nor the commonwealth well governed, nor the greatness of wealth, nor the superabundance of glory, nor the being, and the being entitled "King of Kings," nor all the other marks by which mortal felicity is distinguished; not one of all these things gave him such delight as that, through his means, *we*, and through our means, *he* should have glory in the sight of God and men, and that our supremacy should continue indestructible to all time; for besides all this, he clearly perceived the fact (thinking as he did on these matters with deeper insight and loftier mind than the vulgar herd), that simultaneously with the state of the Christians grew up that of the Romans, and their supremacy began its course with the sojourn of Christ upon earth, which before that time had not perfectly ripened into a monarchy: and for this reason, in my opinion, he fostered and befriended our Church all the more: inasmuch as he, though he did slightly vex[1] us, yet did so not out of despite and insolence, nor to gratify other parties at our expense: but he vexed us a little in order that we might be at one together, and become unanimous, and not be divided, neither be separated by our schisms.

38. But, as I observed, simplicity of disposition is a thing that is unguarded, and humanity goes along with insecurity, and one free from wickedness is the last to suspect wickedness in others: for this reason what was coming

[1] A mild, very mild allusion, to his persecution of the Catholic sect, at the instigation of his Arian advisers.

was unperceived, and the simulation was undetected; and impiety little by little crept in, and two kind feelings came into play simultaneously, one of them for his own pious family, the other for this, the most impious and godless of mankind.[1] And what had this said individual to blame in the Christians, what was there in our morals that he disapproved of, what did he find so superior and unshakable by argument in the doctrines held by the heathen, what sort of model did he follow, that he set himself up for the most knowing of all through his impiety, and strove to rival the author of his elevation after a somewhat novel fashion? And since truly he could not possibly surpass him in virtue and better conduct, he aimed at so doing by means of showing himself quite the reverse, by his outrageous behaviour against religion, and his zeal for the worse side. The apology for that person [Constantius], in behalf of the Christians, and as regards the Christians, goes so far as this, and is a satisfactory one, at least for people of sense.

39. But as there are many who, though they acquit Constantius of the above-named charge, yet do not excuse him on another count, but accuse him of stupidity in that he put power into the hands of one most ill-disposed towards himself (nay, rather his mortal foe); and, first of all, made the same person his enemy, and then made him strong, laying the foundations of his enmity by the execution of his brother [Gallas], and then furnishing the strength by the conferring of the imperial rank—it is necessary for me to go a little into particulars upon this subject, and to show that his kindness was not entirely

[1] Constantius had in reality been so alarmed by the rebellion of Sylvanus upon the Rhine, that he felt the necessity of a colleague in the West, and Julian was the sole survivor of his own family, to whom he could have recourse. By marrying him to his sister, Helena, he made the bond doubly sure, and but for his own stupid jealousy, the measure would have proved the best possible for his own interest—that of the empire was of but small account to *him*.

without reason, nor foreign to the magnanimity and forethought befitting an emperor; for we should be ashamed if, after receiving so much honour at his hands, and being firmly convinced of his eminent piety, we did not state what is just in his defence; a thing which is due from us, the Cultivators of Reason and Truth, even to those who have conferred no benefits upon us; and, all the more so, after his departure from this world, when we have escaped all appearance of being flatterers and our statements are no longer exposed to injurious suspicion.

40. For who would not have expected, if nothing more, at least to *tame* that man [Julian] by the honours lavished on him, or to make him more honest by the very confidence with which he was treated? as though by a just and imperial decision on the merits of the two brothers, both of him that had been punished, and of him that was promoted; inasmuch as the man who raises the second brother to honours that no one could have expected, not even the recipient of those honours himself, makes it evident that he had not punished the first brother without just grounds of anger; and that the first action was the result of the audacious behaviour of that party, the second the effect of his own insolence.

41. And besides this, he derived confidence, if one must mention the principal thing, not so much from that person's trustworthiness, as from confidence in his own strength, just as Alexander the Great seems to me out of similar confidence to have granted, not merely his life to the vanquished Porus, and that, too, after he had contended so vigorously for his kingdom, but the sovereignty of India to boot: as though he could display in no other way than this his magnanimity—a point in which he, being Alexander, deemed it far worse to be beaten, than by force of arms in the first instance; whilst, if he found him ungrateful, it still remained in his power to reduce him a second time to subjection; and the very superabundance of confidence produced his humanity.

42. And yet why do I contest this point, when it is quite possible for me to gain my cause, even though beaten here? For if he that trusted is blameworthy, what must the person trusted be, compared with him? And if the not discovering, beforehand, a man's disposition is to be censured, how low must we place that badness of disposition itself? But in truth wickedness is a thing that defies all calculation, and there is no means whereby one can make the bad better; when this person, by the very things through which he justly ought to have been rendered better disposed, and if he still harboured any spark of ill feeling, to have extinguished it altogether, was kindled, by these very favours, into yet more bitter enmity, and sought out for the means to revenge himself upon his benefactor.

43. Such things did his Platos teach him, and his Chrysippuses, and the far-famed Walk, and the grave Porch, send those who mouth so grandiloquently this, the equality of Geometry, and the arguments about Justice, and the duty to prefer receiving wrong to the committing wrong! this, his fine teachers, and the accomplices and lawgivers of his reign—people that he had picked up out of the highways and the pits; of whom he could not approve the conduct, though he admired their loquacity, and probably not so much *this* as their mere impiety, a fitting counsellor and instructor as to what ought to be done, and what not.

44. Assuredly we ought to admire these men that build cities in words (which cannot subsist in reality), that all but worship majestic tyrannies, and, with all their grave looks, esteem the penny far above their gods,[1] some of whom hold that there is no God at all, others that He takes no heed of things here below, but that the universe

[1] Maximus the philosopher, accused of having drawn large sums of money out of Julian; on which charge he was imprisoned and put to the torture under Jovian.

moves along at random, and by chance; others, that it is guided by the Stars and the dispositions of Necessity, directed I know not by whom, nor from what source; others suppose that the All tends to Pleasure, and that this is the end of human existence; Virtue is to them merely a specious name, nor is there anything beyond the present life, nor any Judgment upon the things done in this life hereafter, to chastise iniquity; for either no one of the wise men amongst them has perceived the truth, but has been entangled in the deep mud (as the saying is) and unillumined gloom of error and ignorance, so as not even to look towards the rays of the Truth, after purifying his intellect; but grovelling in the dirt around things below, and the objects of the senses, and not able to imagine anything superior to the "demons,"[1] nor to raise himself up in a manner worthy of Him that made us—or if anyone caught a slight glimpse of it, inasmuch as he used for his guide Reason and not God, he was drawn astray by that which had the most plausible appearance, and which attracted the vulgar by its proximity.

45. What wonder is it then, that starting from such principles as these, and steered by such pilots, the man trusted should have turned out such a villain towards him that had trusted him; the man honoured, so base to him that had conferred the honour? For if I must make any apology for him, in the midst of my indictment, the fellow does not seem to me to have rebelled against those who had set him up, and to have sought free scope for his own folly, so much out of *resentment* for the loss of his brother[2] (whom he well knew was opposed to him on the side of religion) as because he could not endure the spread

[1] The Platonic Powers of Nature, the actual agents of the One Supreme.

[2] Julian certainly condoned the death of Gallus, as merited by his cruelty and treasonable designs; he only complains of his execution without form of trial. And this in his "Epistle to the Athenians," in which he puts all his charges against Constantius in the strongest light.

of Christianity, and had run mad against the Faith; for "philosophy and sovereignty (as their cant hath it) ought to be united in one"—not in order that states may be restrained from impiety,[1] but that they may be filled therewith.

46. And that first act of his self-will and madness, his assuming the diadem and decorating himself with the supreme title—the which, not being the rapine of chance, but the price of merit, either regular succession confers, or else the revolution of the sovereign; or else the decision of the Senate, as in the olden time: a title which does not render him that is master of the *power*, master likewise of the *honour* in its full extent. In the next place, since he knew that he had made desperate measures a matter of necessity to him in consequence of what he had already dared, what does he plan, and to what extent of impiety and audacity does he proceed? O the mad soul! He marches against the emperor, and moves forth out of the West, under the pretence of excusing his conduct in assuming the diadem, for he still thought of cloaking his desperate intention, but in reality with the view of transferring the empire to himself, and getting himself admired for his want of sense—and truly he was not disappointed in his hopes.

47. (Let not those be astonished, who know not the inscrutable depth of the counsels of God, by which the universe is directed, and who do not submit to the One skilled in the pilotage, Who is in all respects wiser than ourselves, Who guides His own whither and in what manner He pleaseth: and entirely for their good, and healing, what though those that are being healed be impatient under the cure: by which counsels He is not stirred up unto wickedness, for the Deity being good by His nature, is not the cause of evils, neither of him that prefers the

[1] "Impiety" is regularly used for Paganism, as is "Atheism" for Christianity, by writers on the two sides.

things of wickedness.) He was not, however, checked in his career, but with vast celerity traversing his own and some part of the barbarian frontier, and forcing a passage more by stealth than by force of arms, he at last is drawing near to the capital of the empire; being, as his own partisans say, stimulated to this expedition by presages, the dæmons promising a revolution in the time coming, and devising a change in the state: or rather, as the tale is of those who tell the truth, he did this in accordance with a certain preconcerted plot, but one more secret and deeply laid; he was calculating upon a death, of which he was himself the contriver, having plotted the execution of the crime by means of someone in the interior:[1] so that his success was not *foreknowledge* but *knowledge*, and not a favour of the dæmons. How sagacious *they* are in such matters, Persia has clearly shown: so let people cease praising the dæmons for his rapid success, or else *we* shall impute his ruin also to the same agency.

48. Now, if the decease of the emperor had not anticipated the advance of the tyrant, and his privy machination been more effectual than his open violence, the miscreant would soon have discovered that he had been too expeditious for his own destruction; and before his fit of frenzy was chastised by the Persians, he would have paid the penalty of his crime in the territories of the Romans upon whom he basely waged war. Proof of this is at hand: for whilst he was still advancing and fancying himself undiscovered, by order of that most excellent emperor he was being surrounded by a force that cut off his retreat, as became evident from what followed; for even after he was master of the empire, he had no small trouble in mastering this army. Now, his adversary, boiling with indignation against this folly and impiety combined, and

[1] Of the palace. Gregory wishes his hearers to believe a lie which he was too acute to believe himself, that Julian had suborned one of the palace eunuchs to poison Constantius at a fixed time.

having this very clever fellow completely in his net—alas for our wickedness!—in the very middle of his march closes his mortal career, after offering many excuses to God and man for his misplaced humanity,[1] and having set an example to all Christians by his zeal of affection for the Faith!

49. In this place, a tear or two mingled with joy on account of what comes next in my theme, rises to my eyes, and, as it were, the battle, engagement, and strife, when river and sea come together and strive for mastery. For from what came last I am affected with the joy, but from what went before I am moved to the tears, not merely on account of the Christians and the contumely that befell them, whether moved by the Evil One, and permitted by God for our correction on account of our pride: but also on account of that man's soul, and those that were drawn away together with him into the same perdition.

50. Some people bewail their concluding plagues, and their torments in this world, because the present life is the only thing they believe in, and they cannot reach with their minds into the next, neither do they believe there is any account taken, or retribution in store for the things done in this life: but they lead the life of brute beasts, existing only upon what comes day by day, and the Present; measuring happiness by one thing alone, comfort in this world, and by its opposite, their disappointments, they estimate unhappiness. But it strikes me one should bewail them more for their torments in the next world, and the punishment that is stored up for the wicked: and yet I do not mention the greatest of

[1] In not having murdered Julian when a child—a pious frame of mind quite consistent with Gregory's way of thinking. But in reality the dying emperor, caring for nothing but his infant daughter and wife, publicly declared Julian his heir and successor, assured of their safety under his protection.

all, their being shut out from God: how vast an aggravation that is of their punishment!

51. How should I not weep for the unhappy man himself; for the persecutors more than for the persecuted? How not bewail yet more than those that went over to the side of evil, the man that carried them with him? But rather, to the one side, it was no hardship to suffer for Christ's sake, nay the most welcome thing possible, and that not only for the next world, but for the glory and freedom of speech that they bestowed upon themselves by means of their dangers: but to the other side, before the torments in store and threatened, came those they have suffered now: and better were it for them if they had been punished a longer time in this world, than to have been reserved for the yet juster punishments of the future state. Thus much for the sake of the law that forbids us to exult over the fall of an enemy, and demands sympathy [1] from those that stand upright: and now it is time for me to return to the rest of my subject.

52. What was this so great zeal in a bad cause, what this love of impiety, what this running after destruction, whence became such an enemy of Christ this former disciple of Christ, he that was conversant in so many words of Truth, and who had preached and heard of the things that lead unto salvation? For no sooner had he inherited the empire than he publicly professed his impiety, as if ashamed of ever having been a Christian, and on this account bearing a grudge against the Christians in whose name he had participated: and the very first of his audacities, according to those who boast of his secret doings, into which details am I forced to enter! with unhallowed blood he rids himself of his baptism,[1] setting up the initiation of abomination against the initiation accord-

[1] This "sympathy" is the assurance of the everlasting torments to which Julian has just been consigned by the compassionate preacher.

[2] Supposed by La Bléterie to mean that Julian *un*baptized himself

ing to our rite, "a swine wallowing in the mire," according to the proverb; and he unconsecrates his hands by cleansing them from the bloodless sacrifice by means whereof we are made partakers with Christ, both in His sufferings and in His divinity. With victims and with sacrifices he inaugurates his palace, using evil counsellors for an evil reign.

53. But since I have mentioned victims and the man's *superstition*, or more properly *unhappy condition*,[1] as regards such matters, I do not know whether I ought to commit to writing the miracle that was whispered about, or to disbelieve those that report it; for I myself am wavering in my judgment, and know not to which side to incline, inasmuch as things justly claiming to be believed are mixed up with others totally unworthy of credit. For that some sign from heaven should have been given to mark the novelty and impiety of the crime, is not to be reckoned among things incredible, but amongst such as have often happened before on the eve of very great changes; but that this sign was given in the manner reported is, to me at any rate, a matter of great astonishment, as well as to all such as wish and believe that things pure are manifested in a pure manner.[2]

54. The story is, that when he was sacrificing, the entrails of the victim displayed the figure of the Cross enclosed within a garland, which sight struck the others with horror and dismay, and the conviction of our gaining the victory; but the instructor in impiety it filled with

by going through the baptism of blood in the Taurobolia: the context, however, shows that Gregory refers only to the revival of pagan sacrifices in the Palace.

[1] A play upon *δεισιδαιμονία* and *δυσδαιμονία*, which shows the identity of the preacher's pronunciation of the two words.

[2] The preacher wishes his congregation to believe the story, but endeavours to save his own credit with sensible people by declaring himself not altogether convinced of its accuracy or details.

confidence, as he pretended, as showing that we were *circumscribed* and *hemmed in*, for in this way did he extemporize the explanation of the *Cross* and the *circle* around it. Now this is what excites my wonder, and if false, let the winds bear it away; but if true, then here is Balaam again prophesying and Samuel raised, or seems so, by the woman having a familiar spirit; and the devils, as they go out, confessing Jesus, and the Truth is shown forth by its adversaries. It may be that this was so ordered that he (Julian) should be checked in his impious course, for the Deity, ever inclining towards mercy, knows how to invent new and singular ways of salvation; but what is told by many, to believe also is not unreasonable.

55. He had descended into one of those sanctuaries,[1] inaccessible to the multitude, and feared by all (as would that he had feared the way leading unto hell before proceeding to such extremities), in company with the man that was as bad as many sanctuaries put together, the wise in such things, or sophist more rightly to be called; for this is a kind of divination amongst them to confer with darkness, as it were, and the subterranean demons concerning future events: whether that they delight more in darkness, because they *are* darkness, and makers of the darkness of wickedness, or that they shun the contact of pious persons above ground, because through such they lose their power. But when, as my fine fellow proceeded in the rites, the frightful things assailed him, unearthly noises, as they say, and unpleasant odours, and fiery apparitions, and other fables and nonsense of the sort, being terror-struck at the novelty (for he was yet a novice in these matters), he flies for help to the Cross, his old remedy, and makes the sign thereof against his terrors, and makes an ally of Him whom he persecuted. And what follows is yet more horrible.

[1] Probably a Mithraic cave.

56. The *Seal*[1] prevailed: the demons are worsted, the terrors are allayed. And then what follows? The wickedness revives, he takes courage again; the attempt is repeated, the same terrors return; again the sign of the Cross, and the vanishing demons; the neophyte in despair. The celebrant is at hand, explaining away the truth: "We have made ourselves abominable, we have not terrified them;" the worse side conquers, for these were his words: and by dint of talking he persuades, and by persuading he leads his disciple into the pit of perdition.[2] And no wonder at it, for a vicious disposition is more ready to follow what is better than to be checked by what is better. Now what he said, did, or was deceived in, before he was sent up again, those may know who initiate and are initiated into these rites: at any rate he reascends full of the demon both in mind and in his actions, and indicating by the frenzy of his eyes whom he had been worshipping; if indeed he was not possessed with a demon from the very day on which he first took up with such bad ideas; but then, it became more conspicuous, in order that he might not have gone down there in vain, and become partaker with demons: a thing which those people call "enthusiasm," putting a handsome name upon it. Now his first actions were as related above.

57. But when the birth-pains were growing strong, and the *magician* was bursting forth to light, he became aware of something (either as being a man clever in wickedness and without a rival in impiety, or whether he was put up to it by those who anointed him for this end), that to carry on the war openly, and to preside in person over the impious attempt, besides being both rash and stupid, was in

[1] The Sign of the Cross; regularly termed by Eusebius *σωτήριον σημεῖον*.

[2] How did this scene become public? The sole operators, Julian and Maximus, were not likely to have divulged it, on their reascension from the cave.

all respects most damaging to his object: for that we should become the more obstinate when oppressed, and would oppose to tyranny our zeal in the cause of religion; inasmuch as generous spirits are wont to grow restive against compulsion, and after the manner of a flame fanned by the wind, to blaze up so much the more, the more violently they are blown down. And this he discovered not only from reflection, but had it proved to him by the history of the previous persecutions, which have only made the Christian more honoured instead of more feeble, strengthening him in piety, and like heated iron dipped in water, steeling him by means of his dangers; but if he carried on the war with artifice, and coloured violence with cajolery, and like covering round a hook with the bait, so covered his tyranny with wheedling, his enterprise would become at once ingenious and likely to be successful.

58. For, besides his other motives, he begrudged the honour of martyrdom to our combatants, and for this reason he contrives now to use compulsion, and yet not seem to do so.[1] That we might suffer, and yet not gain honour as though suffering for Christ's sake. What folly in the first place if he thought it would be unknown on whose account these dangers were run, and that he could hide the truth by his cunning devices! But the more he plotted against our honours so much the greater and more conspicuous was he making them.

59. In the second place, if he imagined that we braved danger out of love of glory, and not of the Truth, let the Empedocleses amongst those people play at such a game, and their Aristacuses, and their Empedotimuses, and their Trophoniuses, and a lot more of such unlucky folks

[1] An admission quite sufficient to disprove the existence of any persecution for *religion's* sake. Julian's grand offence in the preacher's eyes was the depriving the Christians of the power of persecuting others of different views, of which they had fully availed themselves during the twenty-four years of the reign of Constantius.

—of whom the one, after making a God of himself, as he fancied, by means of the Sicilian crater, and sent himself up to a better termination of existence, was betrayed by that dear little sandal, vomited up by the fire, and was proclaimed not a god amongst men, but a man of vanity, no philosopher, nay, not even possessed of common intelligence; whilst those who out of the same itch and ambition buried themselves in certain inaccessible caves, and were afterwards detected, did not reap so much honour from the deception as they did disgrace from the discovery.

60. It is sweeter to Christians to suffer for religion's sake, even though they may be unknown to all men, than it is to others to enjoy glory combined with impiety; for we make small account of pleasing men, but our whole aim is at honour from God, or rather at something *above* this honour, we being true lovers of wisdom and lovers of God, craving for assimilation to the Good for the sake of the Good itself, not for the honours in store for us there. For this is the second class of the praiseworthy actions—the doing anything for reward, and on account of recompense: as the *third* is of those that shun wickedness out of fear of punishment. Such and of such character are our societies: and this is easy, for those who choose, to prove from many examples.

61. But he, as though he were about to deprive us of a very great honour (for the vulgar always judge of other people's feelings by their own), particularly persecuted this reputation of ours:[1] neither did he, in common with former persecutors magnanimously proclaim his own impiety: nor does he (if not like a sovereign, at any rate like a tyrant), take his measures about us, in the way of one who thought it a fine thing to force impiety upon the nations of the world, and to tyrannize over a creed that

[1] Martyrdom, which he refused the Christians, grudging them the honour it would bring them.

had vanquished all other creeds—he attacks our religion in a very rascally and ungenerous way, and introduces into his persecution the traps and snares concealed in *arguments*.[1] Consequently, as power is divided into two parts—*persuasion* and *force* (and what was yet more inhuman, he made over the exercise of his tyranny to mobs and to towns, of whom the frenzy is less open to blame on account of their want of reason, and inconsiderate impetuosity in everything; and this he did, not by means of a public order, but by not repressing their outbreaks, making their will and pleasure an unwritten law).

62. But the milder and more kingly part, the way of persuasion, he forsooth takes for himself; he did not, however, play this part quite perfectly, for neither is it in Nature that either the leopard should put off its spots or the Æthiopian his blackness, or the fire its burning, or the wicked one, being a murderer from the beginning, his hatred of man, or that he should put off that spiteful disposition with which he started against us. But as the story goes that the chameleon becomes all kinds of colours and readily assumes every hue except the white (for I pass by the Proteus of the fable, that Egyptian trickster), in the same way that man also was and became everything towards the Christians except clemency, and his humanity was very inhuman, and his persuasiveness compulsion, and his goodness an excuse for savageness: in order that he might appear to use *force* with good reason, when he had failed in *persuading*.

63. And this is evident from the fact that persuasion lasted but a short time, whilst much more prevalent was the argument of force that followed close upon it, in order that, as in the hunts, we might be caught either in the snares or by the pursuit; and one way at least should capture

[1] The true "head and front of his offending" was Julian's refraining from *persecution*—argument, the preacher felt, was an infinitely more dangerous weapon.

us all. In the next place, he being thus disposed and prepared, uses another stratagem against us, with all possible security, though exceeding impiety; he (as is the custom with all persecutors), makes a beginning of his wickedness with those nearest to him and the company around his person; inasmuch as it was not possible to attack those outside if those within were not gained over, just as one cannot lead an army against the enemy which is mutinous towards its own general.

64. And for this reason he changes the imperial household, first selecting some individuals for death,[1] and banishing others, not as being well disposed to the great emperor (their late master), but as being yet better disposed towards that Greater One, and thereby unserviceable to himself on both accounts. The soldiery he gains over partly by his own efforts, partly through their officers, an engine he considered most to be relied on—part of them being vanquished by the hope of promotion, part seduced by their own simplicity, and knowing no other law than the will of the emperor.

65. And still more than the army, did he make his own all that portion which he found already corrupt and unsound—time-servers[2] then as they had been before, of whom he had enslaved one half and hoped to do the other, for he had not exterminated the whole body,

[1] The wretch Eusebius, the mortal enemy of Gallus and himself, and a very small number of Constantius' ministers, who, be it remembered, were condemned, not by Julian, but by a military tribunal, composed of Gallic officers, many of whom must have been Christians, in consequence of the preponderance of that religion in the West..

[2] The state of England under Mary is an exact parallel to that of the Empire under Julian. The new religion in each case was held by a small minority, but well organized and extremely noisy; the rest of the population, except in certain districts where local causes kept up zeal for the ancient religion, were entirely indifferent to principles, but eager for the plunder of the temple lands and treasures, as of those of the abbeys and cathedrals. This state of things clearly appears from Julian's complaints in the Misopogon.

neither had the power who persecuted through his agency given him so much strength against us, for there yet remained "over sixteen thousand that had not bent the knee unto Baal," neither had worshipped the Golden Image, neither had been bitten by the serpents, but had looked up to the Serpent that was hung upon a tree, and was destroyed by the sufferings of Christ. For there were many persons in office and in high station,[1] whom there was a probability of overcoming whether by means of fear or of hope; many also of those in lower place, and only considerable through number, in attacking whom he was rebuffed like a warlike engine of unsuitable sort by some well-built wall. Nevertheless, that which escaped did not vex him so much as that which was caught encouraged him (as it naturally would a man so infatuated); and his wishes pictured to him what was hoped for as already in his possession.

66. Moreover he shows his audacity against the *great symbol*,[2] which marches in procession along with the Cross, and leads the army, elevated on high, being both a *solace to toil*, and so named in the Roman language,[3] and *king* (as one may express it) over all the other standards, whatever are adorned with imperial portraits, and expanded webs in divers dyes and pictures, and whatever, breathing through the fearful gaping mouths of dragons, raised on high on the tops of spears, and filled with wind throughout their hollow bodies, spotted over with woven scales, present to the eye a most agreeable and at the same time

[1] An admission that such persons did *not* lose their places on the score of their religion, for Gregory allows that they were permitted to remain in office, upon the chance of their ultimately coming over to Julian's views.

[2] The Monogram of Christ, revealed to Constantine in a vision, and painted on the soldiers' shields on the eve of his battle with Maxentius. —See account in Lactantius.

[3] *Labarum*, quasi *laborum* levamen! A curious illustration of the prevailing pronunciation by accent.

terrible show. And when things about him were settled according to his mind, and he was, as he fancied, out of the reach of danger in his own vicinity, he then proceeds to what came next.

67. O thou most foolish, and impious, and ignorant in great matters! dost thou dare this against the great inheritance and the whole world's harvest, that passes over all limits by means of the simplicity of the Word and the folly, as ye will call it, of the preaching, the which has overcome the wise, and put an end to devils, and has shot over Time, being at once ancient and new, in the same way as ye make a special wonder of one of your own gods; since it is the former by its shadowing forth in types, the latter by the accomplishment of the mystery stored up for its due time? Didst thou not do this against the great heritage of Christ, and who wert thou, and what, and from whence? Against the great heritage, and which will never cease, even though some may rage against it, even more than thou hast done, but which will advance ever further and be exalted? (for I believe the prophecies and the things seen); that heritage which He, as *God*, hath created, and, as *Man*, hath inherited; which the Law hath typified, grace fulfilled, and Christ dedicated; which the Prophets built up, the Apostles bound together, and the Evangelists finished off!

68. Didst thou war against the sacrifice of Christ with thy abominations, against the blood that cleansed the world with thy offerings of blood? Didst thou wage war against Peace? Didst thou lift thy hand against the Hand that was nailed for thee and through thee? Against the Gall didst thou set thine own liking; against the Cross, a trophy; against His death, subversion of religion; against His Resurrection, thy rebellion; against the Martyr, the want of martyrs?[1] Thou persecutor next

[1] Or, "against the Testifier, the want of testimony," a miserable play upon the general and special senses of μαρτὺς.

to Herod, thou traitor next to Judas, except so far as not ending thy life with a halter, as he did;[1] thou murderer of Christ next to Pilate; thou hater of God next to the Jews!

69. Hadst thou no respect for the victims slain for Christ's sake? Didst thou not fear those mighty champions, that John, that Peter, Paul, James, Stephen, Luke, Andrew, and Thecla? And those who after them, and before them, faced danger in the cause of Truth, and who confronted the fire, the sword, the wild beasts, the tyrants, with joy, and evils either present or threatening, as though they were in the bodies of others, or rather as if released from the body! And what for? That they might not betray the Truth, even as far as a word goes; those to whom belong the great honours and festivals; those by whom devils are cast out and diseases healed; to whom belong manifestations of future events, and to whom belong prophecies; *whose very bodies possess equal power with their holy souls, whether touched or worshipped;* of whom even the drops of the blood and little relics of their passion, produce equal effect with their bodies![2]

70. All these marvels thou dost not respect, but dost contemn, thou that admirest the funeral pyre of Hercules, the result of his misfortunes and evil doings for women's sake: and that butchery of Pelops for the sake of hospitality, or of piety, in consequence whereof the descendants of Pelops were marked by their shoulders and the piece of ivory; and the castrations of Phrygians, who are fascinated by means of the pipe, and are abused after the piping; and those in the rites of King Mithras, the well-deserved or mystical brandings; and the sacrifice of

[1] Implying a pious wish that he had so ended his life.

[2] Which best deserves the name of idolatry and *ασεβεῖα*, this disgusting relic-worship, thus distinctly attributing divine power to dead bones, or Julian's adoration of natural agencies regarded as the visible ministers of the invisible and supreme God?

strangers at Tauri, and the sacrifice of the royal maid before the expedition to Troy; and the blood of Menæceas shed for Thebes, and that of the daughters of Scedasus for Leuctra; and the Laconian youths lacerated with scourges, and their blood upon the altar so delightful to the pure and virgin goddess; thou that extollest the hemlock of Socrates, and the leg of Epictetus, and the death of Anaxarchus—persons whose philosophy was more the result of compulsion than of choice; and the leap of Cleombrotus the Ambraciote, brought about by the treatise on souls; and Pythagoras' prohibition concerning beans, and Theano's contempt of death, and that of I know not how many of those initiated into her own rites, or following the same philosophy.

71. But thou must admire at least what is here before thee, if thou dost not those just set forth, thou most philosophical and high-minded of men, that apest the Epaminondases and Scipios of old in the article of the endurance of hardship; thou that marchest on foot along with thy troops, and eatest whatever food is at hand, and praisest that kind of rulership which does everything for itself. For it is the mark of a philosophical and generous mind not to despise the virtue even of enemies, and to give more credit to the valour of foes than to the badness and cowardice of one's own side. Dost thou see these persons here without livelihood and without a home, all but without a body and without blood in their veins, and who in this respect approach near unto God?[1] These men,

> "With feet unwashed, and with the earth for bed"

(as thy Homer hath it, in order that he may do honour to one of his demons by the fiction)—these men that are

[1] By rendering themselves incorporeal—alluding to the ascetics in the congregation. His audience were too obtuse to perceive the difference between Julian's contempt for luxury practised for the real

here below, and yet superior to things below? these that are amongst men, and yet above things human; these that are bound, and yet free; that are overcome, yet invincible; that have nothing in this world, and get all things in the world above; of whom the life is double—the one part despised, the other diligently sought after; who are through mortification of themselves immortal; through solitariness united with God; that are without desire, and with the Divinity, and without the passion of earthly love; whose is the Fountain of Light, and its irradiation even now; whose are the angelic chants, the station through the night, and the escape of the soul rapt up, before its time, unto God; to whom belong the power of purifying others, and the being purified themselves; who know no limit either in ascending or in deification; to whom belong the rocks[1] and the heavens; to whom belong the being cast out and the thrones; whose are nakedness and a vesture of incorruptibility; whose are solitude and a solemn assembly here; whose it is to have trampled upon all pleasures, and who have the everlasting and ineffable enjoyment of pleasure; whose is the tear, the bewailing of sin, that purifies one from the world; the stretching forth of whose hands quenches the fire, quells the rage of wild beasts, blunts the edge of the sword, routs legions, and will (be sure) muzzle even *thy* impiety, even though thou mayest be exalted for a little while, and play the comedy of thy impiousness with thy own demons to help thee!

72. How comes it that all these things are not terrible to thee, thou too daring man, that runnest into death, if ever anyone did? How comes it they do not inspire thee with respect? And yet they are more worthy of honour

good of the empire and the asceticism of monks and hermits, tending solely to their own glorification and uselessness—true *fakirs*, whose chief merit was their dirtiness, as the quotation from Homer shows.

[1] The caves in the desert haunted by these solitaries.

than the greediness of Solon, the wise, and the legislator, which Crœsus tested by means of his Lydian gold: and than Socrates' love of *Beauty* (for I am ashamed to say love of *boys*, although he disguises it very prettily with his inventions): and then Plato's gluttony in Sicily, through which he is sold for a slave, and is ransomed not by one of his own disciples nor by a Greek at all; and then Xenocrates' fondness for fish; and then the wit of Diogenes (he that lived in the tub), whereby he makes strangers give place to kings, out of the tragedy, that is, household bread to the cheese-cakes,[1] or than the philosophy of Epicurus which lays down no Good above Pleasures. Crates is a great man with you; and certainly it was philosophic conduct for a sheep-farmer to have cast away his fortune—conduct quite like that of our own philosophers.[2] But then he makes too much parade of his liberty in his preaching, whereby he shows himself not so much a lover of *wisdom* as a lover of *fame*. A great man is he of the tempest-tossed ship, and all the goods thrown overboard, who returned thanks to dame Fortune for reducing him again to the bare cloak. A great man too is Antisthenes, who when he had had his face battered by some mischievous and impudent fellow, wrote upon his forehead, like the maker of a statue, the name of the man who had beaten him—perhaps in order to accuse him more forcibly. Thou dost also praise a man, a little before our own times, because he stood still the space of a whole day, praying to the sun:—perhaps after having waited for the luminary to be nearest to the earth, in order that he might abridge his devotions, which he concluded with the moment of its setting; and also that man's standing, at Potidæa, in the winter season during a whole night, engaged in contemplation, and not feeling the frost, by reason of his ecstasy;

[1] "Strangers must give place to kings as household bread does to cheese-cakes."—A quotation from some old play.

[2] A good hit, for once, at the rapacity of the Greek sophists (ridiculed by Libanius himself), who had beset the too liberal Julian.

or Homer's zeal for knowledge in the case of the Arcadian riddle ;[1] or Aristotle's philosophy and attention to the currents of the Euripus, through which puzzles the two came by their deaths ; or the well of Cleanthes,[2] and the leather strap of Anaxagoras, and the melancholy of Heraclitus.

73. How many are they who have done all this, and for how long? Yet thou dost *not* admire the thousands and tens of thousands of similar examples on our side, of persons practising such philosophy during their whole life, and so to speak, over the whole world ; men and women vying together in continence, and forgetting their nature only so far as it behoves them to propitiate God by means of chastity and endurance of hardships, and these not only common people, accustomed to toil through their original mean condition, but also persons, once of high rank and distinguished both for opulence, birth, and station ; who now invent for themselves a life of sufferings, in imitation of Christ, of whom though there be no talk (by reason that religion is not placed in talk, and that "brief is the fruit of lip-wisdom," as is the sentiment of one of your own poets also), yet more abundant is the blessedness, and the edification in their actions.

74. But in spite of this, he slighted all these things, and was bent on one object alone, namely, how to gratify the demons who had often possessed him, as he well deserved. Before settling any other of the affairs of state he rushes upon the Christians,[3] and these two objects engrossed his whole attention, namely the "Galilæans" (as he insultingly used to call us), and the Persians, who

[1] The riddle of the fishermen (louse-catchers), "What we caught we threw away ; what we caught not, we carry with us."

[2] Who supported himself by watering gardens at night in order to go to school by day.

[3] By putting a stop to their mutual squabbles, and restoring the exiled Catholic bishops to their sees.

obstinately continued the war,[1] but our affair is much greater and more important, that he considered the war with the Persians a mere trifle and child's play. And this he did not indeed proclaim openly, yet he did not conceal it; and such was the excess of his infatuation that he never ceased avowing it to all parties; neither was this most excellent and sagacious of all sovereigns aware that by the former persecutions it was but a little thing that was troubled and upset, inasmuch as our system of religion had not yet spread over many people, and the Truth was established in only a few, and stood in need of illustration; but now that the Word of Salvation was spread abroad, and prevailed the most in our parts of the world, the attempt to change or upset the *status* of the Christians was no other than to toss about[2] the Roman empire, and endanger the whole commonwealth, and to suffer at our own hands what not even our enemies would wish us worse; and this too from that new-fangled philosophy and government through which we were made so happy, and had returned once more to that Golden Age and way of life so free from all fighting and discord!

75. The government administered with moderation,[3] the lowering of the taxes, the judicious choice of magistrates, the punishment of peculators, and all the other marks of a transient and momentary prosperity and illusion were, forsooth, likely to produce great benefit to the public, and our ears must needs be dinned with their praises; but populations and cities torn by faction, families torn asunder,

[1] Who, in reality, upon the news of Julian's accession, used every effort to obtain terms of peace from so formidable an adversary.

[2] This looks like an allusion to the joke of the Antiochenes upon his Bull Apis, "which tossed over the whole empire."

[3] μετρίως "carried on within the limits prescribed by law and usage, without any arbitrary exercise of power;" all this seems implied in the word. This unwilling confession of an enemy of the existence of all the essential parts of good government in Julian's system, is worth more than all the eulogies of Libanius.

households set at variance, marriages dissolved, and all else that it was natural should follow that mischievous step, and which really did follow it to a great extent[1]—were these things conducive either to that man's glory, or to the benefit of the public? and yet who is there either so warm a partisan of impiety (paganism), or so destitute of common sense, that he would assent to this? For, as in the case of the body, if one or two members are diseased, the rest may possibly endure it without harm, and the blessing of health be maintained in the entire person through which even the parts affected may again be set to rights; but when the greater part is at strife, and full of bitterness, there is no possibility for the whole to be well, and such a state of things is manifest danger; in the same manner in governments it happens that single infirmities are covered over by the well-being of the mass; but when the majority are in a rotten state, there is danger to the whole.[2] And this I think anyone else, even of those who hate us most, would have perceived; his bad temper, however, had darkened his reason, and he goes on weaving the snares of persecution for small and great alike.

76. That measure of his was very childish and silly; so far from being that of a prince, as not even to be worthy of a person moderately sound of understanding, and this was his fancying that our subversion would follow upon his changing of our name, or that he shamed us as though called by the most opprobrious of titles. He immediately

[1] All these evils being in truth less virulent than those caused by the sectarian quarrels which had raged under Constantius. In the new reign whatever annoyances the Christians endured were entirely of their own seeking, as all the examples quoted by Gregory prove to demonstration.

[2] This argument tells against the pleader; the Christians being as yet a small minority in the empire their discontent was less dangerous than that of the Pagans. Gregory has confessed that the whole army conformed without difficulty to Julian's change of the state religion.

makes a change in our appellation, naming us *Galilæans* instead of Christians, and making it law we should so be styled; proving by the act that the being called after Christ is a very great thing to one's glory,[1] and highly honourable, by the very fact that he plotted how to deprive us of the same; being perhaps afraid of that Name, as are the devils, and for that reason changing it to another name, something neither customary nor generally known.

77. We, however, will not disturb *their* names, for we could not change them into any other name more ridiculous than what they have—their "Phalli" and their "Ithyphalli," their "Melampygi" and their "Apygi," their "Tragopan," and their venerable "Pan" himself, one god born out of many lovers,[2] and receiving his disgrace for his name; for with them it is necessary either that the one and the most excellent Being should have sinned against many women, or else that he was the son of many fathers, and the most vile in his origin. We therefore will not begrudge them either their *doings* or their *names*, but let them enjoy their own folly, and pride themselves upon things the most disgraceful, and, should they wish it, we will leave them their "Bulleater," and their "Child of three Nights," in order the more to gratify them; him that was begotten and that begot others so respectably: performing for his thirteenth labour the feat of the fifty daughters of Thestias in one night, in order that through such exploits he might be styled a god. For the Christians (if they chose, that is) had many appellations to fit him selected out of his own stock, and those more disgraceful and more proper for him than the name he gave us. For what should have hindered us from joking in return with the emperor of the Romans (and as he fancied himself, deluded as he was by his demons, of all

[1] A clever hit of Gregory's, the sharpest in the whole invective.

[2] An allusion to the absurd fable that Pan was the fruit of Penelope's amours with *all* her suitors.

the world), and styling him "Idolianus," and "Pisæas," and "Adonæus," and "Bull-burner," as some of the wits amongst us actually entitled him (inasmuch as this were a very easy business), and whatever other names history supplies us with, either to parody or to coin consistently with truth?

78. But the strangest thing of all is that when the Saviour and Lord of all, the Creator and Ruler of this lower universe, the Son and Word of the Great Father, Mediator, High-priest, and Partner of His throne; He, who for the sake of us that had dishonoured His image, and had cast it down to the ground, and who knew not the great mystery of the Union, had not merely "come down into the form of a servant," but had gone up unto the Cross, carrying with Him my sin, to die there—that He being called a Samaritan, and what is much worse, accused of being possessed by a devil, was neither ashamed, nor reproached those who insulted Him—He to whom it was an easy thing to avenge himself upon the wicked by means of the angelic host, and by a single word—but that He answered those that insulted Him, altogether patiently and with mildness, and shed tears for those who crucified Him—a very strange thing it was for *him* to think that we would be vexed or ashamed at being so called, or be slackened in our zeal for the good cause, or would make more account of his insults than of our own lives and bodies, which we know how to despise for the Truth's sake! But this matter which I have mentioned was more ridiculous than annoying, and we send it back to the stage—at all events we should never be able to surpass those who thus joke and are joked at with things of the sort upon the head.

79. That thing, however, was very bad and ill-natured in him, when not being able to persuade us openly, and being ashamed to use force like a tyrant,[1] he disguised the

[1] Τὸ δὲ Βιάζεσθαι τυραννικῶς αἰσχυνόμενος—by this unguarded admission the preacher refutes his whole invective.

foe in the lion's skin, or if you like it better, he disguised in the mask of Menos, a measure most unjust. What is the proper name for it? *He forced with gentleness.* The rest I shall leave to such as choose to inquire into or to write about him, as my discourse is hastening to its conclusion, since I think that many, to whom it will seem a pious deed to cast a word at a sinner, will be interested in what I know not whether to call the *tragedy* or the *comedy* of that season, in order that a fact of such importance, and by no means deserving of oblivion, may be handed down to those who come after us. But instead of telling all, I will mention one or two things as a specimen, for the benefit of those who so greatly admire his conduct, that they may be convinced they are endeavouring to praise a person for whom it is not even possible to find censure equal to his deserts.

80. It is a royal custom, I know not whether with all men amongst whom royalty exists, but certainly with the Romans, and one, too, of those most thought of, that the reigning princes shall be honoured with public statues. For the crowns, and the diadems, and the dye of the purple robe, and the numbered life guards, and the multitude of subjects do not suffice to establish their sovereignty, but they must needs have *adoration* through which they may appear more awful—and not merely that adoration which they receive in person, but also that received in their statues and pictures, in order that the veneration may be more insatiable and more complete. These portraits different emperors delight in accompanying with other representations; some the chief cities of their dominions offering them gifts, others, Victories holding garlands over their heads; others, their officials doing homage to them, and decorated with the insignia of their charges; others, hunting scenes [1] and feats of archery; others, bar-

[1] The celebrated "Sapphire of Constantius," which represents him spearing a wild boar before Cæsarea personified, may with good reason be supposed a copy of some similar group.

barians overcome, and trampled under foot, or being slaughtered in a variety of forms ; for they love not only the *realities* of the actions upon which they pride themselves, but also the *representations* of the same.

81. Now what does this man contrive, and what snare does he set for the former sort of Christians ? Like those who mix poison with food, he mixes his impiety (idolatry) with the customary honours of the sovereign, and thus bringing into one the Roman laws and the worship of idols ; he associates his own portraits with the figures of his demons, pretending that they were some other sort of customary representations. He exposes these figures to peoples and to cities, and above all to those in government of nations, so that he could not miss being in one way or another mischievous : for either by the honour paid to the sovereign that to idols was also insinuated, or else by the shunning of the latter the sovereign himself was insulted, the worship of the two being mixed up together. This treachery, and so cunningly devised snare of impiety, a few [1] indeed escape (of the more cautious and intelligent sort), but these get punished for their sagacity on the pretext that they had offended against the respect due to the *emperor ;* but, in reality, because they braved the danger for the sake of their true sovereign and their religion. But many of the more ignorant and simple sort were caught in the trap, who, perhaps, deserve pardon for their ignorance, thus drawn away by stratagem into impiety. So much for *this*, which alone were enough to brand with infamy the policy of an emperor ; for we do not hold that the same conduct is becoming in princes as in private persons, seeing that the two things are not of the same importance. For a private individual may be excused for effecting his object by artifice—for often in those to whom

[1] Their *fewness* proves there was nothing in these representations calculated to scandalize any but those bent upon discovering pretext for disaffection.

force is not possible, this way of contrivance must be conceded; but in the case of a sovereign, as it is very disgraceful to be overcome by force, so is it, in my opinion, much more disgraceful and unbecoming to gain his ends and purpose, like a thief, by means of trickery.

82. Another action of his, which proceeded from the same motive and policy, but much worse and more impious in degree, inasmuch as the mischief extended itself to a greater number of sufferers, is what I shall subjoin to what has been already told. It was the day of an imperial distribution of gifts (either the annual one or extemporized by the emperor at the moment out of malice), when the soldiery were ordered to attend to be rewarded according to the merit, or to the rank of such. Again comes on that ignoble farce; again, that impious comedy! In order that his cruelty might be painted over with a certain show of benevolence, and the soldiers' inconsiderateness and greediness (in which they generally live) might be caught by the bait of money! Now he sat in state in all his splendour, splendidly holding festival against Religion, and priding himself upon the success of his tricks, like a Melampus, I ween, or a Proteus, being and becoming all things, and changing his forms with perfect ease. But what sort of things were those surrounding him, and what lamentations do they not deserve, not only from those then present at the scene, but also from those now receiving that atrocious spectacle through their ears?

83. There was placed before him gold, there was placed before him incense; the fire at hand; the masters of the ceremonies close by. And the pretext how plausible! that this was the regular formality of the imperial donative, that is to say, of the more ancient and honorific description.[1] What next? Each was obliged to throw

[1] One of the regular insignia of imperial rank was the *thuribulum* carried before the Augustas, and the putting incense thereon by

incense upon the fire, and so to receive gold from the emperor, pay for perdition, small price for so dear a thing —for entire souls of men, and for sin against God! Alas, for the bargain! alas, for the bartering! A whole army to be purchased for one trick! and they that had subdued the whole world were overthrown by a tiny fire, a gold coin, and by means of a little incense—smoke; the greater part of them not even being aware [1] of the sacrifice of *themselves!* for this was the most grievous part of the business: each passed in review with the idea he was to *get* something; and did not even keep *himself* after getting it! He kissed the emperor's hand, and did not know that he was kissing his own murderer! And those who *did* know it were none the better off; when once involved in the mischief, and taking for an inviolable law their own original inadvertence. What myriads of Persians, what archers, what slingers had effected this! What soldier of steel, in armour of proof, what battering engines had brought about what was effected by a single hand, a single moment, and a vile trick!

84. Shall I join with this a yet more painful sting than what is told above? It is reported that some of those thus unwittingly taken in, after they had been thus treated, and were returned home, they gave an entertainment to their messmates (τοῖς συσσίτοις κοινωνεῖν τραπέζης). After the meal, when the drinking had advanced as far as the customary cold draught, they, as though no harm had happened, invoked the name of Christ over the bowl containing the liquor, casting their eyes upwards with the sign of the Cross. Some one of their messmates, won-

all petitioners. Thus Dion notes that Marcia enjoyed all the honours of an Augusta, *except* that of the *thuribulum* (as being the highest of all, and therefore which even Commodus dared not allow a concubine). The *idolatry* in the scene was the invention of mischief-making bigots, who actually, later, got up a plot for Julian's assassination.

[1] A sufficient proof that the honour was paid to the emperor alone, in accordance with the ancient ceremonial.

dering at it, said: "What means this? Do ye mention Christ, after renouncing Him?" "How have we renounced Him?" reply they, half dead with fright, "and what is this strange news we hear?" On his reply, "You have thrown incense on the fire," and informing them *that* was the renunciation,[1] they immediately, leaping up from the banquet like men out of their senses and frantic, boiling with zeal and fury, they rushed through the grand square, shouting out and calling, "We are Christians! Christians in our souls! Let every man hear it, and God above all, unto Whom we live and will die! We have not been false to Thee, O Saviour Christ; we have not denied the blessed Confession; if the hand has erred at all, the conscience has not gone with it. We have been cunningly entrapped by the Emperor, we have not turned traitors for gold. We cast off the impiety; we cleanse ourselves with our blood." Then running up to the Emperor, they cried out very boldly, "We have not received gifts, O Emperor, but have been condemned to death; we have not been summoned for honour, but have been sentenced to disgrace. Grant a favour to thy own soldiers: sacrifice us to Christ, of Whom alone we are the subjects: give us fire instead of the fire; make ashes of us instead of those ashes: cut off the hands which we so wickedly extended; the feet with which we so wickedly ran. Honour with thy gold others that will not repent of having taken it; Christ suffices us, Whom we have in the place of all things." Saying these words all with one voice, they also exhorted the rest to understand the fraud, to recover from their intoxication, to make excuse to Christ with their blood. The Emperor was exasperated at this, but avoided putting them to death openly, that he might not make martyrs out of

[1] The burning incense to *Jupiter* had been the appointed test of conformity to paganism in Diocletian's persecution. The instigators to rebellion availed themselves of this fact, keeping out of sight the essential difference of the two ceremonies.

them—they who, as far as depended on themselves at least, were true martyrs; he sentenced them to banishment,[1] and so took his revenge on them, thereby conferring on them the greatest benefit, that they should be stationed at a distance from his abominations and his stratagems.

85. And yet, although he followed such a course, and exhibited his malevolence in many things, he did not constantly keep to the same design, because his mind had no stability, but depended entirely on the inspiration of the demon; neither did he keep the secret of his wickedness, but, as the story goes, like as the fire of Etna slumbers within the recesses of the mountain, swelling like a flood from below, and violently compressed (whether it be something else, or the panting of the Giant in torment), for a while it utters a suppressed but fearful sound, and belches out from its summit smoke, a token of the mischief going on within; but if it should be superabundant, and grow irrepressible, bursting forth from its proper bosom, rushing upwards, and pouring over the edges of the crater, it devastates parts of the subjacent land with its treacherous and fearful stream;—in just such a manner you might have found him keeping himself under restraint, and attacking our community with the deceitfulness of his sophistical creed; but whenever the unruliness of his rage overflowed, then was he no longer able to conceal his malice, but carried on the persecution without disguise against our divine and pious band.

86. To pass over his edicts against the sacred edifices, both such as were publicly set forth and such as were privately executed; his confiscation of offerings and revenues, not so much out of impiety as avarice; his robbery of consecrated vessels, insulted by profane hands, and

[1] Ἐξορίᾳ παραδόντα. No stronger proof is needed of Julian's tolerance than this so inadequate punishment for their mutinous and insolent behaviour.

those who, on account of these vessels, were brought to judgment and put to the torture, priests and their flock, and the columns besmeared with blood, surrounded and girded by their hands whilst they were lacerated with the scourges; and the archers running about through towns and villages, yet more cruel and more fierce than he who had commanded this, in order that, instead of Persians and Scythians and the other barbarians, they might subdue *us;*—to say nothing of all this, who does not know of the cruelty of the Alexandrians, who, besides the many other atrocities they committed against us, taking immoderate advantage of the occasion, being a population by nature factious and furious, are reported to have added this also to their impious deeds, that they filled our sacred edifice with blood, alike that of sacrificed beasts and murdered men; and to have done this under the direction of a certain person amongst the Emperor's philosophers, only celebrated for deeds of the sort. Who is ignorant of the tumult of the Heliopolitans? Who, of the mad behaviour of the people of Gaza—those that were praised and rewarded by that man because they had properly appreciated his magnificence? Who has not heard of the insanity of the Arethusians, a place previously unknown, but ever since that time only too notorious? for it is not only distinguished conduct that renders people famous, but also any wickedness that surpasses other people's reputation for evil.

87. They are said—for I must relate one fact out of many, a thing to cause a shudder even in those without God!—to have seized consecrated virgins, superior to the world, and unpolluted almost by even the eyes of males, and brought them out into their midst, stripping them of their clothes in order to abase them first by the exposure, then ripping them up and cutting them open (O Christ, how can I put up with Thy longsuffering on *this* occasion!). Some feasted on them abominably with their own teeth, in a way worthy of their evil genius; gorged

themselves with their raw livers, and after *that* repast, took another of the usual and lawful kind; whilst others, sprinkling the yet panting entrails with swine's food, and letting in the fiercer sort of swine, exhibited a show—and what a show!—to behold the flesh eaten up, and chewed together with the barley—a food not to be approached, and then for the first time seen, or even heard of![1] With which to feed his own demons only did the contriver of such scenes deserve, as in truth he *did* feed them right well with that blood and that wound which he received in his own entrails, even though those wretched men, not even possessed of common sense by reason of their impiety, may continue blind to the fact.

88. But as to the affair of Marcus—that admirable man—and of the Arethusians, who is there so much out of our world as to be ignorant of it, and not anticipate the narrator with the story? This man, in the time of the excellent Constantius, having, under the authority then granted to the Christians, pulled down a certain habitation of demons, and turned many Christians from the error of heathenism unto salvation, no less by the sanctity of his life than through the power of his preaching, had long been an object of hatred to the Arethusians, or rather to the devil-worshippers among the Arethusians. But when the power of the Christians was shaken, and that of the heathen began to revive, Marcus did not escape the tyranny of the times; for the mob, although it may keep under its passions for the present, like a fire smouldering amongst sticks, or a torrent strongly dammed up, is wont, when it gets an opportunity, to blaze up and burst forth. Seeing, therefore, the commotion of the people against

[1] These horrible displays of popular fury prove the cruelty with which the party using such retaliation had been treated during the preceding reign. La Bléterie cannot deny this, but ingeniously shifts the blame upon the Arians, whom he calls a sanguinary and persecuting sect. But Gregory's tone throughout shows that he only lacked the power, not the will, to follow their mode of dealing with the pagans.

him, who were intending and threatening extreme measures, at first he meditates making his escape, not so much out of cowardice, as on account of the commandment bidding one to flee from one city to another city, and give way unto the persecutors; seeing that it behoves people, being Christians, to have regard, not merely to what concerns themselves (even though they be very courageous, and full of fortitude), but likewise even to spare their persecutors, so that the share in the business, at least, belonging to themselves, shall not contribute to the danger of their enemies. But when many persons were seized and pulled about on his account, and were even in danger of their souls by reason of the cruelty of the persecutors,[1] he would not suffer others to be imperilled for his individual security; and therefore he forms a resolution at once most virtuous and most philosophic. He returns from flight, comes and surrenders himself to the mob to treat as they please, and boldly faces the hostility of the times. On that occasion what horror was wanting? What new cruelty not invented? Whilst his assailants each contributed a different thing to the concert of the one wickedness, and did not respect, if nothing else, the philosophic behaviour of their victim. Nay, they were the more exasperated on that account, and interpreted his giving himself up as contempt for themselves, and not as courage to face dangers.

89. The aged priest was led in triumph through the city, a voluntary champion of the faith, venerable for his age, yet more venerable for his dignity, except in the eyes of his persecutors and tyrants! He was led along by every age and condition, with no exception, alike by men and women, old and young, by all who held public offices, and by all people of rank.[2] All had but one object of

[1] On the point of renouncing Christianity through their alarm.

[2] A sufficient evidence of the tyrannical manner in which he had exercised the authority granted to him by the "excellent Constantius." The "habitation of devils" demolished by him, was a time-honoured

emulation, how to surpass each other in atrocity towards the aged man; and it was considered by them a pious deed to do the most mischief, and to conquer the ancient champion who was fighting against the whole town. He was dragged through the streets, he was thrust into the sewers, he was pulled by the hairs, not only of the head, but of every part of the body *without exception*, shame being mingled with torment, at the hands of people who deservedly *are thus tortured in the rites of Mithras*,[1] he was tossed in the air from one set of school-boys to another, who caught that noble body on the points of their writing-styles, and made a game out of a tragedy: he had his legs squeezed with slip-knots to the very bones, he had his ears cut through with twine, and that of the thinnest and sharpest sort, hoisted on high in a hamper, smeared over with honey and pickle, he was lacerated by bees and wasps[2] at noon-day, when the sun was darting his flames, and melting away the flesh of the victim, but making his assailant get more fierce in the devouring of that *happy* flesh, for I cannot call it *wretched*. In that situation it is said, that—let this also be deemed worthy of record—that this old man, youthful and bold to face his trials (for his cheerfulness never deserted him amidst these horrors, but on the contrary he exulted in his torments), uttered that memorable and often quoted expression "that he approved of the omen, beholding himself raised on high, and them humbled and lying below him." So greatly was he superior to those that had him in their power, and so much was he beyond the reach of their vexations, as

temple, dear to the whole population—nevertheless, he would have been allowed to compound for his former bigotry by the payment of a nominal fine—moderation hardly to be expected in the case of mob-law.

[1] This, therefore, must have formed part of the "Twelve Tortures"—a curious revelation.

[2] The preacher is incorrect in his entomology in his zeal to heighten the picture; bees and wasps neither bite, nor would be attracted by such bait—the flesh-flies were quite sufficient for the occasion.

though he were present at the danger of another, and considered the whole scene as a triumph, not a calamity.

90. And yet what man, even in the smallest degree equitable and humane, would not have respected his behaviour? But the times did not allow of it, neither did the zeal of the emperor[1] that exacted cruelty from mobs, cities, and magistrates, even whilst he pretended the contrary to such as did not understand the depth of his malice. Such was the treatment of this intrepid old man—and what for? That he might not throw away a single piece of gold upon his tormentors, in order that it might be clear that he was enduring all this on account of religion. For as long as the other party made the compensation for the temple (he had pulled down) very heavy and demanded from him the amount in full, or else required him to rebuild the temple at his own cost, it was thought that the impossibility of the demand, and not his religious scruples, was the reason for his obstinacy. But when he got the better of them by his fortitude, and continually made them subtract something from the valuation, he at the end reduced it so far that the sum demanded was extremely small, and very easy for him to pay. And there was equal emulation on both sides—the one party to gain their point by receiving ever so little, the other, not to be subdued into paying anything at all, although there were many eager to contribute even a larger amount, not merely from piety, but on account of the firmness and fortitude of the individual. On that occasion he showed that he was carrying on the contest, not for the sake of the money, but for his religion.

91. Are these things then evidences of good nature and clemency, or the reverse, marks of audacity and cruelty? Let these tell us who admire the prince-philosopher. For my part I fancy no one in the world will be

[1] Who was perfectly innocent of this treatment of Marcus, which was the spontaneous act of his fellow-citizens.

at a loss for the proper and true answer, and I have not yet added that amongst those who saved the villain when his whole family was in danger, and carried him off by stealth, this Marcus was one; for which deed alone he justly, perhaps, suffered this treatment, nay, was deserving of suffering even worse, because he had unwittingly preserved such a pest to the whole world![1] It is reported that the then Præfect[2] (for he was a person, though a heathen in religion, yet superior to all the heathen, both those of old and those of reputation in the present day) spoke thus with boldness to the emperor, because he could not consent to the varied tortures inflicted on the old man, and his fortitude under them: "Are we not ashamed, Sire, to be so much beaten by all Christians as to be unable to get the better of a single old man, that has undergone every kind of torture? And when the subduing of him is no great triumph, is it not the extreme of ill-luck to come away beaten by him? And thus, as it seems, subordinates were ashamed of the very conduct that emperors gloried in. Than this what could happen more distressing for the actors than for the sufferers? Such was the affair of the Arethusians, and so conducted —so that the cruelty of Echetos[3] and of Phalaris was a trifle compared to the barbarity of those people, or rather of him that stimulated and brought about these atrocities —for from the seed come the plants, and from the gale come the wrecks.

92. The rest of my tale, of what a kind, and how extensive is it! Would that someone would give me the leisure and the eloquence of Herodotus and Thucydides, that I may fitly deliver down to all time to come the wickedness of that man, and that the stories of that period may

[1] Curious morality—to make a person responsible for all the future consequences of a virtuous action!

[2] Probably Sallustius Secundus.

[3] The savage tyrant to whom the Suitors threaten to ship off Ulysses.

be posted up for those who come after us! I will say nothing about the Orontes and the nightly murders which the Orontes concealed at the emperor's command, its stream choked with corpses, and slaying without making a show; for here it would be more to the purpose to quote the lines of the "Iliad." I will hurry over the vaults and recesses of his place, and all that there was in the cisterns, in the wells, and in the conduits,[1] crammed as they were with wicked stores and mysteries—not only of boys and maidens cut into pieces for the purpose of raising ghosts, for divination, and for unlawful sacrifices, but also of persons who had perished for their religion. Let us put down all this to the account of those of whom even he was ashamed—in this at least acting rightly, for he showed by the attempt to conceal it that the abomination was not a seemly thing to be made public. The affair, however, of our friends at Cæsarea, those that were so immoderate and hot in the zeal for religion, and were so harassed and insulted by him on that account, it is perhaps not reasonable to blame him for, as he appeared to be rightly exasperated on account of Dame Fortune's having come to grief in the moment of his good fortune—since we must make some allowance even to unrighteousness when it is in power.

93. But who is ignorant of the story how that when a certain mob was running mad against the Christians, and had already committed great slaughter, and was threatening a great deal more, the governor of that province,

[1] "Wells, cisterns, conduits"—the very last places for the *concealment* of murdered persons. And all these scenes passing under the eyes of Julian's body-guard, many of whom in high command, as Jovian Valentinian, and were steady Christians. But it was a common trick of the monks to hide human bones in temples, and then point them out as evidences of human sacrifice. A notorious example is that of the Mithræum at Alexandria. Nothing is more likely than that the same stratagem was practised in Julian's palace at Antioch by some zealot. A single bone would suffice to build all Gregory's declamation on.

steering a middle course between the temper of the times and the law (for he thought himself obliged to serve the former, but at the same time had a tolerable respect for the latter), he executed many of the Christians, but punished a very few of the heathen. Thereupon, being summoned before the emperor, on such charge brought against him, he was cashiered, arrested,[1] and tried on this charge. He put forward in his defence the laws in accordance with which he had been entrusted with the administration of justice—he narrowly escaped being sentenced to death: at last, however, he met with indulgence, and was condemned to exile.[2] And how admirable and humane was the speech, when that *upright judge*, that *non-persecutor* of the Christians, said: "What great matter is it if a single Grecian[3] hand has despatched ten Galilæans!" Was not *this* undisguised savageness? Was not *this* an edict of persecution infinitely more precise in terms, and more terrible than those publicly posted up? For what difference is there between enacting penalties for the Christians and showing oneself pleased with those that persecuted the Christians, and making a heavy charge out of one's acting impartially? For the will of a prince is an *unwritten law*, being backed by might, and one of far greater force than the written laws that be not supported by authority.

94. "Not so," say those who venerate his memory, and are making up for us this "new god," this "sweet-tempered, philanthropic personage," and this because he proclaimed, "Let not the Christians be persecuted, but let them suffer whatever their persecutors think fit," in such manner clearing him from the charge of persecution.

[1] *ἀνάρπαστος*, "arrested and brought up before Julian," seems all implied in the word.

[2] Not, however, on account of the execution of these pagans, but for remissness in not checking the sedition before it broke out into civil war.

[3] Ελλην had now got the double sense of "Grecian" and "pagan."

And yet no one ever thought the Hydra gentle because it raised aloft *nine* heads instead of a single one (if it be right to believe the fable); nor yet the Chimæra of Patara, because it had *three*, and those of different kinds, to make it as formidable as possible; or Cerberus in Hell, because he has *three* also, and all alike; or the sea-monster, Scylla, because she has *six* round about her, and those greatly to be shunned; and yet they say her upper parts are fair, gentle, and not unpleasing to the view, for so far she was a young woman, having some share of the same nature with ourselves; but from thence downwards the canine and bestial heads were there for no good, seizing upon whole fleets at once, and differing nought in point of dangerousness from the Charybdis on the opposite side. Or dost thou upbraid the shafts and the stones of archers and slingers, and not the men that sling and shoot them? Or again, the hounds of the hunters, and the drugs of the poisoners, and the horns and the claws of butting bulls and of tearing beasts? And shall those who employ these instruments stand out of it and get no part of the blame for the atrocities these instruments commit? Such conduct shows great want of reason, and truly needs a sophist to defend his own crimes, and by the power of his eloquence to disguise the truth. But it is impossible that he shall disguise himself, though he turn himself into many shapes, and become of all kinds by means of his devices; even though he should put on the "Helmet of Pluto," as the saying is, or the Ring of Gyges, and by using the turning of the beasil steal himself away. On the contrary, the more he attempts to escape and to turn himself away, so much the more is he convicted before Truth, who sits in judgment (and before persons of any intelligence in these matters), of both doing and attempting things that not even *he* would be able to defend as justly done: so easily convicted is wickedness, and on all sides inconsistent with itself.

95. And it is not that the things he was already *doing*

were of such a nature as I have described, and so far removed *from* the generosity and dignity of a sovereign, whilst those he was *intending* were more clement and more worthy of an emperor; it would have been a very good job if they did not prove far more inhuman than the actions already stated. For as when a great serpent moves along some of its scales stand up on end, others half way, others are about to be similarly erected, whilst it cannot but be that the rest will in their turn be set in motion, even though at the moment they appear motionless; or, if you like the simile better, as in a thunderstorm, part is already come down, part is blackening overhead, until this too shall come down when the mischief acquires the force sufficient. In the same way was it with him too—part of his wickedness had been already committed, part was being sketched out by his hopes and his threats against us. And these measures were so preposterous and out of the common course, as to be due to his invention exclusively, both as to the planning of them and the wish to put them into execution, although there had been before him many persecutors of the Christians.

96. For things of which *Diocletian* never dreamed (he that first wantonly attacked the Christians); nor yet *Maximian*, who followed and went beyond him; nor yet *Maximin* (Daza), who came after them, and surpassed both as a persecutor, the signs of whose chastizement for this crime his statues, exposed in public, yet display, and publish for his infamy the mutilation of his body.[1] These things was he meditating, as the sharers in his secrets (and betrayers of them attest) declare. But he was held back by the hand of God, and by the tears of the Christians—many of which, indeed, were shed, and by many who had no other remedy against the persecutor. This plan of his

[1] These expressions indicate that Maximin's statues were not *destroyed* upon his downfall (according to the regular custom of the times, "descendunt statuæ restemque sequuntur"), but were left mutilated, as objects of public scorn.

was to deprive the Christians of all freedom of speech, to exclude them from all meetings, markets, and public assemblies, nay, even from the law-courts; for that no one should be allowed to participate in all these who did not first burn incense upon altars set there for the purpose, and pay to *him* a mighty price, and that for so great a favour! Oh! ye laws, lawgivers, and sovereigns, that, like the beauty of the sky, the light of the sun, the diffusion of the air, are ordained for a common and impartial blessing unto all, in like manner ordaining for all free men the benefit of the laws, equally and for the same price, of which *he* was plotting how to deprive the Christians. So that neither would it be allowed them, when tyrannically used, to obtain redress; nor if defrauded in their money matters, or ill-treated in any way less or more, to be helped by the laws; but that they should be banished from their own country, be slain, and almost excluded from things inanimate! Actions these that brought to the sufferers greater zeal for the good cause, and freedom of speech towards God, but upon those that committed them the more criminality and dishonour!

97. And how very clever was the argument of him that was at once executioner and sovereign, law-breaker, and law-maker; or, to speak more correctly, rather "enemy and avenger," according to our way of speaking. "That it was part of our religion neither to resist injury nor to go to law, nor to possess anything at all, nor to consider anything one's own, but to live in the other world, and to despise things present as though they were not; neither is it lawful for anyone to return evil for evil, but when they are smitten on the one cheek to turn the other also to the smiter, and to be stripped of the coat after the cloak;" and perhaps he will add, "ought to pray for those that injured them, and wish well to their persecutors." 'Tis very true he could not help knowing all this—he that once was a Reader of the divine oracles, was a candidate for the honour of the great pulpit, and used to glorify

the Martyrs by the gift of churches and of consecrated lands!

98. In which place I am first astonished that the man so accurately acquainted with all this, had not observed, or else had purposely overlooked that text, "The wicked man shall perish in an evil way, and so shall everyone that denieth God;" nay (what is going further than *this*), whilst he was plaguing such as stood fast in their confession, and was entangling them in such troubles as he himself richly deserved to fall into. If, therefore, according to the rule he prescribes, "that we must be such as above described, and abide within the limits defined," he is able to prove that fact[1]—then judgment is passed on him that *he* is the worse of the two, or else that this conduct is well-pleasing to his own gods; and inasmuch as habits are divided into two kinds (I mean Virtue and Vice), he proves that the better part is set apart for us, the worse cast contemptuously to his side. Let him allow *this*, and then we shall gain our cause by the testimony of our adversaries and those prosecuting us. But if they make any pretence to generosity and clemency, in speech at least if not in action, and are not so devoid of shame (even though they be very wicked and delight in evil gods) as to assert that *Vice*, like one of two snares, belongs to them—let them show in that case how and where it is just that we when wronged shall endure it patiently, whilst they should not spare us who spare them? View the matter in this way: seasons of power have come to us as well as to you, revolving and changing from one side to the other. What has ever happened to your party from the Christians of the kind that has often happened to the Christians from your party? Of what liberty of speech have we debarred you? Against whom have we stirred

[1] "Of the Christian's non-resistance to injury, contempt of the world," &c. Gregory, clearly unable to meet the unanswerable logic of Julian's quotations, takes refuge in a cloud of involved quibbles, the purport of which can hardly be discerned.

up furious mobs, or officials going far beyond their instructions? Whom have we brought into peril of his life, or rather, whom have we expelled from their offices and honours that belong by right to the best men? And to sum up all, upon whom have we inflicted anything like what has often been perpetrated by your side, and often been threatened? Not even yourselves can say this, you who cast in our teeth our own gentleness and humanity.[1]

99. And then how comes it that thou dost not consider this circumstance, thou wisest and most knowing of men, thou that confinest the Christians within the strictest limit of virtue, that in our code of laws [2] some rules carry with them the *necessity* of obedience to their injunctions; and which, if not observed, punishment follows; whereas others do not carry with them *obligation*, but voluntary obedience; whilst for such as do not observe them, no punishment whatever follows. Now if it were possible for all to be very good, and attain to the extreme point of virtue, this certainly would be best and most perfect: and since things divine are distinct from things human, and whilst the former have in themselves all that is good, it is a great thing if the latter attain even to mediocrity—what is the meaning of thy prescribing rules that are not meant for all, or else that they are condemned who do not keep them; just as though those not deserving of capital pun-

[1] The penal laws of Constantius and Constans are sufficient answer to this boasting of a tolerance that sprung out of want of power, not want of will to persecute. Take for example those enacted a few years previously: "Pœna capitis subjugari præcipimus eos quos operam sacrificiis dare, et colere simulacra constiterit."—Dat. XI. Kal. Mart. Med. Constantio A. VII., et Juliano Cæs. Coss. (A.D. 356.) "Cesset superstitio, sacrificiorum aboleatur insania; nam quicunque contra legem Divi Principio, parentis Nostri, et hanc Nostrae Mansuetuinis jussiorum ausus fuerit sacrificia celebrare, competens in eum vindicta, et præsens sententia exseratur."—Acc. Marcellino et Probiano Coss. (A.D. 341.)

[2] The doctrine of "Commandments" and "Counsels of Perfection," a most convenient subterfuge for evading all inconvenient rules in a religious system.

ishment were *ipso facto* deserving of commendation: and, on the other hand, those not worthy of commendation deserved capital punishment; but rather the right thing is so long as we remain within the limits of our own system and of human capability, then to demand of us correctness of conduct.

100. But I must carry back my words to the subject of *words;* for I cannot help returning to this point, and must endeavour to the best of my ability to advocate their cause: for though there are many and weighty reasons why that person deserves to be detested, yet in no case will he be shown to have acted more illegally than in this: and let everyone share in my indignation who takes a pleasure in words,[1] and is addicted to this pursuit—of which number I will not deny that I am one: all other things I have left to those who like them, riches, nobility, glory, power, which are of the lower world, and give delights fleeting like a dream. Words alone I cleave to, and I do not begrudge the toils by land and sea that have supplied me with them. May mine be the possession of words, and his, too, whoever loves me, which possession I embraced, and still embrace, first of all after the things that be first of all—I mean Religion and the Hope beyond the visible world—so that if, according to Pindar, "what is one's own weighs heavily," speech in their defence is incumbent upon me; and it is especially just for me, perhaps more than anyone else, to express my gratitude *to* words *for* words *by* word of mouth.

101. How did it come into thy head, thou silliest and greediest of mortals, to deprive the Christians of words? (For this was not one of the measures threatened only, but of those actually enforced.) Whence came the idea, and for what cause? What "oracular" Hermes, as thou

[1] λόγοι in the sense of "literature," or in modern phrase "books." Now follows a string of miserable puns upon the various meanings of λόγος, as "Reason," "Speech," &c., impossible to preserve in the translation.

wouldst call him, put this notion into thy head? What Telchines did it, those mischievous and envious demons? If thou pleasest *we* will assign the reason: it was fated that thou for attempting so many things contrary to law, shouldest finally be brought down to this, and publicly be inconsistent with thyself: that in the very thing, on which thou most didst pride thyself, in *this* thou shouldest unconsciously disgrace thyself, and receive the more painful condemnation. Answer, pray, what does thy decree mean, and what is the reason of this innovation with respect to words? And if thou canst show any just cause, we shall indeed be vexed, yet we will not blame thee; for as we have learnt how to conquer with reason on our side, so have we also been taught how to be beaten fairly.

102. "Ours" (says he) "are the words and the speaking of Greek, whose right it is to worship the gods; yours are the want of words,[1] and clownishness, and nothing beyond the faith in your own doctrine." At this, those I fancy will not laugh, who follow the sect of Pythagoras amongst you, with whom the "ἀντὸς ἔφα" is the first and greatest of articles of faith; and preferable to the "Golden (perhaps *Leaden*) Words." For after that preliminary and much celebrated training of *Silence* of such as were initiated into his doctrine (in order that they might be trained in bridling speech by dint of holding their tongues), it was the rule, 'tis said, that when questioned about any one of his tenets, they replied in explanation, when the reason was asked, that it had been so decreed by Pythagoras himself: and that the reason of the doctrine was what had come into that sage's head, without proof, and unquestioned. Thus your "He said so" comes to the same thing with our "Believe," but in other syllables and terms, although you never give over ridiculing and abusing the latter. For our saying means that it is not allowable to disbelieve things

[1] ἀλογία, implying also want of reason, want of education, &c.

said by divinely-inspired persons, but that the proof of the Word is *their* trustworthiness, a thing more convincing than any logical argument or defence.

103. However, allow this part of our notions to be worthy of ridicule: in what way wilt thou prove that words concern thee? Nay, if they *be* thine, how canst thou show that *we* have no part in them, according to thy legislation and unreasonableness? Whose property are the words of the Greek language? And how must that language be spoken and conceived? Let me define the meaning of the term to thee, O thou man that busiest thyself about synonyms, and meanings, and things of different signification under one name, or the same under different names, and so forth—for thou must either assert that they belong to the *religion*, or else to the *nation* which first invented the meaning of the language. If speaking Greek belongs to the *religion*, pray show where it is the rule, and amongst what sort of priests (like particular sorts of sacrifices), and in honour of what kind of diction? Since all nations have not the same doctrines, nor any single one the sole possession of them; nor yet the same ceremonial, as it is laid down by your own sacred interpreters and directors of sacrifice. For in some places, with the Sindians for instance, it is a religious action to curse the "Bull-eater," and this is a way of doing honour to the god, namely, the reviling of him; or with the Tauri to sacrifice strangers; or with the Saconeans to be flogged upon the altar; or with the Phrygians to castrate themselves when fascinated by the sound of the fife, and emasculated by force of dancing: or amongst others, to abuse boys, or to prostitute oneself; and whatever else belongs to the different Mysteries, not to mention them one by one: in the same manner, for whom of the gods or demons dost thou pretend that *speaking Greek* is reserved? And yet even though such were the case, it is not even then made out that this tongue is Heathen property, nor that it is the common good set apart for any one of your gods

or demons, in the same way as the custom is to sacrifice many other common things.

104. But if thou wilt not pretend thus much, and yet will lay claim to the language, and the property of your side, and consequently shut us out of it, as from an estate descended to you by right of inheritance, with which we have no concern—in the first place I do not see what are thy reasons, nor how thou wilt make good this claim for thy demons. For it does not follow that, if we have agreed that such as are Greeks in tongue and in religion are the same people, then, as a matter of course, the *words* belong to the *religion*, and we are reasonably pronounced to be excluded from the use of them. *This* inference, at least, is judged by your own grammarians as illogical, since it does not follow that because the two things have to do with one and the same, that they necessarily are both identical with each other. Or, put the case in this way, if we suppose the same person to be both a goldsmith and a painter, will "goldsmith's work" be changed into "painting," or "painting" into "goldsmith's work?" Such arguments are mere waste of time.

105. In the next place, I will ask thee, thou philhellene and philologian, whether it is thy intention to debar us entirely from speaking Greek—for instance, from this kind of ordinary and prose expressions, of vulgar use, or merely from the polished and transcendental style, as not allowable to be approached by any others than persons of superior education? If the latter, what loss is it to us if such words as σμερδαλέον, or καναβίζειν, or μῶν, or δήπουθεν, or ἄττα, or ὁμωγέπως, be accounted as belonging to the select language, and all the rest be thrown to the mob, as were bastards of old into the Cynosarges? But if what is commonplace and plain be also a part of speaking Greek, why do ye not exclude us from this also; or, in short, from the Greek tongue altogether, of whatever kind, or in whatever condition it be? Such a course would be the more humane, and put the finishing-stroke to your own barbarism.

106. The case stands thus (let me philosophize to thee in a more exalted and refined manner): If there are certain sounds issuing from the vocal organs, diffusing themselves through the air, and penetrating into the ears, superior to our own, and more expressive; for I laugh at your majestic terms, the "Moly," the "Xanthus," and the "Chalces,"[1] or whether they (the gods) converse with one another by means of bare thoughts and ideas, it is not our part to determine; but what *is* our part is *this*—that a language is not the property of those that *invented* it, but of those who *share* in the same; neither is there any art or occupation, of whatsoever sort thou mayest think of, which is not subject to this rule; but just as in a skilfully-composed and musical harmony there is a different sound of each different string, either high or low,[2] yet all belong to one tuner and performer, contributing together to the single beauty of the tune, in the same way, also, the artist and creator, Speech, has appointed a different word for the inventor of each different art or occupation, and has exposed them all alike for public use, coupling together human society by the ties of mutual communication and kindness, and rendering it more gentle.

107. Is speaking Greek thy exclusive right? Pray tell me, are not the letters of the alphabet the invention of the Phœnicians, or, as others say, of the Egyptians, or of those yet wiser than they, the Hebrews—if they believe that the Law was engraved by God upon divinely inscribed tables of stone? Is the Attic language thy right? To calculate sums, and to count, to reckon on the fingers weights and measures, and, before all these, tactics and military rules, to whom do they belong? Do they not to the Eubœans, since Palamedes was an Eubœan—that inventor of many things, and thereby becoming an object of jealousy, and having to pay the penalty of his clever-

[1] Words said by Homer to belong to the language of the gods.

[2] Literally, "stretched or slackened."

ness, condemned to death by those who fought against Troy? What, pray, if Egyptians, Phœnicians, and Hebrews are those whom we employ in common for our own education—supposing the natives of Eubœa should make a claim (according to the rule thou hast laid down) for the things specially belonging to themselves, what in the world shall we do? And what defence shall we offer to them when convicted by laws of our own making? Surely there is no help for it, we must be dispossessed of these things, and suffer the fate of the jackdaw, stripped bare, divested of our borrowed plumes, and made objects of ridicule.

108. Are *poems* thine by right? Do they not rather belong to that old lady who, being bumped on the shoulder by someone that was running violently in the opposite direction, as the story goes, in reviling the vehemence of his haste, gave utterance to an epic verse? And this same verse having greatly taken the young man's fancy, and been more carefully reduced to metre, created thy poetry, so greatly admired. And what of the rest? If thou pridest thyself so much upon arms, from whom dost thou get arms, my noble sir? Is it not from the Cyclops, the inventors of forging metal? And if a great thing in thy estimation—nay, the greatest of all that are—is that imperial purple, in virtue of which thou art a wise man and a lawgiver (of this sort), must not thou take it off and return it to the Tyreans, to whom belongs the sheep-keeping bitch that having fed upon the shell-fish, and stained her lips, thereby made the dye known to the shepherd, and bestowed upon you sovereigns the proud rag so full of woe unto the wicked! And husbandry and shipbuilding—what shall we say if the Athenians debar us from them, when they tell about their Ceres and their Triptolemus, and the Dragons, and Celeus, and Icarius, and the whole stock of legends concerning them, which have turned them into an infamous *Mystery*, one truly worthy of the night?

109. Dost thou wish me to ascend to the main article in thy madness, or rather infatuation? Whence come the very practice of *initiating* and being *initiated*, and religious ceremony? Do not they all proceed from the Thracians? Let the very appellation (θρησκεύειν) convince thee. As for sacrificing victims, does not that come from the Assyrians, or perhaps the Cyprians; the observation of the stars from the Chaldeans, the art of land-measuring from the Egyptians? Is not the science of magic a Persian invention? The interpretation of dreams, from whom else dost thou hear it but from the Telmessians? And augury, from whom else than the Phrygians, the first men to study the flying of birds and their various motions? And not to draw out the subject too far, whence dost thou get each single part? Is it not one part from each separate source? but out of all coming together into the same, there has grown up a single mystery of superstitious worship. What follows then: must we submit, when everything has thus reverted to the first inventors, to possess nothing of our own but vice and this new-fangled rule as regards the Deity? For thou art the first of the Christians that hast plotted rebellion against thy Master, just as the slaves did against the Scythians, as history tells us; and it had been a very good thing if *thy* wicked band also had been dispersed according to thy own[1] Scythian rulers and laws, in which case we had been delivered from troubles, and it would have been our lot to view the Roman realm in the enjoyment of its ancient happiness, and exempted from all intestine discord—a thing that is more to be shunned and dreaded than any war of foreigners, by so much as the

[1] σοὶς, which makes a very weak sense, looks much like a corruption of Σκυθικοὶς, in allusion to the mode in which the Scythians put down the slaves' revolt by the application of the *horsewhip*, according to Herodotus. Nazianzen politely suggests that such would have been the best cure for Julian at the hands of his cousin.

devouring of one's own flesh is more to be shunned than the consuming that of others.

110. If the above charges seem to thee to indicate an accusation smoothly clothed, and unsuited to the imperial dignity, let me now advance others yet more to the purpose than these. Perceiving that our cause was strong, both in its doctrines and also in the testimonies from on high, and that it was at once both old and new—*old*, that is, by the prophecies and the inspiration of the Deity that flashed through it; *new* by the final manifestation of the Godhead, and the miracles springing *out* of and *during* this manifestation, but still stronger and more conspicuous in the *types* of the Church that have been handed down and observed for this purpose—in order, I say, that not even this side should remain exempt from his mischief, what does he do, and what does he plan? He follows the example of Rabshakeh the Assyrian. This person was a general of Sennacherib, king of the Assyrians. This king having marched into Judæa, and besieging Jerusalem with a great force and army, sitting down before the city, when he found himself unable to reduce it by force, neither was any hope held out to him from traitors within, he attempts to win over the city by means of soft and smooth-tongued words, which design the besieged detecting, begged first of all that the conference should be carried on with them in the Syrian tongue, and not in Hebrew, lest perchance they might be inveigled into slavery through the gentleness of his speech.

111. He (Julian) also, having the same design, was intending to establish schools in every town, with pulpits and higher and lower rows of benches, for lectures and expositions of the heathen doctrines, both of such as give rules of morality and those that treat of abstruse subjects, also a form of prayer alternately pronounced, and penance for those that sinned proportionate to the offence, initiation also, and completion, and other things that evidently

belong to our constitution. He was purposing also to build inns and hospices for pilgrims, monasteries for men, convents for virgins, places for meditation, and to establish a system of charity for the relief of prisoners, and also that which is conducted by means of letters of recommendation by which we forward such as require it from one nation to another—things which he had especially admired in our institutions.

112. Such things was that evil teacher and sophist planning: that they were not completed nor his scheme ever brought into action, I know not whether it was to the advantage of *ourselves* (who got rid of him and his too soon for it), or of *himself*, to have proceeded no further than the dreaming of them. For the attempts would have exhibited some of the motions of men, and some of the mimicry of apes: for these animals are said to mimic the actions of men when certain baits are spread before them with treacherous intention. By these baits the animals are taken, because their mimicry is unable to come up to the cleverness of man. For "the Thessalian cavalry, the Lacedæmonian women, and they who drink of Arethusa" (I mean the Sicilians), as their own oracle hath it, have not the superiority over those of the same race in a higher degree than the above-named customs and institutions, which chiefly distinguish the Christians, have over others: being such as can be rivalled by no others of those that try to follow us, seeing that they are established, not through human devising, but by the power of God and the consolidating effect of time.

113. But there is nothing like examining this wonderful *copying* of theirs, or rather *parodying* as it were on the stage; and discovering what was the scope of the teaching, and what the object of the congregations: in order that, as Plato says about his projected Republic, "when they move about we may discover their intention." For, as Philosophy is divided into two parts, that is, *Theory* and *Practice*, and the former is the more sublime but

difficult to investigate; the latter the more humble, yet of greater real utility—the two gain credit with us by means of one another: for Theory we take for a travelling-companion into the other world, whilst we make Practice the stepping-stone to Theory: inasmuch as it is impossible for persons not living wisely to have claims to wisdom. But on their side I know not which of these two branches is the more ridiculous, or the more feeble, since they derive not the strength of their system from divine inspiration, just as those roots that are carried away down a stream have no firm hold. Now, let us have a fling at their happiness, and let us play, as often is done on the stage, with them while they play and tell fables; and let there be an addition made to the text "to rejoice with those that do rejoice, and to weep with them that weep," namely, "to endure to talk nonsense with them that talk nonsense;" and the poets know of laughter in the midst of tears. Let the theatre be got ready (or by whatever other name they bid us call their new building); let the beadles make proclamation; let the people assemble, and those take the chief seats who either are distinguished by hoary hairs and age, and the excellence of their conduct as citizens; or else those conspicuous by their birth and reputation, and by the wisdom that cleaves to earth, and contains more of what is amusing than of true religion: for this point we will leave to their own discretion. What will they do next? Let them describe their presidents for themselves—"A purple robe shall adorn them, also a fillet round the head, and the garland and beauty of flowers,"[1]—since I have on many occasions observed that a majestic appearance, and something above the common, is greatly affected by them, on the supposition that what is commonplace and prosaic brings with it contempt, but what is exaggerated and difficult to be

[1] Probably taken out of one of Julian's numerous regulations for the better ordering of public worship.

reached produces credit: or else, perhaps, in this case too, they will descend down to our level, and hold that it is not dignity in outward forms that becomes them, but, like ourselves, superiority in morals. For *we* make small account of what is visible and pictured to the eye, *our* chief occupation is with the Inner Man, and to draw the spectator along with us to the object of thought, whereby we the more edify the public.

114. So far, so good: what comes after? Thou wilt certainly supply them with interpreters of the "inspired Oracles" (as ye will call them), and open books upon theology and morals. But what books, pray, and of what authors? A fine thing, truly, for the books of Hesiod to be chanted by them with their wars and rebellions, their Titans and Giants, with their terrible names and doings: Cotos, Briareus, Gyges, Encelados, those serpent-footed, lightning-armed gods of yours; the islands piled upon them, weapons and tombs at once to whoso encountered them: and the births and dropping from all these, Hydras, Chimæras, Cerberi, Gorgons—a revelling in everything bad. Let these samples of Hesiod's fine things be set forth to the audience: let Orpheus come forward with his harp and all-attractive song; let him thunder out in honour of Jove the Great, supernatural words and ideas of his theogony:—

"Jove, greatest of the gods, rolled up in *dung*"—

of sheep, that is, and of horses, as well as of mules, in order that from hence may be exhibited the life-giving and life-maintaining power of the Deity:[1] for in no other way could it be done. Nor should he spare the rest of his magniloquence:—

"The goddess spoke, and both her thighs exposed:"—

in order to initiate her lovers, a thing she still does by

[1] A curious allusion to the Egyptian symbolism of the scarabeus.

means of figures: and after all, Phanes, and Ericapæus, and he that swallows up all the other gods, and throws them up again, so that he may become father both of gods and men. Let these things be brought on the stage for the benefit of the wonderful audience of this theology, and over and above all this, let there be contrived allegories and exhibitions of miracles: and let the sermon, running wild from these premises, advance into pits and precipices of speculation that has no solid foundation.

115. And where will thou place Homer, that great comedian in the matter of thy gods, or (if it so please), tragedian; for both these qualifications wilt thou find in his wonderful poems, some deserving of indignation, others of laughter? For really it is a matter of no little anxiety to see how Ocean shall be reconciled to Tethys by the agency of Hera decked out like a courtesan: inasmuch as there would be danger to the whole universe should the two remain continent for any time; whether that it be that the dry Principle be interchanged with the moist, lest, through the excess of the one or the other, the whole be thrown into confusion; or whatever other explanation thou inventest yet more absurd than this.[1] What means that wondrous copulation of the Cloud-compeller with the majestic Juno when she entices him to act indecently at noonday; even though the poets with their fine verses make the best of his conduct, by making him a bed out of dewy lotus, and causing crocus and hyacinth to spring

[1] Julian might justly retort, that these old Greek myths were fully as susceptible of interpretation in a higher sense, as were the Jewish Canticles with their infinitely grosser images, out of which the preacher extracted so much spiritual grace and prophecy. He might have also replied with good show of reason, that lessons of morality were to be as easily extracted from him

> "Qui quid sit pulcrum, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,
> Planius et Milius Chrysippo et Crantore dixit"

as from the Hebrew legends and institutions.

up out of the ground? Whence comes this, and what is the sense of it all? How, pray, is the same Juno, according to you, sister and wife of the supreme Jove, at one time suspended in the air, and amidst the clouds, and pulled down by iron anvils at her feet—though she *is* complimented with fetters of gold—she, the white-armed and rosy-fingered! so that even the gods who sought to beg for her pardon found their humanity not without danger to themselves: at another time drawing on herself the whole cestus of the Loves, in the midst of her decorations aimed at Jove, so that he confessed that his desires for all his other mistresses collectively fell far short of this single one. What fear, then, is there lest, while the gods are bestirring themselves on account of the Laconian adulteress, and whilst heaven sounds the charge, the foundations of earth should be broken up, the sea be shifted from its bed, the realms of Hades be made public, and things hidden for time out of mind be brought to the light of day? What is the nod with the dark brows, and the accompanying wave of the ambrosial hair, that makes all Olympus tremble? Who is the Mars that is wounded, or else shut up in the brazen pot, that awkward lover of the Golden Venus, and incautious adulterer, that was caught by the limping god (who assembled together a whole theatre full of deities to witness his own dishonour), and after all purchased his ransom at a small price?

116. All these tales, and yet more than these so cleverly and ingeniously put together, and quite out of the common rule, who is there of your party so sublime, so powerful and truly "comparable to Jove for wisdom," as to be able to bring them into a decent form, by means of the words of cloudy dissertation, soaring far above the limits of our comprehension? And yet these stories, if true, you ought not to be ashamed of, nay, ye ought to glory in them, or at any rate to prove that they are *not* shameful. And what good is there in taking refuge in "fable" as a veil

for shame; for fable is the resource not of persons confident in their cause, but of those giving it up: but if these tales be fictions—in the first place let them produce us their *undisguised* theologians, in order that we may have to deal with *them;* and next let them explain how it is not silly to make a boast of the very things of which *they* feel ashamed: and the very things that it was possible to conceal from the vulgar (for education does not belong to all), to make these public to everybody's eyes, by means of statues and figures, and, worst of all, with how great a waste of money, in temples, and altars, and monuments, and offerings, and sacrifices costing many talents: and, when it was in their power to be pious without cost, to prefer the being impious at a great expense!

117. But if they will argue that these things are only fictions and idle stories of poets employing two instruments to give a charm to their poetry, namely, *metre* and *fable;* and sweetening as it were by these means the sound of their works, whereas there is concealed in the same fictions a more secret and transcendental sense, only accessible to a few of the wiser sort: consider in what way I shall learn from the latter plainly and honestly these two things: firstly, how it is that they load with praise the person[1] who make a mock of those whom people worship; and why they esteem worthy of all but divine honours those very persons for whom it were full enough good luck to escape the punishment due to their impiety. For if *death* be the penalty assigned by law for all such as blaspheme against a *single* one of their gods—personally and slightly—what ought not they to suffer who let loose their poetry against all in a lump, publicly, and in the most opprobrious terms, and hand down the libel to all time to come! Secondly, this point too is worth considering: there are, I will not deny it, amongst ourselves, also certain doctrines under *concealment*, but what is the

[1] The poets, who retail such scandalous stories of the gods.

nature of their envelope, and what its effect on the mind? Neither the outward form is indecent, whilst the hidden sense is admirable and exceeding glorious, to such as are introduced into its depth, and like some beauteous and unapproachable body, it is veiled by a robe by no means to be condemned. For it is fitting, at least in my opinion, that neither our expositions nor symbolism of things divine be indecorous and unworthy of the things set forth thereby; nor such as even men would be annoyed at were the same tales related concerning themselves: but should possess the highest beauty, or at any rate not the greatest deformity, in order that the former might charm the wiser sort, the latter not disgust the vulgar.

118. But with *you* the inner sense is not worthy of credit, whilst what conceals it is full of mischief. What wisdom is there in leading one into the town through the middle of a bog, or to hurry through jutting rocks and shoals into harbour? What good can come from such things, and what the end of these tales? Thou wilt go on babbling and allegorizing thine own hallucinations and fancies—but there will be nobody to believe them; because what strikes the eye has the stronger power of persuasion. Thou wilt, therefore, not please thy *hearer* whilst thou wilt ruin thy *spectator*, because he is always on the side of what strikes the eye. Now their theoretical part is such as I have described, and so foreign to the premises, that one must first bring together and mix up with each other the several portions, before fitting them and uniting them into one whole, and asserting that all belong to the same person—I mean things concealed in the fable, and the fables which conceal them.

119. But what wilt thou say about the *Moral* department of these teachers? Whence and from what principles will they start, and what arguments will they use, in order to incite men unto virtue, and render them honest people by their lessons? A very good thing is Concord, for states to agree together, and nations, and families, and individuals; following

the law and disposition of Nature which hath divided and united all; and hath made all this into one single world out of several parts. By what examples will they go about to prove this? Perhaps by quoting the wars of the gods, their tumults, and rebellions, and the whole host of evils which they suffer themselves and occasion to others, publicly and privately; with which pretty nearly all history and poetry is filled! Sooner, from the things mentioned, would they render people quarrelsome and furious instead of sane, than convert the imprudent and rude into orderly and sober men, by means of examples like these! For people whom, even without anything to draw them into wickedness, it is a hard matter to reform from evil ways, and bring over to the better part from the worse—who can possibly make such as *these* gentle and self-restrained, when they have gods for inciters and patrons of their passions; where the being vicious is an honourable thing, inasmuch as some one of the gods presides over it, to whom the particular passion belongs, being dignified with altars and sacrifices, and invested with legal impunity. For this is the most terrible part of it all—that the very things which are punished by the laws are your objects of worship: so great is the absurdity of unrighteousness!

120. In the second place, let the subject expounded to them be Respect and Honour for parents, and the reverencing the first cause of being next to the First Cause of all. Here let a legend be brought in, and let theology convince. Assuredly *Saturn* will convince the hearers, when he has castrated Uranus, in order that he may be unable to generate more gods, and give unto the waves to create a goddess, offspring of the foam: and let *Jove* rebel against Saturn, following his sire's example; that sweet stone and bitter slayer of tyrants, or whatever else of the sort their books afford them, touching honour to parents. Let the third theme be the contempt of riches, and not to seek for gain from every source, and not to

take that earnest penny of wickedness, the getting of money by bad means! In what light will the "Patron of gain" be set before them, and his Purse be represented, and the thievish character of the deity be duly honoured, and the saying "Without a copper Phœbus does not prophesy,"[1] and "Nothing is more to be honoured than the obolus"—for such are their venerable and respectable maxims.

121. And what next? Let them teach chastity, and bring forward the subject of temperance: and see! the convincing argument is ready for them in him that turned himself into all manner of things for the sake of women. Jupiter, and the Phrygian Boy, and the Eagle ravisher most dear, in order that the gods might feast most pleasantly, being served with wine by Jove's own favourite: also Hercules, the child of three nights, labouring amongst the fifty daughters of Thestias in a single night, and performing this as his thirteenth Labour; although not counted, I know not wherefore, in the list. Let Mars bridle anger; Bacchus, drunkenness; Diana, inhospitality; Deceit, their own "Oblique" giver of oracles: or immoderate Laughter, the deity that limps, whilst the gods are amused, and steadies himself upon his two spider-legs: Gluttony, Jupiter running along with the "blameless" Venus to a splendid banquet, and followed by the rest of the deities; and the "Bull-eater" that robbed the ploughman, and swallowed up his ox, and got his title and honour from this feat; as well as all the others that ran after the fumes of burnt-offerings and libations.

122. And yet how do these maxims come up to ours, whose rule of friendship is "loving as one's own self," and the wishing to our neighbour the same good that we wish to ourselves; amongst whom it is a crime not merely

[1] "No penny, no pater-noster" became the form of the same axiom very speedily after the preacher's side attained the supremacy in the State.

to have acted wickedly, but even to have been on the point of it, the wish being punished as much as the deed; by whom chastity is so studied that even the eye is restrained; with whom the murderous hand is so far removed that even anger is chastised; to whom the swearing a false oath is so terrible and monstrous a thing, that to us alone swearing at all is interdicted; whilst as for money, the most of us have never had any at all, whilst others had gladly possessed more, but only that they might have more to despise, philosophically preferring the having nothing to all wealth; casting away the yoke of the belly as a bitter and abominable tyrant, and the author of every evil. Is it not a great thing to boast that they strive to be *not even flesh and blood*, expending the mortal upon the immortal part; their single rule of virtue being the not giving way to small vices and such as are thought nothing of by the generality. But the greatest thing of all is, that whereas others punish the *ends*, as the law directs, we chastise the *beginnings*, and repress them like some dangerous and unruly torrent.

123. Where else in the world, tell me, wilt thou find, "When reviled do ye bless; when blasphemed at do ye exhort" (inasmuch as it is not the accusation that does the harm but the reality), "when persecuted, submit; when cursed, pray for them that curse you; when stripped, strip yourself to boot"; in one word, to overcome malice by goodness, and make them better who injure us, by enduring the things whereby our patience is tried? And yet even though we should grant that they can repress vice by means of the lessons of their false doctrine, yet how can they ever attain to the full height of our virtue and discipline, when we even regard as vice the not progressing in what is good, and becoming young in place of old, and standing still in the same place, in the condition of whipping-tops, running round, but not going forward at all, but moving in a stationary way, so to speak, by the impulse of the lash; and it behoves us to have already

practised one part of the virtues to grasp at another, and to aim at yet another, until the end, and that deification for which we were born, and to which we aspire, inasmuch as we cast a mental glance across the gulf between the two worlds, and have in expectation a reward commensurate with the magnificence of God!

GREGORY NAZIANZEN'S SECOND INVECTIVE AGAINST JULIAN THE EMPEROR.

1.

THUS, then, the first portion of my task has now been completed and brought to an end; for I have shown up the wickedness of that personage, both in what he did towards us, and in what he intended to do, perpetually contriving something yet more tyrannical than the last. Now, we shall aim at another mark, which perhaps no one has yet hit—one more sacred to God, more agreeable to ourselves, and perhaps more full of edification for those that come after us. I mean to subjoin to what has been already said, a narrative of the just dispensations (balances) of God, and by what equivalents He repays iniquity, which comes in for some of these payments at the moment, for others after a short postponement—in whatever way may seem best to the Word, the Creator, and the Dispenser of all things, Who knows how to temper calamity with mercy, and to chastise arrogance with disgrace and with plagues, according to the measure of correction that He appoints.

2. Diseases justly sent upon the impious, rendings that cannot be concealed, plagues and scourges of divers kinds, corresponding to the atrocities they have committed, deaths that follow not the common course of Nature,[1] and

[1] Probably an allusion to the mysterious death (perhaps the result of slow poisoning) of the Prefect of Egypt, Julian's uncle, of the same name.

exclamations and vain repentances amidst their troubles, the warnings of dreams, and the apparitions in a true vision—who can rehearse all these in a manner worthy of the theme? and all that has come upon those who either have transgressed against religious houses, or have insulted the holy tables, or have acted like madmen to the mystical chalices, or have greedily gorged themselves with our flesh, or all the other crimes that they have dared to do—all the things that have fallen upon the perpetrators themselves are evident and public manifestations of God's anger at such doings. All these facts therefore I will willingly pass over, not that I disbelieve what I have seen and heard, nor refer these occurrences to natural causes or accident, after the fashion of those who vainly so interpret them, but that I may not be thought to be dwelling upon trifles, omitting greater and more remarkable facts. A miracle, therefore, that is in the mouth of everybody, and not disputed even by the heathen themselves, is the one I proceed to describe.

3. He [Julian][1] was daily growing more infuriated against us, as though raising up waves by other waves, he that went mad first against himself, that trampled upon things holy, and that did despite unto the Spirit of Grace: is it more proper to call him Jeroboam or Ahab, those most wicked of the Israelites; or Pharaoh the Egyptian, or Nebuchadnezzar the Assyrian; or combining all together shall we name him one and the same, since he shows himself to have united in himself the vices of them all—the apostasy of Jeroboam, the bloodthirstiness of Ahab, the hardness of heart of Pharaoh, the sacrilegious acts of Nebuchadnezzar, the impiety of all put together! For when he had exhausted every other resource, and despised every other form of tyranny in our regard as trifling and unworthy of him (since there never was a character so fertile in finding out and contriving mischief), at last he stirred

[1] It is to be remarked that the preacher never once mentions Julian by *name*. Was this meant for an expression of contempt?

Greg. NEVER ME!

up against us the nation of the Jews, making his accomplice in his machinations their well-known credulity, as well as that hatred for us which has smouldered in them from the very beginning; prophesying to them out of their own books and mysteries that *now* was the appointed time come for them to return into their own land, and to rebuild the Temple, and restore the reign of their hereditary institutions—thus hiding his true purpose under the mark of benevolence.

4. And when he had formed this plan, and made them believe it (for whatever suits one's wishes is a ready engine for deceiving people), they began to debate about rebuilding the Temple, and in large number and with great zeal set about the work. For the partisans of the other side report that not only did their women strip off all their personal ornaments and contribute it towards the work and operations, but even carried away the rubbish in the laps of their gowns, sparing neither the so precious clothes nor yet the tenderness of their own limbs, for they believed they were doing a pious action, and regarded everything of less moment than the work in hand. But they being driven against one another, as though by a furious blast[1] of wind, and sudden heaving of the earth, some rushed to one of the neighbouring sacred places to pray for mercy; others, as is wont to happen in such cases, made use of what came to hand to shelter themselves; others were carried away blindly by the panic, and struck against those who were running up to see what was the matter. There are some who say that neither did the sacred place (*το ἱερὸν*)[2] admit them, but that when they approached the folding doors that stood wide open, on coming up to them

[1] *Βρασμῷ*. Gregory knows nothing of the "metuendi flammarum globi," with which Ammian adorns the story. It is plain from this account, written but a few months after the occurrence, that a sudden storm of wind sufficed to frighten the superstitious Jews, who saw in it a sign of the displeasure of Heaven with the work they were about.

[2] This must be Helena's Church: Gregory terms the Temple *νεὼς*.

they found them closed in their faces by an unseen and invisible power [1] which works wonders of the sort for the confusion of the impious and the saving of the godly. But what all people nowadays report and believe is that when they were forcing their way and struggling about the entrance a flame issued forth from the sacred place [church] and stopped them, and some it burnt up and consumed so that a fate befell them similar to the disaster of the people of Sodom, or to the miracle about Nadab and Abiud, who offered incense and perished so strangely: whilst others it maimed in the principal parts of the body, and so left them for a living monument of God's threatening and wrath against sinners. Such then was this event; and let no one disbelieve, unless he doubts likewise the other mighty works of God! But what is yet more strange and more conspicuous, there stood in the heavens

[1] The keepers of the church, who naturally shut the doors in the face of a mad crowd of Jews running towards it (for only one purpose as they would imagine), and then proceeded to disperse those attempting to force an entrance by the usual expedient of throwing fire upon them through the windows. Ammian confounds the fire thrown from the Christian church with "flames spontaneously issuing out of the ruins" of the ancient Temple, which completely alters the case. He also states that Julian was rebuilding the Temple at *his own* cost, whereas it appears from Gregory he left it entirely to the fanaticism of the Jews, doubtless (*i.e.*, the moneyed part of them), very glad of a sign from Heaven to stop so expensive a project. But to give Ammian's words, "Templum instaurare sumptibus cogitabat immodicis: negotiumque maturandum Alypio dederat Antiochensi, qui olim Britannias curaverat proprafectis. Cum itaque rei idem fortiter instaret Alypius, juvaretque provincial rector, metuendi globi flammarum prope fundamenta crebris assultibus erumpentes, fecere locum exustis aliquantis operantibus inaccessum, hoc que modo, elemento destinatius repellente, cessavit inceptum," xxiii. 1, A.D. 363. The story had got embellished with these *terrible globes of flame*, in the interval of twenty years between the event and the time of Ammian's writing. The pious Gregory was much too fond of miracles to have omitted so splendid a manifestation had the report of it been contemporary.

a light circumscribing a Cross, and that which before on earth was contemned by the ungodly both in figure and in name is now exhibited in heaven, and is made by God a trophy of His victory over the impious, a trophy more lofty than any other!

5. What will those gentlemen say of these events—they who are wise, as this world goes, and make a fine show of their own cause, smoothing down their flowing beard and trailing before our eyes that elegant philosophic mantle! Reply to me for thyself, thou writer of long discourses, that dost compose incredible stories and gapest up at the skies, telling lies about things celestial, and weaving out of the movements of the stars, people's nativities and predictions of the future! Tell me of those stars of thine, the Ariadne's Crown, the Berenice's Hair, the lascivious Swan, the violent Bull! or, if thou pleasest, tell me of thine Ophiuchus, or of thy Capricorn, or of thy Lion, or all the rest that thou hast discovered for a bad end and made them into gods in constellations! Where dost thou find this cycle in thy science, where the Star that of old moved towards Bethlehem out of the East, that leader and introducer of thy own Wise Men! I, too, have something to tell from the heavens: that Star declared the presence of Christ: this Crown is that of the victory of Christ!

6. Thus much is taken from things celestial and sympathizing with our fortunes, in accordance with the mighty harmony and disposition of the universe. What follows let the Psalm finish for me: "Because Thou hast cast down cities," namely, those ancient ones for the very same acts of impiety, in the middle of the very same offences against us; some thereof overwhelmed by the floods, others swallowed up by earthquake; so that one is pretty nearly able to apply the remainder: "The memorial of them hath perished with a sound and a destruction noised abroad." For such has been their fall, and such their ruin, also of those their neighbours who

took the most delight in their impiety, so that a very long time were necessary to them for their restoration, even if anyone should have the boldness to undertake it.

7. Was it then only earth and heaven, and did not *air* likewise give a sign on that occasion, and was hallowed with the badges of the Passion? Let those who were spectators and partakers of that prodigy exhibit their garments, which to the present time are stamped with the brandmarks of the Cross! For at the very moment that anyone, either of our own brethren or of the outsiders, was telling the event or hearing it told by others, he beheld the miracle happening in his own case or to his neighbour, being all spotted with stars, or beholding the other so marked upon his clothes in a manner more variegated than could be done by any artificial work of the loom or elaborate painting. What is the result of this? Such great consternation at the spectacle that nearly all, as by one signal and with one voice, invoked the God of the Christians, and propitiated Him with many praises and supplications: whilst many, without further delay, but at the moment of the occurrence, ran up to our priests, and besought them earnestly that they might be made members of the Church, being sanctified by the holy baptism, for they had been saved by means of their fright.

8. So passed that affair; but he, infatuated and urged on as he was by his furies in detail, advances to meet the finishing stroke of his crimes: for, as he supposed the matter of the Christians was going on according to his mind, and expected from what he had already accomplished that complete success (if he only willed it) would attend his enterprises; taking advantage of the tranquillity prevailing on the side of the Western barbarians, he plans the following scheme—a very sensible and very humane one, too! Having levied in these parts a double force, one military, the other of the demons who led him on (in which he placed the more confidence of the two), he marches against

the Persians, trusting rather to his inconsiderate rashness [1] than to the warranty of his strength, not being able to discern, very wise as he was, that courage and rashness (θάρσος, θρασος), however similar they may be in sound, are yet widely different from each other in reality as much as what we call manliness and unmanliness. For the being bold in military matters is a mark of courage, just as being dispirited is of cowardice: but where there is too much danger, to run headlong and thrust oneself into it and not check oneself, is a mark of rashness; whereas giving way shows caution,[2] and it does not evince the same prudence to prefer keeping one's own, and to seek to obtain something of what is not one's own, for the former is our first duty, and to be held in honour by all sensible persons; the latter, if it can be done with facility, is to be admitted, but if it be injurious, must be given up; whilst he who risks everything he has for the sake of getting something of what he hopes for, is extremely foolish, and seems to me to be like an unskilful pugilist striking out before he fairly settles himself on his guard, or else like the captain of a ship that is going to pieces and no longer fit for sea, who sinks or attempts to sink an enemy's vessel. None of these things does he seem to have considered when he engaged without reflection in his schemes: and whilst his Romans were still convulsed and ill-disposed towards him on account of the persecution, to covet

[1] The success of the invasion depended entirely upon the celerity with which it was executed, which gave Sapor no time to collect a force to oppose it. The event fully proved the sagacity of the plan of the campaign. Julian reached the capital without ever seeing a defender, and was only forced to retreat through the treachery or stupidity of Procopius and Sebastian, who failed to carry out their instructions of joining him before that city.

[2] A maxim fully carried out by his hero Constantius, who took the field after immense preparations, against the Persians, year after year, and on their approach as regularly withdrew, without striking a blow, into some place of security.

a stranger's empire and to be a Salmoneus, making thunder out of a drum, having his eyes fixed upon the Trajans and Hadrians of former times, (persons whose caution was no less admirable than their bravery,) he did not think of the Carus,[1] and the Valerian who paid the penalty of their inconsiderate rashness ("not to insult misfortune," as the tragedian says) in the territories of Persians, and were destroyed in the middle of their success.

9. But, as already said, such was his determination—and he was full of eagerness, bringing into one every jugglery of divination, of imposture, of mentionable and unmentionable sacrifices, in order that it might be all at once destroyed in a brief space. And his vow, how great and monstrous a thing, (O thou Christ, thou Word, thou Passion of the impassive, thou Mystery of all creation!) It was to subjugate the whole Christian family to obedience to his own demons, so soon as he had accomplished the business in hand! Now, the first steps in his enterprise, excessively audacious and much celebrated by those of his own party, were as follows. All the land of the Assyrians that the Euphrates flows through, and skirting Persia there unites itself with the Tigris; all this he took and ravaged, and captured some of the fortified towns, in the total absence of anyone to hinder him, whether that he had taken the Persians unaware by the rapidity of his advance, or whether he was out-generalled by them and drawn on by degrees further and further into the snare (for both stories are told); at any rate, advancing in this way, with his army marching along the river's bank and his flotilla upon the river supplying provisions and carrying the baggage, after a considerable interval he touches Ctesiphon, a place which, even to be near, was thought by him half the victory, by reason of his longing for it.

[1] An example not to the point, for Carus was killed by lightning in the midst of a most successful campaign; and, as it was, his army after losing him, returned home without any opposition.

10. From this point, however, like sand slipping from beneath the feet, or a great wave bursting upon a ship, things began to go back with him; for Ctesiphon is a strong fortified town, hard to take, and very well secured by a wall of burnt brick, a deep ditch, and the swamps coming from the river. It is rendered yet more secure by another strong place, the name of which is Cochè, furnished with equal defences as far as regards garrison and artificial protection, so closely united with it that they appear one city, the river separating both, between them. For it was neither possible to take the place by general assault, nor to reduce it by siege, nor even to force a way through by means of the fleet principally, for he would run the risk of destruction; being exposed to missiles from higher ground on both sides, he leaves the place in his rear, and does so in this manner. Of the river Euphrates, which is a very large one, he cuts off no inconsiderable part and diverts it so as to be navigable for vessels, by means of a canal, of which ancient vestiges are said to be visible; and thus joining the Tigris a little in front of Ctesiphon, he saves his boats from one river by means of the other river, in all security; in this way he escapes the danger that menaced him from the two garrisons. But, as he advanced, a Persian army suddenly started up, and continually received fresh reinforcements, but did not think it advisable to stand in front and fight it out, without the greatest necessity (although it was in their power to conquer, from their superior numbers); but from the tops of the hills and narrow passes they shot arrows and threw darts, whenever opportunity served, and thus readily prevented his further progress. Hence he is reduced to great perplexity, and not knowing to what side to turn, he finds out an unlucky solution for the difficulty.

11. For a man, one of no little consideration amongst the Persians, following the example of that Zopyrus employed by Cyrus in the case of Babylon, on the pretence that he had had some quarrel, or rather a very great one

and for a very great cause, with his king, and, on that account very hostile to the Persian cause, and well disposed towards the Romans, thus addresses the emperor: "Sire, what means all this, why do you take such rotten measures in so important a matter? Wherefore this provision-fleet, and this train of everything—a mere incentive to cowardice: for nothing is so unfit for fighting, and fond of laziness, as a full belly, and the having the means of saving oneself in one's own hands? But if you will listen to me, you will burn this flotilla: what a relief to this fine army will be the result! and yourself will take another route, better supplied and safer than this; along which I will be your guide (being acquainted with the country as well as any man living), and will cause you to enter into the heart of the enemy's country, where you can obtain whatever you please, and so make your way home: and *me* you shall then recompense, when you have actually made proof of my good will and good advice."

12. And when he had said this, and gained credence to his story (for rashness is credulous, especially when God drives it on), everything that was dreadful happened at once; the boats were the prey of the flames, there was no bread, the ridicule of the enemy came to fill up the measure, the fatal blow was inflicted by his own hand, even hope had well nigh vanished, the guide had disappeared along with his promises, round about him the enemy, swelling up round him the war, the getting at them not easy, provisions not procurable, the army in despair and discontented with their commander, of hope for good nothing was left, but one wish alone, as was natural under the circumstances, the ridding themselves of bad government and bad generalship.

13. Up to this point, such is the universal account; but thenceforward, one and the same story is not told by all, but different accounts are reported and made up by different people, both of those present at the battle, and those not present; for some say that he was hit by a dart

from the Persians, when engaged in a disorderly skirmish, as he was running hither and thither in his consternation; and the same fate befell him as it did to Cyrus, son of Parysatis, who went up with the Ten Thousand against his brother Artaxerxes, and by fighting inconsiderately threw away the victory through his rashness.[1] Others, however, tell some such story as this respecting his end: that he had gone up upon a lofty hill to take a view of his army and ascertain how much was left him for carrying on the war; and that when he saw the number considerable and superior to his expectation, he exclaimed, "What a dreadful thing if we shall bring back all these fellows to the land of the Romans!" as though he begrudged them a safe return. Whereupon one of his officers, being indignant and not able to repress his rage, ran him through the bowels, without caring for his own life. Others tell that the deed was done by a barbarian jester, such as follow the camp, "for the purpose of driving away ill humour and for amusing the men when they are drinking." This tale about the jester is borrowed from Lampridius, who gives it as one of the many current respecting the death of Alexander Severus. The "Historia Augusta," a recent compilation, was then in everybody's hands. At any rate, he receives a wound truly seasonable (or mortal)[2] and salutary for the whole world, and by a single cut from his slaughterer he pays the penalty for the many entrails of victims to which he had trusted (to his own destruction); but what surprises me, is how the vain man that fancied he learnt the future from that means, knew nothing of the wound about to be inflicted on his own entrails! The concluding

[1] This first, and true account, the preacher tells in order to save his own conscience—the following string of ridiculous and contradictory fabrications he retails for the benefit of his congregation, of whose credulity and ignorance he was well assured.

[2] A wretched play upon the double sense of *καίριος*. The preacher evidently wishes his flock to infer that the blow was the vengeance of a Christian—as Sozomen later actually boasts.

reflection is for once very appropriate: the *liver* of the victim was the approved means for reading the Future, and it was precisely in that organ that the arch-diviner received the fatal thrust.

14. One action of this person deserves not to be passed over in silence, as it contains, to wind up many others, the strongest exemplification of his madness. He was lying upon the bank of the river, and in a very bad way from his wound, when, remembering that many of those before his time who had aimed at glory, in order that they might be thought something higher than mortals, had (through some contrivances of their own) disappeared from amongst men, and thereby got themselves accounted gods; so he, being filled with a craving for similar glory, and at the same time ashamed of the manner of his end (by reason of the disgrace arising from his temerity), what does he contrive and what do? for not even with life does wickedness become extinct. He endeavours to *throw his body* into the river, and for this purpose he was using the assistance of some of his confidants and accomplices in his secret doings! And had not one of the imperial eunuchs perceived what was going on, and telling it to the rest out of disgust at the extravagant notion, prevented his purpose from being effected—why, another new god born out of an accident, would have manifested himself to the stupid! And he, having thus reigned, thus commanded his army, closed his life in this way.

15. When that man had received the imperial power immediately after him, who was elected for his successor in the very camp, and in the extremity of danger—that imperatively demanded a leader—a man illustrious in all other respects as well as for piety,[1] and in personal ap-

[1] Piety, perhaps—certainly not morality, for Jovian's love of good cheer and other pleasures are gently alluded to by his old comrade Ammian, with the kind remark that respect for his new dignity would have produced reform had his life been spared.

pearance truly fitted for sovereignty—he was utterly unable to come to blows with, or even to get near the Persians (although far from deficient either in courage or eagerness for battle), because his army had lost all force and all hope.[1] He sought therefore for the means of retreating, and considered in what way he could effect this with safety, inasmuch as he had not been the inheritor of *empire,* but of *defeat.* Now, if the Persians had not made a moderate use of their victory (for it is a law with them to know how to measure out prosperity) or had not been fearful of something or other, as the report goes, and therefore had agreed to terms so unexpected and reasonable,[2] nothing was there to prevent "not even a fire-carrier's" (as the saying is) "surviving out of the whole army," so completely had the Persians got them in their power, inasmuch as the latter were fighting in their own country, and were elated by the recent events; for the obtaining of some success is a sufficient foundation for hope of the future. In the present case, the one party had, as I have said, but one object in view—namely, how to save his army and preserve the sinews of the Roman power, for they *were* the sinews, and though they *had* failed, it was more through the imprudence of him that commanded than their own cowardice. So they agreed to these terms, so disgraceful,[3] and so unworthy of the hand

[1] An admission damaging to the preacher's argument to allow that all hope vanished with the loss of Julian, instead of reviving upon the election of the every way perfect Jovian.

[2] An attempt to shield his new Christian hero from the universal outcry raised against him for submitting to the disgraceful and ruinous terms of peace offered him by Sapor.

[3] Gregory had the moment before called these terms "reasonable," but now spying an opportunity of laying the blame on Julian, he calls them "disgraceful." Whoever reads Ammian's dispassionate account of the transaction will be convinced that Jovian actually reduced himself to the necessity of accepting Sapor's terms, by allowing himself to be cajoled by the wily Persian into wasting a precious week in idle negotiation,

of Romans, to sum up the whole in one word; of the blame of which convention if anyone acquits the late and charges the present emperor, he is, in my opinion, but an ignorant critic of what has happened, for the crop is not due to the reaper, but to its sower, nor the conflagration to him that is unable to extinguish it, but to the incendiary. And the remark of Herodotus about the tyranny at Samos may be appropriately quoted, "that Histiæus stitched the shoe, but Aristagoras put it on," meaning him that had received the succession from the man who had first gotten it.

16. What then remained but for the corpse of the impious one to be carried home by the Romans, although he had closed his career in this manner? For we also have one dead of our own, in the prince that deceased before this one: so let us take a view, in this point also, of the difference between the two, whether this conduces to the felicity or to the misery of the departed. The one is followed to the tomb with public benedictions and processions, and, in fact, with all our solemnities, nocturnal chants, and torchlight followings, wherewith we Christians use to do honour to a pious departure from this world. The assembly meets, the carrying forth of the corpse takes place amidst the weeping of all; and, if one can believe the story, which is spread about by the reports of the vulgar, when the corpse was passing over Mount Taurus,[1] on its way to his native city (that city of the same name with those princes and of illustrious name) a sound from the heights was heard by some of the train, as though of persons playing on musical instruments and

instead of boldly escaping by the passage of the Tigris, the feasibility of which had already been demonstrated by his German legion. By so doing he would have protected himself from the Persian cavalry, and the days wasted in delay were more than sufficient to have carried them into the friendly land of Corduene.

[1] Constantius died at Mopsuestia, and was thence conveyed to the imperial tomb at Constantinople.

accompanying them—these being, I suppose, the angelic hosts, in honour to his piety and a funereal recompense of his virtue. For although he had seemed to shake the foundations of the true faith, this, nevertheless, must be laid to the charge of his subordinates' stupidity and unsoundness, who, getting hold of a soul that was unsuspicious and not firmly grounded in religion, nor able to see the pitfalls in its path, led it astray what way they pleased, and under the pretence of *correctness* of doctrine, converted his zeal into sin.[1]

17. We, however, more commonly out of regard for his father (who had laid the foundation of the imperial power and the Christian religion) as well as for the inheritance of the Faith that had come to him by descent—we reverenced with good reason the earthly Tabernacle of him that had spent his life in reigning righteously, that had finished his course with a holy end, and had left the supremacy to our side. And when the corpse drew near to the great imperial city, what needs it to mention the *cortège* of the whole army and the escort under arms that attended as upon the living emperor, or the crowd that poured forth from the splendid city, the most splendid that was ever seen, or ever will be? Nay, even that audacious and bold person, decorated with the still new purple, and therefore, as was natural, full of pride, himself forms a part of the funereal honour paid his predecessor, paying and receiving the same obligation, partly out of constraint, partly (they say) of his own free will, for the whole army, even though they submitted to the existing authority, nevertheless paid more respect to the deceased, for the reason that, somehow or other, we are naturally inclined to sympathize more with recent misfortune, mingling regret with our love, and adding compassion to the two. For this reasou they could not endure

[1] A compliment to the Arian bishops, now falling into the background, Jovian being a Catholic, with Athanasius for his adviser.

that the departed one should not be honoured and received like an emperor; so they persuade, nay, *compel*, the rebel to go to meet the corpse in befitting form,[1] that is, stripping his brow of the diadem, and with head bent before his sovereign, as was right, thus to escort the corpse, in company with the bearers, to the tomb and to the famous Church of the Apostles, who received the holy race, and now guard their remains, which receive almost equal honours with their own! In this way *our* emperor was interred.

18. But as for the *other*, the circumstances attending his departure to the war were disgraceful (for he was pursued by mobs and townsfolk with vulgar and ribald cries, as most people yet remember), but still more inglorious was his return. What was his disgrace? Buffoons and mimes escorted him, the train moved along amidst foul jokes from the stage,[2] with piping and dancing, whilst he was upbraided with his apostasy, his defeat, and his end, suffering every sort of insult, hearing every sort of thing in which such people indulge who make ribaldry their trade, until the city of Tarsus received him (why and wherefore condemned to this indignity I know not);[3] where he has a consecrated ground without honour, a

[1] This *compulsion* is entirely an invention of the preacher's. It was common sense that constrained Julian to show every respect to the memory of the last of his line, who had nominated him finally his heir. By so doing he proved the *legitimacy* of his succession. During his whole reign Julian continued to speak of his cousin as his friend and benefactor, ascribing all enmity between them to the machinations of evil counsellors, which was indeed the truth.

[2] A revival of the ancient ceremonial at an emperor's funeral, where he was personated by a mime, who spoke in his character, and received the satire of the mob upon his past doings—a rough and primitive method of inflicting posthumous justice upon unpopular sovereigns, and teaching their successors to take heed to their ways.

[3] A charitable hint that Julian's body ought to have been thrown to the dogs. Tarsus was the burial-place of his family.

tomb accursed, a temple abominable, and not even to be looked at by pious eyes!

19. And these things I have related as forming the greatest and most important of the charges against him, though I am not ignorant that to two or three of the parasites in the palace, his equals in irreligion (for the others I willingly pass over), there was given such mighty payment for their impiety that nothing would have prevented their plundering all that was subject to the Romans, both land and sea, if an end had not been put opportunely to the business, so greatly did they surpass in rapine and greediness those hundred-handed giants of old; for the governments of the provinces were not put into the hands of the most humane, but of the most cruel,[1] and one road to office was apostasy, and to obtain preferment at his hands the taking the worst measures both for one's self and others.

20. What shall I say of his revisals and alterations of sentences, frequently changed and upset at midnight, like the tides? For my fine fellow thought proper to play the judge, making everything his own out of vanity. But perhaps by blaming him for very trifling things I shall be thought to disparage very important matters through others inconsiderable; nevertheless, it must be owned that such conduct is not deserving of the Elysian Fields, nor of the glory of a Rhadamanthus in the next world, a lot which those of the same fraternity and set claim for him. One thing in his conduct I have to admire. Many of his former companions and acquaintances, principally from the schools in Asia, he summoned to him with all haste, as though about to do wonderful things for them, as he excited them to hope when they remembered his fine promises.

[1] Gregory forgets that in the previous oration he had lauded Julian for his judicious appointments of magistrates and other officials. His extravagant gifts (of which Ammian and Libanius complain) were confined to a few of the "philosophers" about his person.

But when they were arrived, 'twas the saying, "the deceits of counters and the illusions of dreams," for some he befooled in one way, some in another, for there were whom he entertained at table, and drank to, with much bawling out of "My friend," and after all sent them about their business disappointed, not knowing whom to blame the most—him for the deception, or themselves for their credulity.

21. That part, too, is certainly to be commended in the training of our philosopher, that he was so very *free from anger*, and superior to all the passions, after the model of the princes of any period that were neither to be bent nor to be shaken, nor would turn their faces round, whatever should happen, or betray any trace of feeling! so that when sitting in judgment he used to fill the whole palace with his cries and exclamations, as though it were *he* that was being ill-treated and punished, and not himself protecting those that suffered such things. This behaviour we shall not deem worth a single word, but there is one thing of which who in the world is ignorant—how that many persons of the vulgar sort that approached for the purpose of making such petitions as people do to their rulers, he used so badly, hitting them with his fist and kicking them with his foot, that they were very well content to escape without worse treatment.

22. But the puffings and blowings of the fire (in which this wonderful man, who reviles our rites, set an example to all old ladies) when he was kindling the sacrificial flame, in what part of our discourse shall we place *them?* How fine a thing to behold the cheeks of the emperor of the Romans thus distorted, and occasioning laughter, not merely to the outside world, but to the very people whom he thought to please by acting thus! for he had never heard of Minerva, his own goddess, that cursed the pipes by which she had disfigured her face, when instead of mirror she used the pool; and the healths and loving-cups that he pledged in public to the courte-

sans,[1] and was pledged by them in return, whilst he cloaked the indecency under the show of a religious ceremony—a thing certainly well worthy of admiration!

23. This character of his was made known by experience to others, and by his coming to the throne which gave him free scope to display it. But it had previously been detected by some; ever since I lived with this person at Athens; for he too had gone thither, immediately after the catastrophe of his brother, having himself solicited this permission from the emperor. There was a double reason for this journey: the one more specious—the object of acquainting himself with Greece and the schools of that country; the other more secret, and communicated to but a few—that he might consult the sacrificers and cheats there upon the matters concerning himself; so far back did his paganism extend. At that time, therefore, I remember that I became no bad judge of his character, though far from being of much sagacity in that line; but what made me a true guesser was the inconsistency of his behaviour and his extreme excitability[2] (that is, if he be the best diviner who knows how to guess shrewdly). A sign of no good seemed to me to be his neck unsteady, his shoulders always in motion and shrugging up and down like a pair of scales, his eye rolling and glancing from side to side with a certain insane expression, his feet unsteady and stumbling, his nostrils breathing insolence and disdain, the gestures of his face ridiculous and expressing the same feelings, his bursts of laughter unrestrained and

[1] In the procession of Astarte, as Chrysostom describes it, some forty years later. Ammian alludes, with ill-repressed disgust, at the pattern of chastity consorting with "stupratis mulierculis" on the occasion. Julian, with all the zeal of a new convert, thought himself bound to maintain old rites of the ancient religion, which the enlightened Pagans always had viewed with disgust; just as our Protestant "perverts" revive practices and ideas at which the hereditary Catholic smiles with pity and contempt, as the fungi of mediæval ignorance.

[2] τὸ περιττὸν τῆς ἐκστάσεως.

gusty, his nods of assent and dissent without any reason, his speech stopping short and interrupted by his taking breath, his questions without any order and unintelligent, his answers not a whit better than his questions, following one on top of the other, and not definite, nor returned in the regular order of instruction.

24. Why should I go into particulars? I saw the man *before* his actions exactly what I afterwards found him *in* his actions; and were any present of those who were then with me and heard my words, they would without hesitation bear testimony to what I say; to whom I exclaimed as soon as I had observed these signs, "What an evil the Roman world is breeding!" at once making the prediction and praying against myself that I might turn out a false prophet; for that were better than for the world to be filled with these evils, and such a monstrosity make its appearance as never was seen before; though there are many celebrated deluges on record, and conflagrations, and quakings and yawnings of the earth, and men yet more savage, and beasts of strange sort and composite form, such as Nature has made out of caprice. Thus he has met with an end well suited to his folly, for God did not show His wonted long-suffering in this case, where His clemency had been an evil unto many, and had occasioned much dejection to the upright, and much arrogance in sinners; as though there were no one to superintend our affairs, nor either Providence or Retribution, but that blind Chance carried on and turned about everything—a notion springing from a wicked mind, and one that is in a dangerous condition as regards the highest subjects.

25. These are the "tales of us Galilæans—of us, the vile and abject;" these are told by us who worship the Crucified One, the disciples of the uneducated fishermen, as ye call us; by us, who sit together and sing psalms with the old women; by us, wasted away and half dead with the long fasts; by us, who keep awake to no purpose, and through standing vigils grow silly—but yet overthrow

you. "Where are the learned men? Where are the councillors?" (I quote the song of victory from one of our own ignorant men, as ye think them). Where are your sacrifices and ceremonies and mysteries? Where are your victims, both public and those kept secret, and the art of divination by entrails, so highly lauded? Where is the jugglery of prediction, and the miracles of those having familiar spirits? Where is the glorious Babylon, so much talked of, and the whole world brought before your view by means of a little, and accursed, blood? Where are the Persians and Medes already grasped in the hand? Where are the gods that were followed in procession, and did follow your march—they that fought *for* you, and fought *with* you? Where are your predictions and threats against the Christians, and the preordained extermination of us, even to the name? All are vanished, have been falsified, have melted away—the boastings of the impious have turned out a dream!

26. Now the King of Judah, Hezekiah, when a certain king of the foreigners had come against him with a great force, and had encompassed Jerusalem with his leaguer, and uttered in a sarcastic manner blasphemous and impious words against the king and against his God, as though, whatever might happen, He should not deliver the city out of his power—he went up to the Temple, and having rent his clothes, and shedding streams of tears, extending his hands to heaven, calls God to witness the blasphemy of Sennacherib, and prays that He would become the avenger of the arrogance of his threats, saying, "Thou hast seen how greatly this stranger hath reviled Thee, the Lord of Israel; Thou hast seen it, O Lord, keep not Thou silence!" And truly he was not disappointed of his prayer: but the enemy of God perceived in the end his own madness, and went off without doing anything, with all his threats, having lost the bulk of his army by the stroke of some invisible Power, and retreating in consequence of disagreeable tidings, that

raised the siege unexpectedly, and ruined his hopes. Thus did Hezekiah, he that was clothed with much strength, the King of Jerusalem the great, and who perhaps would have repelled the enemy by his unassisted efforts. But we, whose sole arm, bulwark, and all other defence left, was the hope in God, stripped and shorn entirely of all human aid, whom were *we* to have, either as hearer of our prayer, or as hinderer of those threats, save and accept Him that swears against pride—the God of Jacob? O the incredible tale! O the audacity of the things hoped for! We were promised, in place of all other sacrifice, to the demons; and we, the great inheritance of God, the holy nation, the royal priesthood, were made the prize of a single hope, the trophy of a single war!

27. Is this the recompense from thee to the Christians, in return for having been saved (unluckily) by their means? Didst thou thus repay the Lord thy God? Formerly, whilst God still bore with thee, and delayed His revenge on our account, nor had yet kindled all His indignation, but held up His hand on high against the ungodly, and was bending and making ready His bow, but held it back by force, and, like some concealed constitutional disease, He waited first for the whole of its virulence to break out; as indeed is the regular course of God's judgments, in order that either He may save through repentance, or punish with greater cause: at that time we being discontented at what had taken place, and apprehensive of what was to come (for we did not bear patiently the hidden goodness of God towards His own people), we uttered those expostulations unto God, at one time invoking Him as a master, at another supplicating Him as a kind father, partly upbraiding and expostulating with Him, as is the wont of people in grief: "Wherefore hast Thou rejected us, O God; for ever? Hath Thy Spirit been wroth against the sheep of Thy pasture? Remember the help that Thou hast possessed from the beginning, which Thou hast obtained through

the sufferings of Thy Only-begotten Word, which Thou hast thought worthy of the great Covenant, which Thou hast drawn up to the heavens by the New Mystery and by the pledge of the Spirit: and lift up Thine hand against their pride at last; remembering what the enemies have done against Thy saints, and how they have boasted against Thy festivals." The sword also we invoked, and the plagues of Egypt, and besought Him to execute His own judgment, and exhorted Him to rise up at last against the ungodly, saying, "How long, Lord, shall the sinners—how long shall the sinners boast themselves, and shall tread down Thy people, and harm Thine inheritance, and shall alike speak and do what is unlawful?" And again those pitiful and yet more appropriate expressions, "Thou hast made us a thing to be spoken against, and a contempt unto those near at hand; a bye-word to our neighbours, and a laughing-stock to all men." A vine (we used to say) transplanted out of Egypt (out of dark ignorance of God), which had grown up to this beauty of faith and bigness, then the fence was taken away which formerly defended us (the protection of God); it was laid open to all passers by (to bad rulers); it was laid waste by the wild boar (by him that chose wickedness for his own, and was covered with the mire).

28. These things therefore did I think and cry aloud unto God, but *now* for what expressions, and in place of what, do I exchange them? Henceforth, I bewail the destruction of the wicked, I become loving unto those that hated me, and I cry aloud in words like these: "How have they been turned into desolation! Of a sudden they have failed, they have perished through their own transgressions, as dust that a whirlwind hath carried away, like down tossed about by the winds; as the morning dew, as the whizzing of a dart that is thrown, as a clap of thunder, as lightning flying past." If now they should be converted, and ceasing from their long error and infatuation should follow after Truth, then perchance some

good would accrue to them from their disaster: inasmuch as the being chastised is often for the advantage of those suffering chastisement. But if they should remain in the same mind, and cleave unto their idols still, nor be corrected by misfortune (a thing that makes even fools wise) —then doth Jeremiah bewail Jerusalem so greatly, that he exhorts even things inanimate to lamentation, and demands a tear from the very walls. But for *these* people, what adequate lamentation can be found, and who can fittingly bewail *their* present condition, though he cease to shed a tear for their future chastisement? Because "they have become foolish, and have gone afar off, and have worshipped the creature beyond the Creator"—not only so, but have risen up against those that served God, and have lifted up an impious hand, well deserving of such great plagues!

29. Let these things therefore take their course in what way soever is well-pleasing to God! Who knows whether He "who looseth those that be bound, and bringeth back from the Gates of Death him that is heavy and bowed down," He "who desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather his conversion," who enlightened and corrected us who were sitting in darkness and the shadow of death—will not some time or another take to himself these men also, and will lead them like a flock with the *shepherd's rod*, laying aside the *heavy* rod of iron. But my speech will again run back to the same song of triumph: "Bel hath fallen, Dagon is broken to pieces, Sharon hath become a marsh, Lebanon is ashamed:" they will not longer "bid the fool to reign over them," that is, the motionless, senseless host of idols: neither will they seek after the goddess of flies, Accarân, or any other more ridiculous than she: they will no more think about the groves, and the high-places, and every well-wooded and shady mountain: they will no more sacrifice their sons and their daughters unto devils, for which Israel of old was rebuked by the prophets; but what is all this to me? Let me turn to

the present, and what concerns ourselves. No more shall they cast an evil eye upon our sacred edifices; no more shall they defile with polluting blood the altars named after the most pure and bloodless sacrifice: no more shall they disgrace with impious altars the places not to be approached: no more shall they plunder and profane the consecrated gifts, uniting rapine with sacrilege: no longer shall they insult the hoary hairs of priests, the gravity of deacons, and the modesty of virgins: no more shall they let loose the fury of swine upon the entrails of saints cut open, in order that they may gorge themselves at once with food and with entrails: no more shall they set fire to the monuments of the martyrs, as though they could check the zeal of others to follow their example by their insults against them: no more shall they destroy with fire the relics of saints, polluting their bones by mixing them with the vilest bones, and then scatter them to the winds, in order to defraud them of the honour due even to *such* remains: no more shall they set up a pulpit of pestilences, and revel in their blasphemies against bishops and presbyters, nay, against Prophets and Apostles, and even against Christ himself! No more shall they hold festivals against us; and exclude us by law from the cultivation of *false* learning, as though they could at the same time put a gag upon our tongues!

30. Give me thy reasons, both as an emperor, and as a sophist, thy conclusive arguments and syllogisms: let us see what our own fishermen and vulgar folks will have to say for themselves, "Put away the sound of thy songs, and the music of thy instruments," as my Prophet exhorts thee. Let David again sing with freedom, he that struck down the lofty Goliath with the Mystic Stones, he that overcame many through meekness, and who healed Saul through his spiritual harmony, when possessed by the Evil Spirit. Let the torch-bearer put out his fire; let the wise and holy virgins kindle their own lamps for the bridegroom; let the hierophant put off his harlot's attire: ye

priests clothe yourselves with righteousness, and with the garment of glory, instead of the spirit of sloth, and with that great and spotless vesture, namely, Christ, our proper decoration!

31. Let *thy* herald hush his disgraceful proclamation; let *my* herald cry aloud the words of inspiration: destroy thy books of jugglery and divination, let only those of the Prophets and Apostles be opened: put a stop to thy infamous rites, so full of darkness: I will raise up against them our sacred vigils of the Light: stop up thy sanctuaries and the roads leading unto hell; I will show thee the open road and that leads to heaven! What mighty preparations of arms, or contrivances of engines have brought these things? How many myriads of men and legions had effected such great things as we have done merely by our prayers, and the Lord who willed the same! 'He hath scattered the darkness, He hath restored the light, He hath founded firmly the earth, He hath bent the heavens like a bow, He hath put the stars in their order, He hath sown the air, He hath set bounds to the sea, He hath drawn out the rivers, He hath given life to animals, He hath formed Man after His own image, He hath placed the universe around all, He hath by one word set free the darkened earth and restored it to light, order, and pristine harmony. No more shall gluttonous and sinful demons have dominion; no more shall the creature be dishonoured under pretence of honour, being worshipped in the place of God! Throw down thy Triptolemuses, and thy Eleusis, and thy foolish Dragons: shame thyself of the books of thine oracular Orpheus: accept the gift of the season that covers thy nakedness; and if these things be but fables and fictions, I will reveal to thee the mysteries of Night!

32. No more does the *Oak* speak; no more does the *Cauldron* give oracles; no more is the Pythia filled with I know what, save lies and nonsense. Again the Castalian Fount has been silenced and is silent, and becomes no

longer an oracular stream, but an object of ridicule: again a voiceless statue is Apollo: again is Daphne a shrub bewailed in fable: again is thy Bacchus a catamite, with a train of drunkards tied to his tail, as well as thy grand mystery, the Phallus; and a god abandoning himself to the beautiful Prosymnus: again Semele is struck with lightning: again Vulcan is lame (though quick to catch an adulterer), and a god grimed with soot, although a famous artificer, and the Thersites of Olympus: again Mars is a prisoner for adultery, with all his terrors, and frights, and tumults, and gets wounded through his audacity: again Venus is one, formerly a harlot, to her shame, and the procuress of shameful copulations: again Minerva is a maid, and yet brings forth a dragon: again Hercules is mad, or rather has ceased to be mad: again out of lasciviousness and impurity, Jove, teacher, and sovereign of the gods, turns himself into all sorts of things; and though able to draw up all the gods together with all living things, is himself drawn down by none: again Jupiter's tomb is shown in Crete. If I see thy god of gain, thy god of speech, thy president of games, I close my eyes and run past thy god out of shame for the exhibition:[1] *thou* mayest, for ought I care, adore the tension of his—speech (shall I call it), and his money-bag. One thing alone of them all *is* respectable—namely, the honours paid amongst the Egyptians to the Nile by the catamite,[2] also those to Isis, and the gods of Mendes and the Apis bulls, and the other things thou dost sculpture or paint, composite and monstrous creatures, thy ludicrous Pan, thy Priapus, thy Hermaphroditus; and the gods who castrate themselves, or tear themselves to pieces. These subjects, however, I will leave to the stage, and to those

[1] Of his distinguishing emblem, the erect genital member.

[2] Some indecent ceremony not mentioned by other authors; unless, perhaps, Gregory has vaguely in his recollection what Herodotus tells of the boat procession with the women that exposed their persons and uttered scurrile jests as they sailed by the villages on the banks.

who decorate them with pomps and ceremonies, and I will conclude my discourse with an exhortation.

33. Men and women, young and old, all ye that have been admitted to this tribunal, and all ye that are set in the lower place, all ye whom the Lord hath redeemed, first, out of error and ungodliness, and *now* from the rebellion of the gentiles, from the dangers already present, and from those anticipated: hear the words of a man not slightly versed in such matters both from what daily takes place and from ancient histories, books, and facts. It is a great thing never to have experienced any trouble—though perhaps, after all, not a great thing if the saying be true, "Whom the Lord loveth He chasteneth, and scourgeth the son whom He accepteth and for whom He careth." But truly it is a great thing never to have sinned at all—at least heinously, inasmuch as completeness in virtue the Lord has placed beyond mortal reach; and secondly, it is a great thing that such as have somewhat stumbled and been chastised, and then set on their feet again, should abide sensible of that correction, and shun a second scourging for a second offence.

34. Wherefore let us be *really* corrected by this divine correction; let us show ourselves deserving, not only of what we have suffered at first, but of the blessings we obtained afterwards; let us make some defence, as regards the calamity that overtook us, in the fact that we were not given over to the gentiles as *malefactors*, but have been chastised as *sons*; let us not forget the *tossing* in the *calm*, nor the sickness in time of health, nor the captivity when restored to Jerusalem, nor Egypt after leaving Egypt. Let us not make the time of suffering better for us than that of delivery, but we shall make it so if we show ourselves at that time chastened and moderate, and raising up all our hopes to heaven; but *now* puffed up and boastful, and running back again into the same sins out of which we were carried into the calamities that then befell us. "Not so, my children, not so," says in some place

Eli the priest, reproving his sons when offending against God. For we know that it is easier to recall past discipline than to preserve it when sent to us from God; because a virtuous course brings back the one, whilst negligence dissipates the other: also our bodies when diseased, recover through strict diet and fasts, but when recovered they fall back through gradual careless living and surfeiting, and tumble again into the same maladies. Knowing these things, and teaching others the like, let us be masters over ourselves, and use the occasion with prudence.

35. First, therefore, brethren, let us keep a festival, not with cheerfulness of face, nor changes and sumptuousness of apparel, nor with revellings and drunkenness, the fruit whereof ye have been taught is chambering and wantonness; neither let us crown the streets with flowers, nor our tables with the scandal of perfumes, nor let us decorate the entrances of our dwellings; neither let our houses be illuminated with the material light, nor resounding with concerts and the clapping of hands—for *this* is the pride of a heathen festivity. But let not us glorify God, or celebrate the present occasion with such things as these, wherewith it is not fitting—but rather with purity of soul and cheerfulness of temper, and with the lamps of the Church that illuminate the body, I mean with godly contemplations, and thoughts raised aloft upon the Sacred Lamp-stand,[1] and diffusing a light over all the world! Compared to such a Light, I esteem as a mere trifle all that men light up when they hold festival. I have also a certain unguent,[2] but one wherewith only priests and kings are anointed, being of various ingredients and very

[1] Alluding to the Golden Candlestick of the Temple, greatly reverenced by Jews and Christians of that age.

[2] Used in its double sense of ordinary perfumes, that great essential to ancient festivities, and which were merely scented oils, and the anointing oil of the Temple used in the consecration of high-priests and kings.

costly, and poured out for our sake, but compounded by the art of the Great Ointment-maker. Oh, that it may be mine to offer up to God the sweet savour of this ointment! I have likewise a *table*, this spiritual one, which the Lord hath prepared for me, when He rescued me out of the hand of the oppressors, at the which I refresh myself and revel, yet do not grow wanton out of fulness, but calm down all rebellion of my passions. Flowers, too, I have, more blooming and lasting than all those of spring, "out of the full land that the Lord hath blessed," that is, the holy and sweet-smelling pastors and teachers, and all that is pure and choice of the congregation; with *these* do I desire to be crowned and to go in procession, "having fought the good fight, having finished my course, having kept the faith," according to the holy Apostle. Let us take up hymns instead of timbrils, psalmody instead of profane talking and songs, the applause of thanksgiving instead of the applause of the theatre, and action that is of good report, understanding instead of laughter, instead of drunkenness, sober reflection, instead of luxury, gravity of demeanour. And if thou *must* needs dance, like a festival-keeper and reveller, then dance, but not the dance of Herodias the immodest, the end whereof was the death of the Baptist, but rather that of David upon the stopping of the Ark,[1] the which I take for an emblem of a rapid and diversified walking after the will of God. This is the first and chiefest chapter of my exhortation.

36. Secondly, the words I am about to utter will be unpleasant and hard of acceptation, I well know, to the generality (for man when placed in a position to retaliate loves to do so, more especially when justly provoked at what he has lately suffered, while reason is far from compelling anger to obey the rein). Nevertheless, they deserve to be listened to and followed. Let us not use the occasion unsparingly; let us not abuse our power; let us

[1] A curious confusion between David and Uzziah.

not be bitter towards those that have wronged us; let us not do the same things that we have blamed in others, but profiting by the change so far as escaping danger goes, let us detest all thoughts of retaliation: a sufficient vengeance for reasonable men is the terror of those that have injured them, and their expecting the treatment of which they are deserving, and the torments of their own conscience; for what a person *fears* that he is about to suffer, the same he *does* suffer even though he does not actually suffer it; and perhaps even more from himself than he would from those that should inflict it. Let us, therefore, not consent for anger to be meted out as their due to our enemies, nor let us show ourselves punishers too gentle for their deserts; but seeing that we cannot exact from them the full debt of vengeance, let us forgive them the *whole;* let us be better and more highminded than those who have wronged us; let us show them what their demons teach *them*, and what Christ hath taught *us*, who having glory in the things that He *suffered*, was not less superior in the things He *refrained* from doing, though He had the power. Let us render unto God our thankoffering; let us magnify the Mystery by our goodness, and to this end let us improve the occasion.

37. Let us conquer those that have oppressed us, with clemency; and above all let humanity be our director, and the force of that commandment which promises us like for like mercy whenever we need the same; for "with what measure ye mete, with the same shall it be measured to you again," as we well know. And if any of you feel exceedingly bitter, let us leave to God those who have vexed us, and to the tribunal of the next world; let us not diminish aught of the coming wrath by means of our own violence; let us not think of confiscation; let us not bring them before the tribunals; let us not banish them from their country; let us not torture them with scourges, nor, to sum up all, let us not do to *them* anything of all that they have done to *us*. Let us make them better, if

perchance that be possible, by our own example. If any one's father has been a sufferer, or his son, or wife, or kinsman, or friend, or any of those dear to him, let us render the suffering profitable to them by persuading them to bear patiently the things which they have suffered ; in this way we shall do them a greater favour than in any other. Shall I mention the greatest of the blessings we now enjoy? Those that persecuted us are hooted by mobs and cities, and market-places, and assemblies. The old state of things is cried up, the new derided, even by those who joined in the persecution, which is a strange thing ; the gods themselves are pulled down amidst all sorts of execration by the very men who set them up, as though they had deceived them for a long time and the delusion had come to an end at last ; and he that was yesterday a worshipper is to-day a reviler. What greater thing than all this do we seek for? At the present time this (perhaps too light for their offences) is the fate of those wretched men—*a time will come* when I shall behold them and their Great Leader bewailing their own sin, at the time when all wickedness shall be judged and tormented!

38. I pass over the inspired, and our own denouncements, and the punishments that, according to us, are in store in the world to come: turn, pray, to thine own stories that are accepted, not by the poets only, but also by people who were philosophers ; I mean thy Pyriphlegethons, Cocyti, and Acherons, wherewith they punish wickedness, Tantalus, Tityos, Ixion. *Julian*, your king of this fraternity, shall be reckoned amongst these—nay, at the head of them all, according to my calculation and definition—though he be not tormented with thirst whilst up to his chin in a lake; nor fearing (as Tragedy pleases) the rock overhanging his head, continually pushed away, continually rolling back; nor revolving along with the whizzing wheel ; nor torn by vultures in his liver, never coming to an end, always renewed—whether all this be truth, or fable foreshowing the truth

in fictions—but we shall see with what, and what sort of torture he will be punished, and how much more severely than all the rest—if, indeed, punishments and retributions be adjudged according to the measure of offences.

39. Here is "a keepsake for thee in return for a kick,"[1] thou best and wisest of men! (to address thee in thy own words); *this* do we offer thee, we that were excluded from the use of *words*, according to thy mighty and wonderful legislation; thou seest that we were not destined to be silenced for ever, or be condemned to speechlessness by thy decrees, but to utter a free voice demonstrative of thy folly. For neither is there any means of holding-in the cataracts of Nile, which tumble down from Ethiopia upon Egypt, nor yet the solar beam, even though it may be veiled for a little space by the snowfall, nor to tie the tongue of Christians from exposing to ridicule *thy* religion. These words Basil and Gregory send thee, "those opponents and counterworkers of thy scheme," as thou wast wont to call them and persuade others to do the same—doing us honour by what thou didst threaten us with, and moving us all the more to piety—persons who being well known for their life, discourse, and mutual affection, and whom thou wast acquainted with ever since our common residence in Greece, thou didst treat with the honour the Cyclops paid Ulysses;[2] thou didst keep us in reserve as the last victims for the persecution, and didst probably design as a thankoffering for victory to thy own demons (a great and splendid one, in truth!) in case we should get thee back returning triumphant

[1] "A kiss for a blow."

[2] That of being the last devoured—a most ingenious defence of Gregory's against the spiteful insinuations of zealots, doubtless now assailing him, based upon the friendship Julian had constantly shown him and his family, which even went so far as to appoint the bishop's brother his own physician. For their college life at Athens, see his funeral sermon on Basil, Orat. XX., Bailey's edition.

from Persia: or else thou didst hope, in thy infatuation, to drag us along with thee into the same abyss as thyself![1]

40. For *we* two were not less courageous than the youths who were cooled with dew in the furnace; and who overcame the wild beasts through Faith; and who zealously faced danger along with the mother that bore them and the yet bolder priest—showing that Faith alone of all things is invincible; or than those youths in thy own time, one of whom having insulted thy "Mother of the gods," and pulled down her altar, was brought before thee as a criminal, but came before thee as a triumphant champion, and after casting much ridicule upon thy purple robe and thy speeches, as mere *counters*[2] and things to be laughed at, went out again with greater confidence than one returning from a feast or splendid entertainment; whilst another, deeply lacerated over all his body with scourges, and having but little breath left in him from his wounds, was so far from giving in to his torments or making a hardship of his condition, that when he perceived any part of his body not marked by the lashes, he forthwith accused his torturers as defrauding him, and not conferring honour upon his whole body, but letting some part pass unlacerated and unhallowed—holding out his leg as the only part that had escaped the claws,[3] and bidding them not spare that also.

[1] The first, and most preposterous alternative, is intended to suit the capacity of his congregation; the second, to appease his own conscience that smote him for thus wantonly insulting his former benefactor.

[2] Used in calculation, and which, as Polybius remarks in narrating the fate of Achæus stand for thousands of gold pieces, or for a single copper, at the will of him that uses them. The intolerant bigotry and insolence of this Confessor, so much admired by Gregory, plainly shows that the "persecution" he complains of ought rather to be called well-merited punishment inflicted on disturbers of the public peace—the first to violate the rights of conscience.

[3] Answering to the "ungula" of the Roman tribunals; Prudentius has of it:—

41. This is the meaning of the lies and ravings of thy Porphyry (of which ye all boast as divinely-inspired words), and of thy "Misopogon," or rather "Antichrist,"[1] for thou gavest both names to the book—than which nothing is more contemptible in the eyes of Christians; though at the time thy imperial rank made it important, aided by the parasites that extolled all thy actions; but now it is a Beard tossed about and plucked at, and the object of ridicule together with those that helped make it; in which book thou art mighty proud about the frugality of thy way of living, and of never suffering from indigestion in consequence of over-eating; whilst thou dost purposely omit how bitterly thou didst persecute the Christians, and eat up so great and holy a people. And yet what damage is it to the public if an individual has indigestion, or emits natural eructations? But when so great a persecution as this is stirred up, and such great disturbance occasioned by the change, it is unavoidable that the Roman empire should be in a bad way, as now it proves to have been.

42. Here is a *pillar*[2] for thee, raised by our hands, more lofty and more conspicuous than the "Pillars of Hercules;" for *they* were set up to commemorate one

> "Cessit his lacerans fortiter ungula,
> Nec carpsit penetralia."

[1] It is very remarkable that Gregory should confound the earlier-written treatise "Against the Christians and their God" with the "Misopogon" not finished till after Julian's departure from Antioch. The quotations following prove that Gregory had read the "Misopogon," and that in its original state it contained no attack on Christianity, as some have suspected. The book "Against the Christians, &c.," appears not to have come in his way, or perhaps, he might think it prudent to ignore its existence.

[2] The στήλη was erected to proclaim the infamy of offenders, as well as to denounce curses against transgressors of certain rules therein specified. Thus στηλιτεύω came to its later sense of "libelling," "exposing to ridicule." Our word "pillory" presents a curious analogy in derivation.

Labour, and are only visible to such as visit that part of the world; but *this* cannot fail as it moves about to be known to all men in all places; and which the time to come, I well know, will receive, holding up, as it does, to infamy thee and thy actions, and warning all that remain never to venture upon any such rebellion against God, lest if they do the same things, they may meet with the same retribution!

LIBANIUS' FUNERAL ORATION UPON THE EMPEROR JULIAN.

RIGHT were it, my friends, that the thing for which I and all mankind were praying, had been accomplished—that the power of the Persians had ere this been overthrown; that Romans, in the place of Satraps, were governing and administering their country according to *our* laws; that our temples at home should be decorated with the trophies brought from thence, whilst he that had achieved this success, seated on his imperial throne, should be receiving our panegyrics upon his victory; for so were it, I ween, but just and proper, and a fit return for the numerous sacrifices which he had offered. But since envious Fortune hath proved stronger than our well-founded hopes, and *he* has been carried back from the confines of Babylon a corpse, who had come so near to the accomplishment of his enterprise, whilst all the tears it was natural to drop have been shed by every eye, and it is not in our power to prevent the end—let us do what is left for us, and, at the same time, the most acceptable service to him who is no more; before a different kind of audience[1] let us discourse upon his achievements, since he himself has been debarred upon hearing our

[1] A mourning instead of a triumphant one.

eulogy upon the deeds he has performed. For, in the first place, we should be unjust if, after he had braved every danger for the sake of gaining praise, we on our side should defraud him of the prize of his exploits; and secondly, it were the basest of conduct, that he, when dead, should not receive the same homage wherewith we honoured him when living, besides its being an act of the lowest sycophancy to pay court to those who survive, but to forget those who are departed. As for the *living*, though one should not gain their favour by means of speech, yet one can do so in many other ways; but with respect to those who are *gone*, one way only is left to us, namely, eulogies and speeches handing down their virtuous actions to all time to come. Though it has been my constant endeavour to sing the praises of this hero, yet have I ever found my words fall far short of the greatness of his performances; and most certainly I was never vexed if the merit of my sovereign and friend went beyond the range of the ability of one who loved him, for I regarded this as the common gain of the public, that he who had succeeded to the government for the salvation of the community, should not leave it possible to any speech to be commensurate with his own actions. And when it is not in my power to extol as they deserve only his exploits upon the shores of the Western Ocean, what figure shall I make to-day when obliged to comprise both them and his expedition against the Persians in a single discourse! Nay, I believe that even should *he* obtain leave to return from the gods below, for the purpose of aiding me in the labour of this discourse, and unseen by all take part in my task, not even so would due measure be exactly meted to his actions; but they would be described in a better manner than is now possible, and yet, in all likelihood, not even then fully described.

What then must I expect to suffer in undertaking so great a task, without such powerful help! But were I not assured beforehand that you all are not ignorant that

victory belongs to actions, and at the same time you take pleasure in their description, it had been better for me to hold my tongue; but since on the former occasion you applauded me, and listened with satisfaction to my words, I do not think there is any just pretext for silence, and therefore will endeavour to pay my debt to my sovereign and friend.

There have been several emperors not deficient in the art of government, though not distinguished by birth, knowing how to protect their empire, yet ashamed to declare from what parents they sprung,[1] to such a degree that it was a hard job for those who lauded them to salve that sore; but in the present case there is nothing that I cannot parade for his glorification; for at starting, as regards his family, his grandfather[2] was an emperor, one who above all others held riches in contempt, and in a special degree won the affections of his subjects; whilst his father was the son of an emperor and the brother of an emperor, and one who had better right to the throne than *he who got it;*[3] but nevertheless he did not assert his claim, but wished success to him who seized the power, and continued to the last to live with him in sincerity and affection; he married the daughter of a prefect (a worthy and sensible man, whom even the foe that had vanquished him respected, and exhorted his own friends to take *him* for a pattern in the exercise of power),[4] and he became the sire of this admir-

[1] Alluding to Diocletian and his very plebeian colleagues and successors.

[2] Constantius Chlorus, who, moreover, was great-nephew to that best of emperors, Claudius Gothicus.

[3] A very curious remark, for Julius Constantius was a younger brother of Constantine's. Perhaps he means to impugn the legitimacy of the latter; there was actually a rumour that Helena was only a concubine of Constantius Chlorus.

[4] This Julianus was, therefore, Prefect of Rome under Maxentius, when Constantine took the city.

able person now lying before us, and complimented his father-in-law by giving his name to his son. Constantine had no sooner ended his life, than the sword passed through almost his whole house, fathers and children alike; but this one escaped the general massacre, as well as an elder brother by the same father; the latter having been rescued from destruction by an illness which it was supposed would result in death; the other by his tender age, for he had only just been weaned. That brother devoted himself to different pursuits than literature, thinking that in this way he should less expose himself to the malice of his enemies;[1] but this one his appointed destiny stimulated to the love of learning, and he spent his life in that pursuit in the greatest of cities after Rome, going regularly to school—he the grandson of an emperor, the nephew of an emperor, the cousin of an emperor! not strutting arrogantly, nor annoying people, nor claiming public attention by the multitude of his attendants, and the bustle they produced; but an eunuch,[2] an excellent guardian of his modesty, and another tutor not without some tincture of learning, accompanied him; his dress of the ordinary kind; his looks not contemptuous towards others; salutations to whomsoever came in his way; no rude repulsing of the beggar; and when invited entering a house; and stopping still even before he was called; and taking his place where it was the rule for the rest to stand; and being addressed in the same way as the other scholars; and taking his departure in company with the rest; and seeking for no precedence over them; so that anyone coming upon them from outside, and looking at a class, and not knowing who and whose children they were, would not have discovered in any outward circumstances the superiority of his rank. Not

[1] A very far-fetched excuse for the brutality and debauchery of Gallus Cæsar.

[2] Mardonius, highly praised by his pupil in the "Misopogon."

however that he was on a level with those schoolfellows of his in all respects, for in the understanding and catching of what was said, and in retaining what he had caught, and in repeating the same without difficulty, he made a vast difference between the others and himself, which, when I perceived, I was grieved that I myself had not the cultivation of so fine a mind; because a certain good-for-nothing sophist[1] had received the youth in charge as a payment for speaking evil of the gods; for the youth was brought up in the same notions about religion, and had to put up with the silliness of his teacher's discourses, in consequence of the war waged by his guardian against our altars: for now he was nearly grown up, and manifested the princeliness of his character by many striking instances. All this troubled the repose of Constantius; and he being afraid lest the vast capital (that possessed such influence in determining the choice of sovereigns, and was in point of strength a match for all the rest put together), should be attracted by the eminence of the boy's character, and that some trouble to himself might be the consequence, he sends him away to the city of Nicomedia, as a place that did not inspire equal apprehensions, and yet offered facilities for his education. He however did not come to my lectures, although I had for some time been holding classes there, and had exchanged one city for another, choosing that which offered tranquillity in the place of one that swarmed with dangers; but by purchasing copies of my lectures he kept up a constant conversation with me. But the cause of his taking so much pleasure in my discourses, and yet avoiding their author, was that the wonderful sophist above-mentioned had bound him by many strong promises neither to become, nor to be called my visitor, nor be entered in the list of my pupils; for which thing the youth being angry with him that had so tied him down, and yet not wishing

[1] Ecdicius, a convert.

to break his word (although desirous of my acquaintance), he found out how he might without perjuring himself have the benefit of my lectures, by procuring through heavy bribes one to be the communicator of what had been said by me day by day.

On which occasion he displayed in the highest degree the force of his natural abilities; for though never in my company, he was superior to those constantly with me in the imitation of my style, and through this circuitous course he outstripped their plain and straightforward one in the production of the fruits of study; from which circumstance, I believe, there is in his works composed after this time a certain family likeness to my own, and he was thought to be one of those that come nearest to me in this respect. Now his occupation lay in pursuits of this kind; meantime his brother obtained a share in the empire, that is to say, in the secondary rank; for as a double war was upon Constantius' hands, namely, the first one with the Persians, and that which came on top of it against the usurper (Magnentius), he stood in need, assuredly, of a colleague; and Gallus is despatched from Italy on the road to the East—and the same circumstance that had happened to his father before, now became the case with *him*—that is, he was now brother of a *reigning prince*. The latter marched through Bithynia attended by his bodyguard, and the two brothers had an interview; but the change of fortune of the one did not pervert the disposition of the other; neither did he take his brother's elevation to empire as a motive for indolence; on the contrary it increased the desire he felt for learning; he augmented the labours he took in its pursuit; for he thought that should he have to continue in a private station he would possess *wisdom* in the place of *imperial power*—a more noble treasure! whilst should he ever be raised to the sceptre, he would adorn his dignity by his wisdom. For this reason he employed the light of day for his studies, and when night overtook him, the light of

fire; he did not make his wealth any greater, though he had every opportunity for so doing, but his mind more accomplished; and at last having got into company with those who were full of Plato, and hearing from them about the gods and genii, and those that had *really* created, and do maintain the universe, and what the soul is, and whence it came, and whither it goes, and by what things it is submerged, and by what is it captured, and by what it is weighed down, and by what it is elevated; also what are its bonds, and what its liberation; and in what way he might succeed in escaping from the one and attaining to the other—"he washed away the brackish tale with a drinkable story;" and having cast out of his mind the whole of the nonsense that previously occupied it, he supplied its place with the beauty of the Truth; as though replacing in some grand temple the statues of the gods previously prostrate in the mud. *Now*, he was another man in these respects, yet he kept up his former profession, for it is clear he had no liberty of conscience. Æsop would have written a fable on the subject, not the hiding of the ass under the lion's skin, but the lion under the hide of the ass, because he had learnt that which was better worth knowing, yet pretended to what was the safer to hold.

His reputation being spread abroad in all directions, all persons in the service of the Muses (and even of the other deities) flocked to him, some by land, others by sea, anxious to see and to converse with him, to say something of their own, and to hear him talk. But when they were come they found it not easy to depart; for the syren detained them not only by his words, but by his natural power to enchant; whilst, by his knowing how to love sincerely, he taught others also how to do so well; so that they being cemented together fittingly were not separable without difficulty. He possessed, then, universal knowledge, gathered up and put to use—poetry, rhetoric, the systems of various philosophers, much acquaintance

with the Greek language, and not a little of the other [Latin]; for he cultivated both; and 'twas the prayer from every mouth (of sensible people), that the youth had been made the manager of affairs,[1] to put a stop to the ruin of the state, and that one had been appointed to tend the sick who understood how to treat maladies of the kind. I would not indeed say that he blamed these wishes, neither make this boast on his account, I say that he also desired it, but that he desired it not out of love of luxury, or riches, or the purple, but for the sake of restoring, through his own labours to mankind the blessings whence they had fallen, both others and particularly the worship of the gods—a desire with which he was especially filled, seeing, as he did, the temples lying desolate, and the ceremonies of religion put a stop to, and altars overturned, and sacrifices suppressed, and priests expelled, and the revenues of the temples divided amongst the most licentious of men;[2] to such a degree did he feel all this, that I believe had one of the gods promised him their restoration by other hands, he would have shunned the imperial dignity with all his might. Thus he did not aspire to the possession of power, but to the means of doing good to his states. Now, as the wish was growing strong in the bosoms of all educated men, that the world should be cured of its distresses through this man's prudence, against his brother Gallus there came a false accusation, and letters were discovered containing the blackest treachery; and when the culprits were *punished*[3]

[1] Instead of his brother Gallus.

[2] Reiske has on this so truly Protestant a note that I cannot avoid transcribing it for the benefit of the admirers of the primitive Church: "Clericos et monachos Christianos quos ubique impudicitiæ atque salacitatis flagitiosis simæ arguit: id quod nemo mirabitur qui suam reputet homines cœlibes, nulli arti de ditos, seques, otio diffluentes, opiparè pastos, stimulis illicitæ veneris puniri esse prorsus consentaneum."

[3] Domitian, the imperial commissioner sent to investigate the conduct

for this (for *he* was not a likely person to *reward* them for it, after having been thus provoked), it was decided at Court that he who had inflicted punishment was guilty for what he had done—so he was destroyed in silence, the sword having anticipated his defence of his conduct. Upon this our hero was arrested and kept a prisoner in the midst of armed men of fierce look and rough voice, and, by their actions, making imprisonment appear a trifle;[1] to this was added his not being stationary in one place of confinement, but having to change one prison for another for the mere purpose of annoying him. And this treatment he suffered though no charge was brought against him, either small or great—for how could that be, because he had lived at a distance, from his brother, of more than three hundred posts?[2] and even letters he only sent to his brother rarely, and those confined to mere compliments; in consequence of which no one came forward to accuse him, even falsely; but nevertheless, he was tormented, as I have said, for no other reason than because the two had one father. On this occasion again, he deserves to be admired for not having courted favour with the murderer by declarations against him that was dead, nor yet exasperating the living by speeches in defence of the same; but whilst he honoured the memory of the one by secret grief, he gave the other no occasion for a second murder, strongly as he desired it. So well and honourably did he bridle his own tongue, and this, too, though the annoyances that surrounded him rendered it no easy task; so that by his patience he gagged the mouths of the wickedest of men. Nevertheless, not even this

of Gallus, and murdered by the populace at his instigation. Constantius, however, is not to be blamed for the destruction of Gallus; besides his abominable misgovernment of the East, there was good proof that he was preparing to dispute the empire with his benefactor.

[1] Compared to the worse fate apparently in store for him.

[2] The distance between Nicomedia and Antioch, the capital of Gallus.

would have sufficed for his preservation, nor have checked the malice of those enraged against him without a cause; but an "Ino daughter of Cadmus," looked down upon him, so tempest-tossed, in the person of the wife of Constantius—the one she pitied, the other she softened, and, by dint of many prayers, obtained his liberty, longing, as he was, for Greek, and, above all, for that "Eye of Greece," Athens, to send him to the desired place. Assuredly this marks a soul come down from the gods, that when he set about the choice of a residence, did not look out for gardens, or palaces, or forests, or[1] lands situated upon arms of the sea, or the pleasure arising from other sources, numerous as they are, all of which were before him, if he remained in Ionia—but he esteemed as trifles what others esteem important in comparison with the City of Minerva, the birthplace of Plato and of Demosthenes, and of every other variety of wisdom. He came thither in all haste, with the view of adding to what he already knew, and to meet with teachers able to furnish him with something more than he already possessed. But when he held intercourse with them and afforded them the opportunity of testing him, whilst he got the same opportunity for trying *them*, he filled them with astonishment, rather than experiencing the same feeling himself; and he was the only one of the young men who came to Athens that went away having rather imparted than received instruction. On this account there was always to be seen around him, like a swarm of bees, a crowd of young and old, philosophers and rhetoricians; the deities, too, kept an eye upon him, being well aware that it was he who should restore to them their hereditary rights. He was equally to be admired for his eloquence and his modesty, for there was no subject he ever discoursed upon without blushing:

[1] The text has *ἀυλᾶν*, which makes no sense; *ὑλῶν* was probably what Libanius wrote: alluding to facilities for the chase—an amusement to which Constantius was much addicted.

all persons enjoyed his *affability*, the best men his *confidence* also; and first among them all was He, our fellow-citizen, the only man without reproach, that had subdued envy by his merit.

Now, it was the youth's intention to spend his life and end his days at Athens, and this he had judged the height of happiness; but the state of affairs demanding a second emperor because the provinces upon the Rhine were being ravaged, and the generals sent there were aspiring to more than their due,[1] the man is summoned to rule who was studying philosophy at Athens, because, from this very pursuit of philosophy, he inspired with confidence in him that person who had injured him most deeply—for though he had been the murderer of his father and his brothers, some of them long before, but one recently, nevertheless he hoped that his pledges of fidelity would be faithfully kept, and that his good disposition would prove stronger than his causes for complaint. The one party, in truth, was not wrong in his confidence in the virtue of the other; but there was nothing in his own conduct to induce the latter to believe that the honour done him would not turn out a snare, for the blood already spilt gave him cause to suspect it; but there being no way to decline the offer, he, with tears in his eyes, invokes the goddess, and having prayed her to defend him, took his departure.

Being made colleague in power, he is sent off forthwith to face labours that demand the hands of a Hercules, for the affairs of the Gauls, who dwell most remote upon the ocean, were then in the following condition. Constantius being at war with Magnentius, who had usurped another man's empire, though he governed it in accordance with the laws,[2] thought himself justified in trying every expe-

[1] Julian, in his "Epistle to the Athenians," assigns the usurpation of Sylvanus as the true cause of his own elevation to the rank of Cæsar.

[2] Impartial testimony to the good government of the Gallic usurper,

dient to upset his enemy, and actually by means of letters opens to the barbarians the Roman territories, giving them leave to take possession of as much as they were able. When this impunity was given to them, and the treaties binding the barbarians were annulled by these instructions, they overran the country, in the complete absence of anyone to prevent (because Magnentius had got all his troops in Italy),[1] they make booty of the flourishing towns of Mæsia; villages are destroyed, walls battered down, property carried off, women and children, and magistrates followed the train carrying, poor wretches! their own goods upon their shoulders; whilst he that would not submit to be a slave, seeing his wife and daughter a prey to violence, wept and slew himself; and after our goods had been transported to the enemies' country, the conquerors cultivated *our* land with their own hands, but their *own* territory by the hands of their captives. And again, those towns that had escaped sacking through the strength of their walls, had no land except an extremely small portion left for their support, and therefore were consumed by famine, and were driven to every possible resource for food, until they were reduced to so small a number of souls that their towns served them both for towns and fields, and the uninhabited part within the fortifications was sufficient to be cultivated; for the ox was yoked, the plough was dragged, the seed was cast, and the wheat-ear sprung up, and the reaper, the thresher, and all suchlike occupations were seen within the city gates; so that one would not have said that those carried away captive were any more to be pitied than those left at home.[2] And the person that had bought his victory at so

which is confirmed by the enthusiasm the natives had displayed in his support.

[1] After the great battle of Myrsa, his colleague, Decentius, was blockaded by the Germans, at Constantius' instigation, in the city of Sens, and thus prevented from bringing up reinforcements.

[2] This picture of the desolation of Gaul after its recovery by Con-

dear a rate, at first indeed rejoiced and boasted himself, but when his treason had come to light, and Rome was all but crying out against him on account of being thus dismembered, he had not the courage to drive away the insolent spoilers by running any danger of his own; but obliged the youth to turn soldier, who had just been dragged from the schools into the din of arms; and, strangest thing of all, he was anxious that one and the same person should prove at once *stronger* and *weaker* than the enemy, doing the former out of his desire to recover his territories, the other out of envy to his colleague. And that he had sent him off quite as much to perish as to conquer, he immediately made evident: for though he possessed a military force as great as had previously kept these empires in order, and numerous foot soldiers, numerous cavalry, whose invulnerability, by reason of their armour, is, I think, most formidable,[1] he gave orders that he should be followed by no more than three hundred of the very worst of his infantry,[2] pretending that he would find soldiers in those long before stationed whither he was bound, these being men who had long been taught how to be beaten, and whose trade it was to be blockaded.

Nothing of all this disturbed our hero, or rendered him timid; but though he then tasted arms and war for the first time in his life, and was about to command cowardly troops against foes invariably victorious, he wore his armour as though he had from the beginning handled the shield instead of books; he marched as boldly as though

stantius, was probably derived from Julian's "Commentaries upon his Gallic and German Wars," unfortunately lost.

[1] The "Clibanarii," armed *cap-a-pie* in the Persian style, of whom Constantius had no less than 30,000 in his pay.

[2] Not a fair cause of complaint, these 350 men were merely a guard of honour. Julian found that the troops actually stationed in his province were fully sufficient, under proper management, for its defence; and in its exhausted condition anything more would have been but a cruel burden to the natives.

at the head of ten thousand Ajaxes. Two things made him such as he was—the one his *philosophy*, and his knowing that good counsel is stronger than force of hands ;[1] the other, his confidence that the gods were on his side. For he had learnt how that Hercules had escaped from the Styx through Minerva's interposition. Of the good will of Heaven towards him, the tokens were from the first as plain as he could wish ; for though he was summoned out of Italy in the dead of winter, when it was a very possible thing for anyone not having the shelter of a roof to perish through the frost and the snowfalls, he enjoyed so cheerful a sunshine in his journey that they all marched along calling the season spring, and the *cold* was vanquished before the *enemy* was beaten. And again, the following was a presage of better fortune: as he was passing through a little town, the first he came to in the province committed to him, a crown of branches (for the townsfolk tie many such on high from strings stretched from the house-walls to the pillars), one of these crowns wherewith we decorate our cities getting loose from its fastening, dropped upon the head of the prince and fitted it exactly—a shout arose on all sides. By the crown, I fancy, were foreshown his future trophies, and that he came to conquer. And if the sender had allowed him to set to work immediately, and carry out his own plans, he would have had at once all the benefit of the change ; but, as it was, he was master of no one thing beyond his *general's uniform*—his officers were his masters ; for such had been the determination of the person who had sent him that the latter should *direct* and he *obey*.[2] But he remembering Ulysses, and the deeds of Ulysses, put up with all this. Now it so happened that it pleased the commanders to

[1] Alluding to the dictum, *ὡς ἓν σοφὸν βούλευμα τὰς πολλὰς χἐρας—νικᾶ—*

[2] In the case of a young man going direct from college to manage a most difficult war, this precaution shows more prudence than malignity on the part of the sender.

remain inactive ("to sleep on"), and this conduct made the enemy bold, seeing that they retained, now that the prince was come, the same superiority as they possessed before. But nevertheless, though he was thus hampered in the beginning, and went around the provinces merely for the purpose of inspection (for this was the only authority granted him), yet his name and presence had such influence that forthwith one of those towns that had been long blockaded, and cooped up,[1] sallied forth and cut off the barbarian that was occupying their land close up to the walls, and another town did the same to another horde, and so on; whilst a daring night escalade was repulsed by a handful of old men, long discharged the service on account of age. For the enemy had brought ladders and set them up against an unguarded gate (a plan through which they had surprised many towns); but the others, so soon as they discovered the attempt, making a weapon out of whatever came in their way, ran with their decrepit feet, shouting aloud the name of the prince. So the old fellows got the better of them (just like those of Myronides); some of the enemy they slew, others threw themselves down from the wall and were killed. From another quarter was made a sally against the barbarians by young men never used to such things in the time before. So the one party turned and fled, whilst the others revelled in their slaughter—not that they *saw* the prince, but had been encouraged by the fact that he was *near* them. Others again, who were intending to desert their habitations, cast away their fears and remained there. And when the barbarians, sallying out of a thick wood, had attacked the rear of his line of march, the whole affair took such a turn that those who had hoped to harm him were themselves cut to pieces, and he that slew an enemy brought in as a proof the head of the slain; for a certain price was set on every head, and the great eagerness for cutting off heads

[1] τεταριχευμενων, "like herrings in a barrel," as we should say.

was its natural result—for that most clever of men purged their souls of cowardice by means of the lust of gain, and the wish to get something incited them to be courageous. Such of the barbarians who had taken refuge in the islands formed by the Rhine, fell a prey to those of our men that reached them either by swimming or in boats, and our towns were provisioned with their flocks and herds. And of the two largest cities of the province, the prince having found the one reduced to distress through the innumerable attacks of the barbarians, the other totally depopulated and lying in ruins from its recent sack, he lent a helping hand to the latter for the purpose of its rebuilding, and stationed a strong garrison within it. The other, so utterly destitute of all things, that the people were forced by necessity to feed upon things contrary to all custom,[1] he encouraged to better hopes. Seeing this, a king of no inconsiderable part of the enemy's country, came over to make his excuses, on the ground that he had done no great harm, and to solicit his alliance; and because there seemed some justice in what he said, a truce is agreed upon for a short time, for he made the barbarian more submissive through the fear of what was to follow. In this manner, and to a yet greater extent than this, he inspected the province, and grew strong, although he had not yet attained to the full authority of doing what he had in his mind.

And when that fellow[2] was got rid off that was so afraid of the enemy, and so insolent to his friends, and there came as his successor (Sallustius Secundus), a man of the highest character in other respects, and not without experience in military affairs, and most of the obstacles in his way had been removed—then, truly then, the time had come to the prince for the full display of his

[1] These two places were Treves, which had managed to keep out the German invaders; and Cologne, which had been sacked by them.

[2] Florentius, whom Julian sufficiently abuses in his letters, calling him among other names *μιαρὸν ανδρόγυνον*.

ability. To take a review of the facts : when it appeared to the elder one (the Præfect) to be advisable to make an inroad across the river upon the enemy, a thing which his junior had long been wishing for, and chafing against the restraint by which he was bound—then Constantius perceiving that his forces were but small, and not equal to his courage, despatched to his aid a double number of his own troops—that is to say, thirty thousand foot soldiers, appointing for their commander a person (Barbatio) that was *supposed* to know how to use his power. It was fixed that the two armies should be joined in one, but when there was no great distance between both as they drew together, the elder general being afraid his junior should get a share in the victory, and at the same time thinking his own force sufficient for the purpose, gives orders not to unite with the other army, and crosses the river alone. But whilst he is throwing a bridge of boats over the river, the barbarians cut down a wood higher up, and let great trunks of trees float down the stream, which striking against the boats, scatter some, tear loose others, and sink others to the bottom. His first attempt being thus frustrated, the general went off precipitately, and his thirty thousand troops with him, whilst the enemy were not content with the having suffered no loss, but thought it was now their turn to inflict some ; they crossed the river in pursuit, caught him up, slew some of his men, and returned home with songs of triumph ; they also followed up one action with another, and from words they proceeded to what comes next.

Now when they were all got home again, and the prince felt his strength, he provisioned with corn both castles and towns out of the spoils made upon the enemy, employing for this purpose, as far as was possible, the labour of his own soldiers. The ruined places, too, were rebuilt ; and the prince, though in winter quarters a long way from the Rhine, was able to get early intelligence of the movements of the enemy by means of couriers re-

ceiving the message in succession: for previously the large extent of country lying desolate had precluded him from the discovery of their designs. In this way, indeed, when they (the Germans) learnt that the Romans, on Roman land, were reaping the crops that belonged to *them*, they were indignant, as though their paternal fields were being cut by strangers, they sent a herald, and by his hands they exhibited the letters (of Constantius) which made the land their own, and declared "that he was contravening the determinations of his senior colleague, and must confess as much; that he must either abide by the written orders, or, if he wished for more, must expect to fight for it." But the prince said that the man had been sent merely as a *spy*, otherwise their chief would not have been so audacious as to send such a message, and therefore detained him; and remembering himself the exhortations which he had heard the generals of old delivering in history, and well aware that speech of the sort preceding action renders the soldier more courageous for the struggle, he delivered a harangue which I would very gladly have inserted in the present oration, but as the rule in such cases does not allow it, I will only say that it at once made fighting more to the taste of his hearers than doing nothing was before.[1] It was determined that the cavalry should form either wing, the legionaries occupy the centre; the best men of these two arms to be in the right wing around the prince. This order ought to have been concealed from the enemy; it did not, however, escape them, owing to the treachery of some deserters. And when the enemy had effected a crossing of the Rhine, the prince, though it was in his power to prevent it, would do nothing of the sort, nor even fall upon a small detachment of them, but as soon as there were thirty thousand of them over, he came down before that

[1] Ammian gives this speech, evidently extracted from Julian's "Commentaries," and it certainly is very much to the purpose.

several times as many should reinforce them, for they had resolved, as was afterwards ascertained, that not one of their fighting-men should be left at home. Both things, therefore, are worthy of admiration in his conduct—that he did not attack the first force, nor wait for that which was on the move. The first would have been trifling, the second a matter of the greatest danger; the one would have been the conduct of a timid, the other of a rash commander. For this reason he did not prevent their passing over to a larger number, and by a great deal too, than his own force, whilst by his attack he checked what was flocking in to their aid.

And as for the barbarians, who were well informed of his arrangements, the braver part of their men were set against the better troops on the Roman side, whilst they had strengthened their own right wing with a reserve which they concealed behind an elevated water-course, overgrown with reeds, that country being marshy, that concealed them sitting down. Nevertheless, they did not thus escape the eyes of the Romans upon the extreme left; but these as soon as they discovered them ran down with a shout, and starting them out of their cover, began the chase, and threw into confusion by their means as much as half their army, flight causing flight, that of the first occasioning that of the second, and in this engagement there is something similar to the sea-fight between the Corinthians and the Corcyræans, for in that one also it was the fate of either side to be beaten and to beat; for in reality each side gained the day; for when the right wing of the Romans, surrounding the prince, was hard pressed (being the picked men of one side, and assailed by the picked men of the other), then not even those who carried the standards, soldiers the most practised in keeping their place, any longer preserved their order, and were giving way, the prince shouting aloud and copying the words of the Son of Telamon (for the one said, "that were the ships destroyed no escape remained for the

Greeks," whilst the other declared "that if they were beaten the towns would close their gates against them, and no one would give them food"), added at last "that if they had determined to fly they must first kill *him*, and then run away, for that so long as he was living *he* would not suffer them;" and at the same time pointed out to them those barbarians who had been worsted by those who had put them to flight; and when our men partly heard, partly saw this, and were shamed by the one, and inspirited by the other, they turned again and renewed the combat, and the disgrace was cancelled, and everybody engaged in the pursuit to such a degree that the guards of the baggage train, left on the top of the hill, were seized with a desire to take part in what was going on; and as they hurried down, and their running became visible, they presented to the barbarians the appearance of a larger force than they really were—there was no longer one of them that chose to stand his ground, so that the place was strewed with eight thousand corpses, the Rhine hidden by the bodies of those drowned through their want of knowing how to swim; the islands of the river were full of the dead lying about, whilst the victors went after those that had concealed themselves in the woods, whilst to the most remote barbarians corpses and arms carried down by the stream told the tale of the battle. But—greatest luck of all—when netting the fugitives on the islands, in this chase they caught the chief along with his subjects, and carried him off by catching hold of his hands, without stripping him of his armour, being a man very tall and very handsome, attracting all eyes both by his personal appearance and by his equipment. The sun after beholding all this came to his setting. The barbarian chief our prince questioned concerning his audacious attempt—he admired him so long as he used language that displayed courage; but when he followed up his spirited beginning with a base conclusion, showing fear for his life, and begging for

safety—much as he was disgusted with his behaviour, yet he did him no harm, nor deposed him, out of respect for his previous high fortune, and the consideration of the mighty change brought about by a single day. Which of the festivals amongst the Greeks could one compare to that evening, when the leaders were drinking with one another, and counting up to each other all those they had borne down in the battle, whilst some were laughing, others singing, and others bragging of their exploits! He that was debarred from food on account of his wounds, found a sufficient consolation in the wounds themselves; even in their dreams those warriors were conquering the barbarians, and during the night again they were reaping the pleasure of what they had toiled for in the day; for it was after a long, a very long, interval of misfortune that they had erected this trophy over the barbarians, and were the more greatly rejoiced by the unexpectedness of the event. And yet—whether it was that they were naturally cowards, but that Julian had made them heroes, like some god inspiring them with courage, and the strength to do what was greater even than too great for man. Nay rather, they were brave souls whom badness of their former leaders had paralyzed. And what is more glorious than to lead the good to the opportunity of exhibiting their virtues? But it was some deity, I believe, that, working unseen, had rendered their actions more splendid; and truly 'tis more respectable to fight with heaven on one's side, for in my opinion it is more to the glory of the Athenians to have performed what history tells at Marathon with the *aid* of Hercules and Pan, than had they achieved the same victory *without the help* of the gods.

Now any other man, after so great a victory, would have disbanded his army, and returned to his capital to feast his eyes with circus races and theatrical amusements, and have reposed himself—not so Julian. The bearers of the standards, who had given way, he punished in order

to teach them to keep their post; yet spared their lives, granting to their victory the remission of the capital sentence: but the Giant, the king, his prisoner, he sends to Constantius[1] as the news-bearer of his own fall; considering it to be his own duty to labour, but to give up all prizes of the sort to his superior—like Achilles conceding his booty to Agamemnon. The latter held a triumph upon the occasion, and plumed himself, and was glorious through another man's dangers; inasmuch as the German chief also, who had crossed over in company with the one in question, but had advised not fighting, Julian so terrified by what had happened, that he made him run off, and throw himself into the hands of Constantius. In this way the latter became master of both the kings, the one giving himself up, the other taken prisoner.

But I will repeat what was said above, Julian did not fall into the same weakness as those conquerors, whom a victory dismisses into amusements and idleness: he did not allow his soldiers, desirous as they were of it, to lay down their arms; but holding that what had been done was the act of men defending only their own, whereas it behoves the brave to exact vengeance also for what they have suffered, he led them into the enemy's land, instructing and telling them that what remained to be done was short, and rather an amusement than a labour, as the barbarians were like a wild beast that had been hit and was waiting for the finishing stroke. And he was not in the wrong; for when they crossed over, the natives that were of age to bear arms deposited their women and children in the woods, and saved themselves by flight. But Julian wasted their villages with fire, and brought out all that was concealed; the trees did not hinder him:

[1] Who made him Duke of Mesopotamia, in accordance with the wise policy of the empire to utilize such restless spirits, by occupying them where they could do no harm.

forthwith there came an embassy using humble languaage, suited to their present evil case. The proposals were these, that the Romans should stop where they were, and desist from ravaging the country, and hold them in future for friends. He makes a truce, in fact, and the term of the truce was the present winter only; from which, even without a truce, the natives would perhaps have gained a respite. Thus much, then, did he concede to the vanquished; but he himself accepted not of it; for a thousand Franks,[1] to whom snow and flowers are equally pleasant, who were pillaging some villages in the middle of which was a deserted castle, he shut up in this castle, surrounded them with a palisade, and forced them by famine to surrender, whom he then sent off to his superior in chains,—a most unheard-of thing, for it is a law with those warriors either to conquer or to perish: and nevertheless they were made prisoners, having suffered the same fate with the Lacedæmonians at Sphacteria. Now the emperor, who received these prisoners, styled them *a gift*, and incorporated them with his own legions, believing that he was placing amidst the latter *towers of strength*: so much was each of these Franks a match for many ordinary mortals!

Now this was one exploit of such importance in the winter: another followed not inferior to it. A whole tribe having unexpectedly run down upon the country, he hastened off himself for the purpose of expelling them, with the aid of the troops stationed to guard the part in danger: the latter, however had discovered the incursion, and before his arrival had repulsed the enemy with no small loss of men. Thus the prince, both when *present* and when *coming*, was alike victorious: and these things he achieved just starting up from amidst his books; or rather, in marching against the adversary, he marched with his books, for he had always in his hands either

[1] φρακτὸυς in the text, which makes no sense.

books or *arms*, believing that war was wonderfully assisted by philosophy, and that a prince competent to give counsel threw more weight into the scale than a fighting one. For example, the two following things were assuredly of the greatest advantage to the public, and display a certain ingenuity of invention—his augmenting the zeal of the brave by the rewards that he obtained for them from him who awarded things of the sort; and his making those that plundered the possessions of the enemy masters of all that they should seize: for this very thing was clearly of a piece with the order, that whoever brought in the head of an enemy should receive a piece of gold for his bravery.

His reputation spreading at once over the world, every soldier loved the man that was a lover of action; men of letters loved him also; and of those residing at Athens, such as were conscious of their merit, flocked to him, as of old the philosophers to Lydia, to the court of Crœsus. But Crœsus exhibited to Solon his treasures of money, because he possessed nothing more precious than them—whereas Julian unlocked to the comers the treasures of his soul, wherein[1] lay the gifts of the Muses: the prince also composed verses with which to compliment his visitors; and even now you may meet with and read the same. Thus, then, did he hold revels with the servants of Mercury and of Jove: but when the season gave the signal, he forthwith marches out, and upsetting everything in the neighbourhood of the river (the Rhine), he so terrified the natives that they begged leave to change their residence and become a part of the Roman dominion, thinking it more desirable to live under him than in their own country: they asked for lands and they received

[1] ὡς in text, corruption from ὅις: ἔπη seems out of its proper place, and ᾖδεν written for ᾖδει. These corrections would give a good sense, thus: "Wherein were stored the verses that came from the Muses; and the prince knew how to compliment with these verses all who visited him."

some: and he employed barbarians against barbarians, deeming it a much finer thing to *pursue* with such means, than to *fly* in company with his own side. So much indeed was achieved without fighting: but having determined to cross the river a second time, and in the absence of boats having obliged his horse and foot to swim the river, he advanced, laying waste and taking booty, for there was no one to hinder him: late at last did the unhappy natives sue for mercy, just before the fire touched. But he, thinking that the day had now come which should heal all the wounds of the Gauls, at first dismissed the suppliants with contempt; but when they returned again, bringing their chiefs in person as suppliants, and they who bore the sceptre humbled themselves to the ground, then, reminding them of their long-continued insolence and their innumerable offences, he bade them purchase peace by healing the mischief they had done, by rebuilding towns, and bringing back persons. They promised, and did not fail: timber and iron were brought in for the rebuilding of the houses; and every one of the captives was set at liberty, and caressed by the man that just before flogged him, in order that they should bear no malice: whilst they had to give proof of the death of all whom they did not restore amongst those they had carried off; and the truth, in such cases, was judged of by the released captives. From the Ten Thousand soldiers of Xenophon, verily the first sight of the sea, after such a multitude of mountains crossed and toils endured, drew forth a shout and tears mingled with joy; and they embraced one another, the partners in so many dangers: but these men did the same, not when they saw the sea, but when they saw each other; some of them beholding relatives escaped out of slavery; the latter recovering again family and home: and all wept with them who, though not sharing in the relationship, yet beheld their embracings; and tears flowed, far sweeter than the former tears; some of which were shed for those long separated

from home, some for those now once more united. Thus, on that occasion, did the war both tear asunder and bring together the natives of Gaul; the first part being brought about by the cowardice of the leaders, the second part by their bravery. Now the town halls were filled, and population, and trades, and revenues of money grew apace, and the betrothals of daughters, and marriages of young men, and journeys from home, and feasts and solemn assemblies, resumed their former order; so that were one to style this prince the *founder* of those cities, he would not be far wrong. For some towns he gathered together again after they were dispersed, to others that were all but emptied he restored the inhabitants; and the fact of no one's fearing his neighbour inspired fear into others. No longer therefore on the approach of winter did any of the barbarians sail out on their accustomed piratical expeditions; but they stayed at home, and fed on their own things, not so much truly out of respect for treaties as out of fear of war; since even those that had not obtained a truce, the terror hanging over them warned to keep quiet. That greatest of all islands under the sun, and which the ocean encompasses, he viewed in his deliberations, and sends[1] (to Constantius) the accounts of the expenditure, which by name was *military*, but in reality was the perquisite of the governors; and those who committed this fraud he compelled to be honest. A second thing he did much more important than this, and extremely beneficial to the Gauls. The corn that was brought formerly from that island, after the sea-passage,

[1] Some word has evidently dropped out here, the sense requiring that Julian should send *for* the statement of the expenses of the military establishment in Britain (or else a commissioner to investigate) without farther application to his superior, for Libanius adds that Julian himself corrected the abuses. Perhaps Alypius of Antioch was the *person sent* to examine into the affairs of Britain, for he is mentioned by Ammian as having governed the island "pro præfectis," *i.e.*, superseding them.

by way of the Rhine, the barbarians, after they had got the upper hand, did not allow to pass; so the merchant-ships were drawn up on the shore and left to rot, and but few put to sea; and of these the cargo was discharged in the sea-ports (on the Gallic coast), and waggons served instead of the river [for its conveyance inland];[1] and the business was one of the greatest expense. Endeavouring, therefore, to change this, and thinking it grievous if he could not put the corn-trade upon its old footing, in the first place he appointed *sailing*[2] ships of war (which had not been done before), and planned in what way the river should receive the corn for him.

Whilst he was engaged in these matters, a subordinate prosecuted his superior for peculation. For Florentius used to sit in judgment as Prefect, and being trained to robbery, and having, too, on the present occasion been bribed by the defendant, vented his rage upon the plaintiff out of goodwill towards a brother in the trade. But as his rascality did not escape detection, and people were talking to each other of it, and the whispering annoyed even his own ears, he begged the prince to try the case himself. The latter, however, refused, on the ground that this power had not been given to him. And *this* Florentius did, not for the sake of obtaining a just sentence, but from supposing that Julian would side with him, even though he were proved guilty. But when he perceived that the truth had more influence than his favour with the prince, he was grieved to the soul, and calumniated by letters [to Constantius] the person[3] with whom he [Julian] was most intimate, for egging on the young prince, and he caused his

[1] A most curious revelation of the high cultivation of Britain in the fourth century—that it should have become the granary of Northern and Eastern Gaul.

[2] This "sailing" was the novelty—the Roman war-ships being gallies moved by oars only. Julian probably took the idea from the sailing pirate craft of the Saxons and Jutes.

[3] Probably Sallust.

expulsion from the palace, though he stood in the place of a father to the Cæsar. In return therefore the latter did honour to his friend by a composition which to the present day testifies to his grief upon their separation, but whilst he smarted under the wrong, he at the same time stuck fast to what was left him; nor did he become any the worse disposed though so greatly injured, nor did he think it right to exact vengeance from the Roman empire for the ill-treatment he had suffered: on the contrary, he went down to the very Ocean and rebuilt a city called Heraclea,[1] the work of Hercules, and he brought the corn-ships into the Rhine, whilst those who were expecting to prevent their entrance were ready to choke with rage, but yet unable to hinder him. He then marched along, skirting the land of those under truce, in order that he might not in spite of himself do them any damage by marching through them against the enemy. And so at once the transports sailed along, and the army of the enemy moved in line with them with the object of preventing them from throwing a bridge across the stream. On this occasion let each contemplate this consummate general, and how there was no impossibility that he did not at once contrive to meet! For when as he advanced and reconnoitred the opposite bank he espied a suitable place, such that if occupied it would afford security to the occupiers, having left behind some vessels and a small body of his own troops in a hollow place of his own bank, he advanced himself and obliged the enemy to move on an equal distance: but when he pitched his camp at night he gives the signal to those left behind to cross over and seize the place. These obeyed orders, and took possession of it, whilst the others returned and made a bridge, commencing from their own side and terminating in the place that had been occupied. This

[1] Which therefore must have been situated near the navigable entrance of the Rhine. There was a temple to Hercules at some place in that vicinity, named Deuson, for which the Gallic emperor, Postumus, professed particular veneration.

inspired the barbarians with the idea of more than one bridge having been made, and they supposed that there were not a few of the dangers surrounding them that they were not aware of. Therefore they thought better of such as had already come to terms, and came themselves begging for the same treatment and upon the same conditions. But Julian after burning and spoiling their land, when at last he was satiated, comes to terms with them; and again occur the restoration of captives and many tear-moving scenes, similar to the first.

Now when the Gauls and the surrounding Barbarians had thus resumed their original conditions, the former blooming once more, the latter drooping; the former engaged in festivals, the latter lying in lamentations; the one having lost the power which they thought they should hold for ever, the others having recovered the force to which they never hoped to return again; and every voice was singing his praises, not so much for his success in arms as for his sagacity; there fell upon him envy on the part of the man that owed him triumphal wreaths: and the part of the army that was in fine condition and ready for all service,[1] this person summoned and sent for, whilst that which was invalided and formed a cypher instead of a *reality* he allowed to remain, his pretext being the Persian War, and that the peaceful state of Gaul did not require an army; just as though oaths were not easily trampled upon by the faithlessness of barbarians, and it were not needful that the security of arms should be added to that of treaties of peace. I think, however, that Constantius did not require any larger force against the Persians than what was already with him, for a part was sufficient; and after having assembled so great a host he would never

[1] The intended draft was of no more than 4,000 men—a strong proof of the smallness of the military establishment maintained in the West. The same thing appears from Eumenius' remark that Britain was held by a single legion when surprised by Carausius "occupata legione." The legion at this period was reduced to 1,000 strong.

have come to blows with the Persians, because he had resolved to defer it for ever. Far different, however, was his motive: he wished to blast the prince's actions and growing reputation; nay, rather to ruin that which he had gained, by bringing again upon him and his few worn-out soldiers the flower of the barbarians, for he was desirous that a contrary report to the then prevailing one should be everywhere spread abroad, namely, "that Julian himself is shut up and besieged, that nothing checks the enemy, but they are again taking towns, and pulling down cities, and seizing upon and cultivating the land of others." For he was well aware that however good a general that prince might be, he would suffer the same fate with the pilot of a great ship deprived of sailors, for not even *his* skill would compensate for the want of the whole crew to the vessel. Thus did that most excellent sovereign begrudge the power he had himself bestowed to him that had shaken off the yoke of the barbarians.

The high-minded prince, therefore, being reduced to desperation, and seeing that his ruin would be the consequence both of obedience and of disobedience (for the stripping himself of his forces involved his slaughter by the enemy, but his retaining them by his friends), he preferred to be left alone and meet his fate rather than seem to be disloyal; deeming more tolerable the blow from the enemy than that which his kinsman was about to strike him. Thus he gave permission to the sycophants of his elder colleague to do what they wished; and these, beginning with his very guardsmen and those whom he most trusted, rushed through the whole army picking out men until they left him soldiers fit for nothing but to say their prayers. And he put up with this, not indeed without tears, yet he thought proper to suffer it. But when the dispersed cohorts were set in motion from all quarters, a lamentation was raised to heaven from every side, from poor and rich, slaves and free men, farmers, townsfolk, men and women, young and old, thinking they

were all but cast for a prey to their enemies, and that the evils long since [1] eradicated were about to spring up once more. But above all, those women that had had children by the soldiers point to their infants, especially those at the breast, and shaking these on high instead of supplicatory boughs, besought the prince not to betray them.[2] When the latter heard all this, he advised those who were come from Italy to lead the soldiers off by a different route, and keep them far away from the city in which he was stationed and was then residing, for he was afraid, I suppose, lest they should do what they actually did well in doing. But as those fellows (the imperial commissioners) paid no attention to his advice, but led into the city the flower of the legions, of whom he was henceforth despoiled, the entire population began to entreat them to remain, and save all for whose sake they had laboured. They, on their part, felt pity for the petitioners, and were averse to the journey. The prince perceiving this, addressed them from the usual tribunal in front of the city, to the effect that there was no debating about what had been already settled by his superior. They for a long while received his address in silence, and made no response; but when it became evening, or rather about midnight, they put on their armour and surrounded the palace; they shouted out and gave him the supreme dignity and title. He was indignant at what happened; but nothing was to be done, except to forbid anyone indoors to touch a bolt. But when day showed itself they broke open a door and dragged him out, brandishing their swords, to the same tribunal; and then came a long strife between expostulation and clamour, whilst the one was speechifying in order to prevent the step into which he was being drawn,[3] the others

[1] *πύλις* in text, certainly for *πάλαι*.

[2] Ammian says these soldiers had enlisted on the express condition of not being sent out of their country on foreign service.

[3] *οἷς ἠγεῖτο* in the text, makes no sense, "soldiers under his command," but must read *ἤγετο*.

endeavouring to vanquish him by their noise. But when he declined the fillet of gold, and sheltered himself under the excuse[1] of the ancient custom, a certain man, tall and superior in other respects, standing behind him, put round his head the *torques* he was himself wearing, and invested him with the higher dignity.

Vanquished, therefore, by necessity, and unable to repress the ungovernable passion boiling in them, he made his first display of high spirit in the case of the very men who had bestowed this power upon him, for instead of seeking means to find them pay, and courting them with large donatives, he made proclamation that they must take his will for law; and therefore it was his pleasure that no one of such as had opposed what had taken place should be molested, nor the sword be drawn against them, nor to terrify them by a look, nor annoy them by a word, but to treat in the same manner those that had fought against their purpose as those who had shared in it. And yet, what other man in his place would not have stimulated them to vengeance? Not so he—he wished not to pollute his accession to empire with bloodshed or the charge of treason. For this reason he issued orders moderating their zeal; and forthwith those who had trembled made their appearance cheerful and bold, and stood around his throne, grateful for escaping death; for which escape they did not make a fitting return; but "in payment for a benefit they were not bound"[2] (according to the proverb), on the contrary, they plotted how to kill the prince by stimulating by great promises to the deed the eunuchs highest in office in the bedchamber. But when the murder was on the point of

[1] Probably, that the *diadem* was a modern innovation, but the *laurel wreath*, the proper ancient distinction of the Roman imperator. This view is supported by Ammian's statement that for some months after this election he did not assume the diadem, but contented himself "vili corona."—See p. 182.

[2] "Payment for kindness is not a debt recoverable at law."

accomplishment, a certain soldier was inspired by Apollo, and sang aloud what was about to happen, and called together the multitude to help, and traced out the conspiracy; and, wonderful to say, not even the creature who served as their instrument was put to death. But when he (Julian) perceived that those who favoured the other party, were conspiring close to him, and even had the impudence to say on one occasion that perhaps it were better for him to descend to his former station, and quit that which he now held; he taking the gods for the only competent advisers in such great emergencies, consulted them, and received answer that he must remain in the post he held. And having thus received the vote of heaven in his favour, as well as the unanimous sanction of the army, he despatches governors to all the cities; in place of bad ones, good men; in place of dunces, men of education. He also formed an army out of those who had been forced to turn banditti, the men who having joined Magnentius in his enterprise and been unsuccessful, had taken to the highways, and maintained themselves by unlawful means. These men he called to arms, giving them impunity to show themselves, and thus freed them from the necessity of crime, and travellers from the fear of them. Then marching to the Rhine, and having shown the Barbarians his head [with the imperial diadem], and having bound them with strong oaths, he hastened away to the contest sorely against his will,—or rather to the succession to the sceptre, without war against his kinsman: for he had learnt from the gods, and knew what was about to happen. But stop! I have omitted a circumstance well worthy of mention, and this must be related. When envoys were passing to and fro on both sides, and those from that part of the world (Julian's side) petitioning that he might continue in his present dignity [of Augustus] but to enjoy nothing more in reality —those from this quarter insisting that he should descend entirely from that title, and return in all points to his

original condition;[1] which meant for himself to perish, with the greater part, that was attached to him, of the army, and his friends to boot; for his own death he cared but little, but held it atrocious to turn traitor to those most dear, when these things were going on and Constantius was again having recourse to his old device of calling in the barbarians by letter, in the same way as before, and begging them as a personal favour to enslave the Roman territory—he allows but one only out of many to break their engagements. This one both plundered the country, and at the same time kept up a revel in the lands which he had gotten for his reward; and just as though he were doing no wrong, he used to go and feast with the generals of our side; and kept at his potations the very person who winked at his breaking the truce. Julian, however, crossed over into his country and inflicted on him a punishment that no one can blame: for when all those chiefs flocked together in great alarm who had kept their faith, and were grievously ashamed of this one's transgressions, and added oaths upon oaths of fidelity—he mounted upon a lofty tribunal in the middle of the Barbarian country, and looking from above upon their chiefs standing together with the multitude in the attitude of subjects, after partly reminding them of his benefits, partly threatening them in case of disobedience, he took his departure. And by this time a certain force had been got together, of which not so much the *amount* as the *zeal* was to be admired, who bound each other by promises and pledges that full surely they would do everything, endure everything for the sake of victory; and would fear nothing save the disgrace arising from the not keeping their word. But as the oath was going the round of all,

[1] Constantius actually proposed to him to quit Gaul, and return to a private station on condition that his life should be spared! To comply, was to renew, in a worse form than before, the cruel political executions and proscriptions that had followed the fall of Magnentius.

a certain man, or rather hermaphrodite,[1] Nebridius, who was Prefect, having received this appointment from the elder emperor, found fault with what was being done, and condemned the oath, and refused it, giving those that had sworn it the name of *Barbarians;*[2] such a sycophant was he. And having thus drawn down upon himself universal indignation, he would deservedly have been cut to pieces by the man who had already wounded him, naturally enough, but was saved by being as it were "enveloped in a cloud;"[3] and this mercifulness of Julian's some may with reason censure; so great, however, was the humanity of this our own sovereign.

Rushing thence like a torrent, mastering all that come in his way, ever growing in numbers, seizing upon the bridges, surprising his opponents in their sleep, feigning to attack them in a different quarter, but approaching them in the rear, making them expect something different and attempt things in vain; making use of the land, but when the rivers were not watched, sailing down them with a small party whenever it was possible; leaving the guards on the frontiers undisturbed, but taking possession of the towns; effecting all he had proposed through persuasion, through force, through stratagem. Such, for instance, was the following fact:—Having equipped his men in the armour of the soldiers whom he had captured, he sent them against a certain well fortified town; the people thought those approaching to be their own men, and opening their gates admitted the enemy. But the most pleasing thing of all was that—having seized beforehand on the beautiful Italy, and having also possessed himself in advance of the Italians, those excellent soldiers,

[1] Nebridius hardly deserves *this* name for his courage in retaining his allegiance to the sovereign whose officer he was, under such trying circumstances.

[2] *i.e.* enemies of their country.

[3] By Julian's throwing his robe over him.

and their numerous and strong cities, and a territory sufficient for a great empire—on no one occasion was he laid under the necessity of fighting and bloodshed, but the mere opinion of him sufficed, with the news of the coming of the sovereign. Of mighty service also to his cause were the letters of that coward and traitor, with which he called on the Barbarians. Thus making his way by water and by land, through cities opened to him, and through opened camps; enumerating his labours in those noble manifestoes[1] which exasperated the hearer against the one emperor, and gained him over to the other, and this too when he was bringing a very inconsiderable part of his army with him. Yet the Macedonians revolted in his favour, as did also Greece, which hailed the moment for which she was praying in silence and without an *altar*—for there was none. Opened was the temple of Minerva and the temples of the other gods, the emperor in person opening them, and honouring them with gifts, and himself offering sacrifice and exhorting others to do the like. And knowing that the *gods* had been brought to judgment before the Athenians, he condescended to give in a justification of his own conduct; and he, the sovereign, appointed the people of Erechtheus for his judges—sending them his defence in writing. For he held it to be the privilege of a tyrant not to be judged, but of a lawful sovereign to give the reasons for his actions.

In the course of his expedition, also, he pacified by means of letters a quarrel which had broken out between the consecrated families, and which was splitting the city into factions. So the Athenians offered sacrifice after long intermission, and prayed the gods for what they *meant* to give though no one should pray for it. Now he still advanced, having divided his forces into three

[1] Of which the most important, "The Epistle to the Athenians," has alone survived—a statement of his government in Gaul, his provocations, and reasons for moving against Constantius—a masterpiece in its way.

bodies; and this, too, although Thrace was occupied by the opposite party; for he hoped speedily to get the better of them. And when he arrived at the Bosporus with the intention of seizing the passage, posts brought him news from Cilicia announcing the death of his senior at the Springs; whom, whilst talking bigger than Xerxes of old, and deliberating how he should treat the person of his opponent (for he fancied he had him in his power before he caught him), Jove, that (as Sophocles hath it) "hateth the vauntings of the boastful tongue," had hampered with disease and carried him off. Now to others the news looked like a fiction, a contrivance, and a stratagem—a thing that ought to be distrusted; but Julian sent for a book out of his trunk, and showed them certain oracles, much older than the intelligence, and verified by that intelligence; and how that the messengers were come by the sending of God; who had promised them a victory unstained by bloodshed, and warned him to make haste, lest in his absence someone else might seize the empire. Reading this, therefore, and seeing that the war had met with an issue so good and so much to be desired, and hearing of the death of a man that had entertained the feelings of a savage beast towards himself, he did not turn to feasting and carousing, and the amusements of the theatre; but now that the oracles were fulfilled, and land and sea were subject to him, and no one dared to look him in the face, and all were agreed that all should belong to one; no longer constrained to anything that he did not please; and when all the palaces were unlocked to him, he burst into lamentation, and his tears dropped upon the prophecies, and everything gave way to natural feeling; his first inquiry was about the deceased, and "Where is the corpse, and has he received the honours due?" So kind was he towards the man that would have imitated the conduct of Creon[1] towards himself! And his atten-

[1] Who ordered the corpse of Polynices to be thrown to the dogs.

tions to the departed emperor did not stop here; he went down to the harbour of the capital, having assembled all the population, and whilst the corpse was carried across the water, he uttered lamentations; and held the coffin with his own hands, having laid aside all the marks of royalty except the robes—not deeming it right to blame the *body* for the things plotted by the *soul*. And after that personage had been honoured with the marks of respect befitting his station, the emperor made a beginning with the gods—that is, with the religion of the capital—by offering libation in the sight of all, taking pleasure in all its accompaniments; laughing at such as followed not his example; endeavouring to *persuade*, but not presuming to *force* their conscience. And yet terror was hanging over the corrupt; there was amongst them an expectation that they would have their eyes put out, have their heads cut off, and that rivers of blood would flow in massacres: "for the new sovereign will invent novel modes of compulsion, compared to which trifling will seem fire and sword, and throwing in the sea, and burying alive, and mutilation, and cutting to pieces:" for all these things had been done by those before him; and far more grievous than these did they expect. But he blamed such as did these things, as not effecting the object they aimed at; and had discovered there was no use in compulsion in matters of their sort: for though those that be sick in body one may cure by chaining them up, yet a false belief in matters of religion you cannot eradicate by cutting and burning: but even though the *hand* burns incense, the *conscience* blames and accuses the weakness of the body, and holds to the same things as at first; and 'tis an empty show of conversion, not a change of opinions: and the end is that part of them obtain toleration, and those put to death receive divine honours. Disapproving, therefore, of such measures, and seeing that the strength of the other party had been augmented by their slaughter, he avoided what he blamed in others; and such as were susceptible of

being reformed he *led* into the Truth, whilst those that preferred the worse part he did not *drag* there. He did not, however, cease exclaiming, "Whither are ye rushing, you fellows; and are ye not ashamed of considering Darkness brighter than the Light? Do ye not perceive that ye are affected by the same disease with the impious Giants, whose stature did not really differ from those of other men, so that they should throw their fabled weapons; but it was their contemning the power of the gods that gave rise to the fable!" For he well knew that he who handles this religion with understanding, will care for his soul above all things else, and of all the good things of the soul, for piety in the first place: for *this* has the same, the very same effect in human life as the keel in a ship, and the foundation in a house: for were he to make all men richer than Midas, every city greater than Babylon of old, and overlay with gold the walls of each city, yet should reform none of their errors in religion, he would be acting like a physician, who, having taken charge of a person full of maladies in every part of his body, should doctor everything except the eyes. For this reason he proceeded to the curing, in the first place, of men's souls, becoming their guide to the knowledge of those who in reality govern heaven, and holding dearer than his own kinsmen such as were instructed in these matters; esteeming as his friend him that was a friend to Jupiter, and as his enemy him that was hostile; or rather, as a friend to himself whosoever was a friend to *Him*, yet not as an enemy every one that was *not yet* a friend to Jove. For such as he hoped to convert in time, he did not chase away, but he enchanted and led them on, and the very men who at first refused, he finally showed dancing around his altars. But in the first place, as I have observed, he brought Piety, like a fugitive, home again; erecting some temples, restoring others, into others introducing seats.[1] Fines were

[1] ἔδη in text, I suspect, should be the similarly-sounding ἃ δεῖ—"all that was wanting."

paid by such as had used the materials of temples for building their own houses: and one might behold columns carried back some in ships, others on waggons, to the plundered gods; and in all quarters were to be seen altars, and fire, and blood, and burning fat, and smoke, and ceremonies, and diviners released from fear: and on the tops of mountains were pipings, and processions, and the ox that sufficed at once for the worship of the gods and the banquet of men. And because it was not easy for the emperor to go out of his palace every day to a temple, whilst constant intercourse with heaven was a thing of the utmost importance, a temple was built in the centre of the palace to Him who rules the day; and he himself took his part of the Mysteries and communicated thereof to others; being both initiated and initiating. He erected also altars to all the gods separately. And his first action ever on leaving his bed was to converse by means of sacrifice with the upper powers, in this respect to surpass Nicias of old, so far did he stretch the limits of his zeal in these matters; bringing together the things lost, and adding new to the old. His chastity gave him a claim to have this confidence; and he that contemned all sensual pleasures was allowed to have his divinity close to his temple:[1] for nothing was done there by night unworthy of such neighbours.

What, therefore, he had promised to gods and men before his accession, he thus brilliantly performed after it; such of the cities as kept their temples yet standing he was delighted with, even before this event, and declared them worthy of receiving the greatest favours; but those that had pulled down either all, or the greater part of them, he regarded as polluted; and though he gave them a share in his benefits, because they were his subjects, it was not without grudging. In doing this, and establishing and reconciling the gods to the earth, he resembled a ship-

[1] That is, to the palace, inside of which the temple stood.

builder who again equips a great ship, that has lost her rudders, with new ones—with this difference, that he was restoring the *same* defenders to the world.

After having made these regulations about the first and most important affairs, on looking into the state of the imperial court, and seeing a useless multitude kept for no purpose, a thousand cooks, and hairdressers no fewer, cupbearers yet more numerous, swarms of waiters, eunuchs in number beyond the flies around the flocks in spring, and of all other descriptions an indescribable lot of drones, —for the grand resource for the lazy and clever at eating, was to get themselves called and enrolled of the imperial household; and the piece of gold quickly produced the enrolment—these persons, then, whom the imperial treasury maintained to no purpose, he looked upon as an injury and not as servants—he expelled them forthwith. He also expelled along with them those numerous secretaries, who though holding the rank of domestic servants, yet pretended to make the prefects their subordinates; and it was not possible to live near them, nor to salute them at meeting, but they cheated, they robbed, they forced people to sell; some paying no price at all, others not the fair one; whilst some put off paying; some reckoned to orphans the fact of not hurting them for an equivalent of the money due to them; and they went about like the common enemies of all possessing anything fine, such as a horse, a slave, a tree, a piece of land, or a garden; for they considered that these things were rather their own property than that of the owners. And he that gave up his paternal inheritance to the stronger party, was an excellent fellow, and went off bearing this title in return for his property; whereas he who thought it hard to be thus treated was a murderer, a cheat, loaded with crimes, liable to punishment on many accounts. Thus making other men poor from rich, and themselves rich from poor, and growing wealthy through the poverty of those before opulent, and stretching forth their greediness to the

furthest limits of the world: they promised whatever they pleased on the part of the sovereign, and it was impossible to say them nay; but ancient cities were plundered, and beautiful things that had vanquished Time were brought across the seas, in order to make the houses of fullers' sons more gay than the imperial palace. And whilst these creatures were thus intolerable, there were many followers in each case, like lap-dogs, as the saying is, mimicking their mistresses, for there was not a servant of theirs that was not insolent, imprisoning people, pulling down, and embezzling, beating, ejecting, driving off, requiring forced labour on his land, to drive a pair of horses in his chariot, to be a master, nay, as great a one as his own lord—persons that were not satisfied with being rich, but were indignant if they did not participate in their master's dignity, as though by this means they could cloak, forsooth, their servile condition; and they, in league with their owners, had a purse that forced to tremble both street, prison, and city. These Cerberi, these many-headed monsters, he reduced to a private station, telling them to consider it clear gain that they were not put to death. A third band of rascals, officers that filched and picked pockets, and said and did everything with a view to gain, and who had defrauded their native countries of all due service from themselves, and had run away to wait upon the councils and law-courts, and culminating into imperial messenger, had bought for themselves the appointment of AGENTES IN REBUS,[1] and their pretence was of being *watchmen*, in order that the emperor might be apprised of whatever was plotted against him, but in reality they were *shopkeepers*. For just as these open their doors of a morning, and look out for custom, so did they talk about jobs to the brokers of such matters, who

[1] Officers appointed to inspect the provinces, and keep an eye over the conduct of the governors—a service giving them great power, which they very naturally abused to the fullest extent.

used to bring the working-men, although silent, on the pretence of speaking ill of the government, under the lash of those fellows—not in order that they might be lacerated, but that they should pay for the not-suffering such treatment. And no one was beyond their range; neither citizen, nor sojourner, nor foreigner, but even he that did no harm was destroyed if he did not pay; whereas the very great culprit, by sacrificing something, got off clear. Now their greatest resource for getting money was any offence against the government; for instead of giving up the person convicted to the fury of those that were aggrieved, they took the part of the conspirators, instead of those who had put them in places of trust, for the sake of a bribe. Furthermore, by sending youthful beauties to visit persons that made profession of chastity,[1] and thereby bringing them under the apprehension of loss of character, they stuck upon people entirely guiltless the evidence of liars; and had these two plans for very great sources of profit. And yet again, a third—more lucrative than both put together: by giving *license to debase the coin* to such as had the audacity to do so—out of the caves[2] where that business was carried on, they drew good

[1] Evidently meaning the Christian clergy, who from their vow of celibacy, were peculiarly open to this stratagem; and whether guilty or innocent, were forced to pay hush-money to the inspector.

[2] Evidently alluding to the immense fabrication of *billon* then carried on by private speculators "in caves," whose manufactories still come frequently to light. The *gold* and *silver* of Constantius was never *forged;* but the currency of the people was the billon denarii of the middle empire, which was reproduced by casting in moulds to an incredible extent. The truth of these remarks of Libanius is attested by a discovery, placing in the clearest light these malpractices of the Roman mint-master: "In the ruins of a mint at Damary, excavated in the year 1830, was found a vase containing 4,000 billon denarii from Philip down to Postumus, 1,500 being of the latter. Also many clay moulds for denarii of Caracalla, Philip, and Postumus. But what gives value to the discovery by fixing the date of the fabrication of the

money in return for the forged, and revelled in luxury. In short, of the two sources of profit, the one lay in the unseen and clandestine ; the other in what was public and open, and which received the colour of legality—being not much less productive than the first; so that on mentioning any province, they at once added the amount of money it was possible to draw from thence. These "Eyes," therefore, of the emperor, that pretended to bring all to light, and to make the bad virtuous through the impossibility of concealment, opened every road to villainy, and all but made proclamation of impunity, inasmuch as the preventers of crime, themselves sheltered the offenders —like dogs turning confederates with the wolves. For this reason, it was as good as finding a treasure to have a share in these mines ; for he that came an Irus, in a short time became a Callias. When, therefore, one "pumped away" after another, and the cities grew poorer, and those who carried on the trade grew richer, our emperor was long indignant at it, and declared he would stop it when he had the power, and having attained to power he *did* stop it; by dispersing the whole of that fraternity and abolishing the title and office in virtue of which they wasted and pulled down everything, employing his own men for the conveyance of letters, and not giving them authority to do things of the kind. This was, in fact, making the cities free in the strictest sense of the word (ἀκριβῶς); for so long as the man stood by, that had the power to do these things, it was impossible to breathe freely. One person was hit, another was on the point of it, and even to him that suffered no hurt, the expectation of being struck became equivalent to suffering the blow. Again, because the post-mules were worn out by unremitting employment, and because the lately mentioned persons killed them by starvation, whilst they provided them-

billon, was the finding of a second vase filled with 2,600 small brass of Constantine, Junia, and Constans, all *struck* with a die, evidently meant for contemporaneous issue.

selves with a Sybaris through their starvation (for what made the work excessive, and as it were hamstrung the beasts, was the fact that it was in the power of anyone that pleased to yoke a pair and drive off, and that the order of the emperor and of the imperial visitor (*agens in rebus*), were of equal force in this particular; so that the animals were never allowed to halt, or enjoy a feed; whilst the whip was never lifted off their backs to make them run, and twenty or even more were required for a single carriage; whilst as to most of them, some as soon as unyoked, dropped down dead; and others in the harness even before they were unfastened). From such a state of things, business that required despatch was impeded; and further, the cities incurred loss as far as money is concerned. That this department was in a miserable condition, the winter season particularly proved, the service of the post-mules being then interrupted in many places; so that the muleteers ran off and kept in the mountain fastnesses, whilst the hurrying travellers had no remedy save crying out and smiting upon the thigh; and not a few opportunities for business over-slipped their execution through the delays thus occasioned. I omit mentioning the horses that suffered the same treatment, and the asses still worse; the result being that the persons who carried on these services were completely ruined. This disorder, also, Julian put a stop to, by prohibiting all posting that was not absolutely necessary, and by declaring licences of this kind equally dangerous to grant and to receive; as well as by instructing his officers, some to keep beasts of their own, others to hire them when wanted. And a thing not to be believed was to be seen, that is, car-drivers exercising mules, and grooms horses; for, just as previously the animals had been spoilt by over-work, so now it was to be feared they would come to the same state through the long continuance of want of work.

In the next place he rendered the houses of his subjects

more opulent, for he exercised the same forethought with respect to the Councils [*Curiæ*] in the towns, which of old used to flourish both with numbers and with wealthy persons, but these were reduced to nothing, all the members [*Curiales*], except a very few, having slunk off, part into the catalogue of the soldiery,[1] part into the Great Senate; for others there was some other subterfuge to shelter them, so that they took their ease, and gratified their bodily wants, and laughed at such as walked not the same way with themselves: whilst those left in the Council, being a mere handful, were eaten up with expenses, and the holding of office ended to the greater part of them in their begging their bread. And yet who does not know that healthiness of the Council is the soul of the city? But Constantius, though curing men's souls with his "Word,"[2] was their enemy by his actions, by transferring to other places such as evaded that duty, and by granting illegal exemptions. The Councils, therefore, were like so many old women, wrinkled, half dead, all rags: and those that administered justice [the Prefects] agreed with them that they had been and were hardly used, and though disposed to help them, were nevertheless unable to give them any assistance. But it was fated that these also should recover their pristine vigour: and deserving of all praise is that Rescript that every man must be called before the Council, and whoever had no valid ground for exemption should be enrolled in it. In this way he set the matter to rights, so much so that the halls proved too small for the number

[1] Ammian with an unreasonable *esprit de corps* is very bitter upon Julian's not allowing military rank for an exemption from serving in the Curia. Julian in his Misopogon enumerates amongst his other benefits to Antioch, that he did not exempt from such service even his own mint-masters. As the Curiales were responsible for the taxes paid by their towns, the honour was necessarily a burdensome one.

[2] Or, "as far as talking went." A pagan joke upon the then logical use of the term, so much in the mouth of the devout emperor and his advisers.

of those entering the Council, for there was no more getting a substitute; nor an eunuch to let one off for a bribe; but the latter, as is the place for ennuchs, discharged servile duties, without giving themselves airs on the strength of their court liveries, whilst the other servants discharged whatever duties require writing, ink, and pen; and knew how to be modest in other matters—for that they had been taught by a master like *this*, to be content to labour honestly.

Even now, therefore, you will meet with many who in consequence of that intimacy with him, are better than any philosophers, and it is my opinion that all the rest, even the common rank and file, were then far from making gain their object, but coveted glory above all things else. And you remember that those very personages at whose approach we formerly fell down prostrate, as we do in thunderstorms, now, with these very same persons, when they dismount from their horses in the public square, we shake hands and converse; and they hold it a greater mark of honour to be prouder than other people, rather than to inspire them with terror.

Law is an easy thing for princes to make (because that is their prerogative), but to do so to *the benefit of the people*, is no such easy matter, seeing that wisdom is required for that purpose; but this emperor made such laws, in addition to those he found in force, that men who lived prior to these laws of his suffered a great loss. The laws of like nature with those of his, amongst those that were in force in old times, but which had been repealed by the caprice of the sovereign, he declared to be again valid; regarding it as a more honourable object of ambition to acquiesce in things well done already, than to lay hands to no purpose upon things already settled. Next, let us consider the case of the persons who were punished [on Julian's coming to the throne]. Of the three who had enriched themselves through murders, the first [Paulus "Catena"] had gone over the whole world, accusing

people falsely,[1] and owed ten thousand deaths to both Europe and Asia; so that all who knew the fellow were sorry that it was not possible to slay the slain, and to do so thrice over, and yet oftener: the second [Eusebius] besides having enslaved Constantius—being himself a slave, and what makes it still more shameful, a eunuch—had been the prime cause of the most cruel death of Gallus. The third man [Ursulus] fell a victim to the resentment of the army, for having defrauded them, as was reported, of the imperial donatives; nevertheless after his decease he met with some amends, for the emperor conceded to his daughter no small part of her father's property.[2] Those, however, who had done injury to him personally (for there were, persons who incited others to seize the sceptre), and who had spared no terms, in any point against him, did not meet with the punishment they deserved; they were not put to death, but confined in islands, where they were taught how to bridle the tongue. Thus did he know how to avenge well others that had been wronged, but in matters against himself, he displayed this greatness of soul! He also went into the Senate, and made the supreme council sit down around him, which had for a long time been deprived of that honour; for previously it used to be summoned into the Palace, in order to stand stock-still, and hear a few words; for the emperor never went into the Senate, because from his inability to speak, he shunned a place that required an orator; whereas he, as Homer says of the good speaker, "haranguing without a stumble," sought after assemblies of the kind, and gave everyone that chose full freedom of speech towards him-

[1] He was employed to hunt up the partisans of Magnentius in Gaul and Britain. Ammnian describes his proceedings as fully justifying these remarks of our author.

[2] "Justice herself deplored the death of Ursulus," says Ammian, who allows, however, that he fell a victim to the vengeance of the military court of inquiry, without the knowledge of Julian.

self, delivering, now, a few words and sweetly, now pouring forth "like to the wintry snow flakes;" at one time imitating those Homeric speechifiers, at another, in that he was their superior in dignity, surpassing them all. Once while he was speaking, and praising some things, censuring others, and advising others, a message is brought that his preceptor was arrived, an Ionian (Maximus of Ephesus), a philosopher invited from Ionia; the prince springing down from the midst of the senators, runs to the door to meet him, inspired by the same feelings as Chærephon towards Socrates; but the latter did so, being only Chærephon, and in the palæstra of Taureas; whereas Julian was lord of all, and in the middle of the most dignified assembly; showing to the world, and proclaiming by his actions, that Wisdom is a thing more to be honoured than Royalty, and that whatever good was in him, this was the gift of Philosophy. He embraced and saluted him, as is the manner of private men to each other, or of princes to each other, and brought him in, although not a member of the Senate, thinking that he was not honouring the man by the place, but the place by the presence of the man; and having made a speech before them all, setting forth what he had been, and what he was become through his means, he retired with him holding him by the right had. What did he mean by this conduct? He was not merely, as one might suppose, paying the debt of his own education, but was encouraging youth all over the world, nay I would add old age also, to the pursuit of learning; for old men have ere this been stirred up by the love of knowledge; since everything that is slighted by the great is neglected by all; whereas whatever is held in honour by them is studied. Now he believing that literature and the worship of the gods are twin sisters, and seeing that the one was entirely extinguished, and the other in great part, in order that everything relating to these subjects should be set to rights, he brought it about, firstly by the honours bestowed upon the learned, and secondly by com-

posing treaties of his own, for he then immediately published two books, the work each of a single day, or rather a single night; of which the one[1] knocked down a fellow, a spurious imitator of Antisthenes, impudent without consideration by laying down the laws of the sect; the other contains many fine things upon "The Mother of the Gods." Part of the same plan was to render the cities intelligent by means of treatises; and to discard the barbarians at the helm of the provinces, who by writing[2] all in a hurry, and being devoid of common sense, upset the ship; but seeing those men had been pushed aside whose minds were well stored with the poets, historians, and writers whence the duty of a ruler might be learnt, he appointed *them* to govern the provinces. For this reason, when he was marching into Syria, each one welcomed him on the frontiers with a speech, a gift far more acceptable than the wild boars, fowl, and stags, that used to be offered to emperors;[3] but instead of such things came speeches; whilst rhetoricians, as officers, took their place in the imperial train; amongst whom the governor of Cilicia [Celsus], a pupil of mine, and a very great friend of his, delivered the complimentary oration to the emperor, after he had offered sacrifice, and was standing by the altar, and the perspiration flowed in streams from both parties, from the speaker himself, and from him that loved the speaker.

In consequence of all this, great was the blossoming of philosophy and high the hopes of advancement to such as had gone over to the pursuit of learning, and the trade of

[1] "Against ignorant Cynics."

[2] This word is inapplicable, στρέφοντες "steering the ship at random," suits the simile better. It appears that Constantius had appointed foreigners, probably Franks, who, says Ammian, were all-powerful at his court, to the *civil* governments of the provinces, instead of Italians or Greeks.

[3] By a singular analogy the Venetian officials received annually from the State a present of game, "osella," which in later times was commuted for coins of the same name struck for the purpose.

the sophists improved when some persons commenced their education under them, and others, though late in life, frequented their schools, going to them with beards on their chins, whilst the work of their fingers thus once more made the business of the Muses flourish; and what was really best, once more began to be accounted most honourable; and things that are only suitable to slaves ceased to be more highly esteemed than what beseem free men.[1] And yet what greater action can one name than his raising the gods, and that noblest gift of the gods, literature, into estimation out of the extremest neglect, giving free admission to sophists along the whole line of his march, providing for the right way as regards the holy gods, enduring cheerfully the length of the journey, its hardships, and the heat. He did not indeed accept the idle story about the piety of the Magi, for he was warned by the local deities, both that a plot was forming against him, and what were the means of escape. For this reason he altered the order of his march, and advanced more quickly than before, and so avoided the ambuscade. Entering Syria, he remitted the arrears of the cities, and when he had shown himself in the consecrated places, and conversed with town councillors on their seats, he hastened off to his vengeance on the Persians. He did not think proper to delay, nor to waste the season in his chair. But as both foot and horse soldiers were worn out, and begged for a little respite, he yielded to them, against his will again, for his soul was boiling over with indignation, but nevertheless he did yield to the necessity, after only uttering the exclamation, "that there would be many a one to let fly the taunt at him that he was in good sooth the kinsman of him who went before."

Let us now contemplate the emperor in his quarters, and see whether every season of his life does not offer actions deserving of our laudations. There came a letter from

[1] A glance at the theological questions so much in vogue under his predecessor.

the Persian court begging him to receive an embassy, and to settle differences by discussion. Now we others were overjoyed, we clapped our hands at it, and shouted out to accept the offer. He on the contrary ordered the letter to be thrown down with contempt, saying it were the most grievous thing possible that the cities[1] should lie in ruins whilst they were conferring together. He therefore sent the message back that there was no need for ambassadors, since they would very soon see him in person. Was not this a victory before the conflict, and trophies before the battle! The very thing that we see occur in athletic contests, when it is enough for him who is greatly an overmatch for the others merely to show himself. And the fact that monarchs felt thus upon the mere appear- of our emperor, is not too much to be wondered at (although it is certainly a wonderful thing to rout him that used to terrify one); but that after Constantius had denuded this country of troops, and Julian, who had succeeded to his powers, was still at a distance from those parts, the Persian made no attempt upon a single town, but remained quiet at the very sound of his name. *This* assuredly eclipses every prodigy! And thus was he minded with respect to the embassy, that what had taken place before demanded arms, not words. As for the soldiers, those that he had previously commanded[2] he knew were first-rate men in all respects, for they were vigorous in body, took pleasure in fighting, their weapons were of no bad make, and they went into battle calling upon the gods, whilst those soldiers whom he had succeeded to were indeed to look at both fine and tall men, equipped with their national arms, but in consequence of having often run away from the enemy they felt the same at the sight of the Persians as does, as Homer says, a man

[1] Which Sapor had lately destroyed, Amida, &c.

[2] The Gauls and Germans whom he had brought with him, and who appear, from the last words of the passage, to have been all Pagans.

in the mountains at the sight of a dragon; or, if you like it better, a stag at the view of the hounds. But being of opinion that they had been cowed in spirit not merely through the incapacity of the commanders, but also through their going into battle without the aid of the gods, he remained in quarters for nine months, engaged in procuring for them this preponderance, for he believed that neither multitude of men, force of steel, strength of shields, all things, in a word, to be mere trifling when the gods fight not on one's side. And in what way he made them to be on our side was by persuading the hand that grasped the spear to touch likewise libation and incense, so that when darts were flying about they might have those to pray to that were able to prevent all mischief. And when words did not suffice, gold also and silver co-operated for persuasion, and through a trifling gain the soldier got a greater gain, that is through a piece of gold the favour of the gods, the lords of battles. For the emperor did not think proper to call in Scythians to help him, nor a multitude that would do harm through its own numbers, and would multiply the difficulties of the undertaking, but the far heavier hand of the celestial Powers; for these did he offer for helpers to such as sacrifice, namely, Mars, and Strife, and Fury, and Terror, and Fear; those of whom the will gives victory. Wherefore if one should say that he *shot* and *cut* at the Persians, whilst he was still tarrying upon the Orontes, he would say so with truth.

In this enterprise much treasure was expended; yet this expenditure is certainly more honourable than upon theatres, and chariot-drivers, and such as combat with "pickled"[1] wild beasts—none of which amusements had any attraction for this man. For even when the constraint of custom obliged him to take his seat in the Hippodrome, he kept his eyes fixed upon other things, paying honour at once to the day and to his own affairs—

[1] That is, cooped up in confinement until wanted for the amphitheatre.

the former by his presence, the latter by continuing his attention to them; for no quarrelling, nor contention, nor shouting of the spectators diverted his mind from his meditations: nay, even when he was giving a feast, according to custom, to a motley throng, leaving the others to drink, he mingled words with their cups, only so far taking part in the banquet as not to seem to stand aloof from it. For what man ever did so strictly bridle his appetite, even of such as practise philosophy in a humble dwelling? What man has abstained so much from different eatables at different seasons,[1] whilst doing homage to various deities at their various times; for example, to Pan, to Mercury, to Hecate, to Isis, and the rest severally? What man else has cheerfully kept so many fasts, engaged in converse with the gods? For truly in his case the story of the poets was a reality, and "one of those that came down from heaven grasped him by the hair," and departed after having told him something and received his answer. His other colloquies with the gods it were tedious to enumerate, but once, having gone up into Mount Casias, to the Casian Jupiter, upon an appointed noontide, he *saw the god visibly*, and on beholding him rose to his feet, and received from him a warning through which he a second time escaped an ambuscade. If therefore it were possible that a man should share heaven with the gods, he would have been their fellow partner, the gods themselves conceding to him their own abode. But inasmuch as his material body did not permit such a thing, they came in person to visit him, becoming his instructors as to what he ought to do, and not to do. Now, Agamemnon had Nestor the Pylian for adviser, a very aged man truly, but yet a mortal; but this prince had no need of men for such purposes, for of all mankind he was

[1] In the "Hymn to the Mother of the Gods" Julian discusses at some length the reasons for the prohibition of different meats, vegetables, and fruits at certain holy seasons.

"by a long shot" (ἐκ βέλους) the most sharp-sighted, since his fore-knowledge came from those who know all things. By these guardians was he watched over, and with them he often held intercourse; fasting frequently, and never burdening his stomach with these superfluous loads; so that he went through his business like a winged thing, giving answers to embassies one after the other, in the same day; writing letters to cities, to commanders of armies, to absent friends, and to those visiting him; listening to despatches read, examining petitions, making the hands of secretaries appear slow through the quickness of his tongue. For this prince alone had brought about the union of three different occupations, namely, of hearing, of speaking, and of writing: for to the reader he lent his ear, to the writer his voice, and to such as required his signature his right hand, and he had the gift never to make mistakes in anything. *Rest* was for his ministers; for himself it was to skip from one kind of work to another, for whenever a cessation of business occurred, after breakfasting just sufficient to support life, he was not beaten by the *cigale*, but throwing himself upon piles of books he sung away,[1] until at eventide the cares of the empire again called for him; and the supper was yet more frugal than the first meal, and his sleep just so much as was consistent with such a moderation in food.

Afterwards again came another set of secretaries that had passed the day in bed; for his servants stood in need of relays, and they got their rest from one another: but he only changed his kinds of labour, and alone laboured at everything—going through the transformations of Proteus in the palace; being at once priest, book-maker, diviner, judge, general, soldier—everywhere a saviour! Neptune was shaking down the principal city in Thrace; messages came one after the other that unless someone

[1] This shows that the ancients always chanted aloud whatever they were reading, just as the Arabs of our time.

would propitiate the god the ruin of the place would be consummated. He no sooner heard it than, standing in the middle of the garden, he caught some rain-drops in his cup,[1] whilst the others stood under shelter, looking on and wondering; but the wondrous man, standing patiently thus until late in the evening, pacified the god, and put a stop to the danger. And after that day news was brought [that so it was], when they counted to the day on which the earthquake ceased; neither did the rain occasion him any personal inconvenience.

But when the winter lengthened the nights (besides many other beautiful works) he set himself to attack[2] the books that set up the god of the fellows from Palestine, and their god's son, by long controversy and by force of argument showing their stories to be ridiculous nonsense (γέλωτα καὶ φλήνοφον), and showed himself more knowing than the old man of Tyre upon the same subject. I hope this same old man (Porphyry) will pardon me, and take kindly what I have said, as being "a father surpassed by his own son."

This was the pleasure our emperor reaped from the length of the nights, whilst others were following the business of Venus. But *he* was so far from inquiring where there was a fair daughter, or wife, that had he not once been tied by Juno with the bond of marriage, he would have ended his days knowing nothing of sexual intercourse but by name. But as it was he *regretted* his wife,[3] yet did not touch another woman, either before or after her; being by his constitution enabled to be continent, and his constant occupation in the art of soothsaying concurring to require this restraint; in which occupation

[1] No doubt "My Lord's cup whereby he divineth."

[2] By his treatise "Against the Christians and their God," now lost, but partly preserved in Cyril's Reply.

[3] Helena, sister of Constantius, who had died the previous winter at Paris, immediately before he assumed the diadem. What is singular, Julian never once alludes to her in one of his numerous letters.

he spent his time, employing the most eminent diviners, and himself inferior to none in that science, so that it was not possible for any soothsayers to impose upon him, when his own eyes helped to examine what appeared in the victim; and on some occasions he came off superior to those who studied that one art alone, so wide and universal was this prince's genius. Some things he discovered through his own sense, on others he held communication with the Powers above. Hence it was that he gave office to persons whom he was not expected to prefer, and did *not* give to those whom it was supposed he would—both giving and withholding preferment by the counsel of the gods.

But, again, how genuine a guardian he was of the empire, and how greatly he preferred its interests to his own, he has shown in many instances, and will appear more plainly for the following circumstance. Being exhorted by his relations to marry, that he might get children for heirs to his power, "It was out of fear of this very thing," replied he, "that I have neglected to do so, lest they, succeeding by hereditary right, should turn out bad and ruin the state, experiencing the same fate with Phaethon."[1] Thus did he regard his own want of children as a lighter calamity than the chance of mischief to the provinces. On that account he did not shun the labour attending upon the administration of justice, as though he were dividing his mind into so many parts, though he had it in his power to leave this fatigue to the most learned and incorruptible of judges, he nevertheless

[1] He had a warning in his own family, the conduct of the three sons of Constantine; and, indeed, in that of every emperor—Domitian, Commodus, Caracalla, Gallienus, Carinus—who had succeeded by right of birth. Where the sovereign has absolute power, elective sovereignty remedies many evils in that state of things, and the only objection to it is the risk of a disputed succession. In Julian's case, even Jovian—certainly Valentinian—was infinitely better for the empire than his own son would have proved.

offered himself for one of those that try causes, and stripped himself for the *combat*—unless anyone objects to the word, and says that law cases were no "combat" for him, but rather a diversion and a rest; so easily did he repel the deceptions of the advocates, and seize upon the right thing in each affair, testing false arguments by true ones with incredible quickness of wit, refuting and baffling quibbles by means of laws; he did not, however, set himself against the rich, even when they had right on their side, and take the part of the poor and shameless, as one would do that envied the former their fortune, and was biassed by a feeling of compassion totally out of place; but he separated his mind from the contending parties, and he applied his judgment to the nature of the cases, so that occasionally the rich man came off the gainer and the poor man the loser of his suit; and yet he had it in his power, if he chose, to override the laws, and ran no risk of being brought to justice and paying the penalty of the transgression. So much more strictly than the most petty judges did he think it his duty to adhere to the rules laid down in the case of trials, that when one of those persons detested by him on account of their other offences against law was pushing his cause by means of forged papers, he himself detected it, but inasmuch as the injured party was unable to show that the document was forged, he decided that the wrong-doer gained his cause, adding at the same time, "That *he* was not ignorant of the cheat, but as the person aggrieved had kept silence, he himself, being a slave to the law, must give his vote in favour of the criminal."[1] For which reason the gainer went off with greater grief than the loser, the one being damaged in pocket, the other in reputation. In this way he contrived how not to infringe the law, and yet to punish the

[1] Julian, like Lord Mansfield, thought "he did not sit there to administer justice, but to administer law, which is a very different thing." But an emperor bound by the rules of a lawyer makes himself ridiculous.

culprit. And when the court of justice of the emperor was opened, and all had full liberty to fly for refuge thither, as many [1] as had got possession of the goods of the weaker party by means of illegal violence—some through barefaced robbery, others under pretence of purchase, came and made restitution to such as accused them; nay, even to such as remained quiet, anticipating complaint out of fear of judgment, so that each one of the oppressors became his own judge, and consequently, as they tell us happened in the case of Hercules, that such as suffered wrong anywhere, either by land or sea, used to invoke him, though absent, and his *mere name* sufficed for their deliverance; of the same force do we know was the calling upon the name of this prince. And cities, and villages, and markets, and houses, and continents and islands, and young and old, and men and women, by the saying that such a one was reigning, used to repel all aggressors; and the hand raised to strike, the sound of this name full often checked. That court often received cities that were disputing about precedence, the greatest in Syria next to our own. One of the two possessed superior beauty, as having the enjoyment of the sea. And after long arguments had been gone through, and the one party enumerated the particulars of its beauty, and the wisdom of one of its citizens, whilst those on the mainland (Apamea) vaunted the wisdom of an *alien* (Iamblichus) and of a native (Sopater), one of whom had persuaded her to cultivate philosophy, and the other had received with welcome the emperor and those that followed him from all sides; he left out of the question the splendour of the *buildings* in both, but comparing the *inhabitants* together, pronounced that city to hold the first place which was the superior in the excellence of the latter. By making a decree of such a sort did he not

[1] The courtiers of Constantius, whose peculations and extortions have been already detailed.

incite the cities to cultivate virtue, when he made no account of the beauty of things inanimate, as not competent to give preponderance to a cause with a judge who was good for anything. His impartiality in matters of religion I have already mentioned. I will now produce something still greater: that he showed this quality in the strongest light when administering justice, both towards the advocates and those for whom they were labouring, by giving full liberty to the raising of the voice, the lifting up of the hand, and other gestures, to their jokes upon each other, and, in fine, to whatever expedients they trusted in for gaining their cause; and very much in his mouth was "My good fellow" to each and every one.[1] This term he used not only towards the advocates, but to all alike—an appellation now for the first time given to subjects by their ruler, and more potent than a talisman for the breeding of goodwill, for he did not hold fear, and silence, and the keeping the hand in the robe, and bending to the ground, and looking at his shoe rather than into his face, and to show themselves slaves instead of free men in all that was said and done—it was not *this*, he thought, that magnified royalty, but the fact that no one of such as conversed with him should have more reason to admire those ceremonies than the emperor himself; since even the purple robe, that the reigning prince could not avoid wearing, he used to wear as though it differed nothing from ordinary attire. Consequently, he did not look at himself when he wore it, nor did he test the dye, nor think that by putting on a better sort he became a better man, and best of all when he put on his best; neither did he measure the happiness of sovereignty by the excellence of the *colour*, but left *that* for dyers and weavers to deal with as they chose. On the contrary, he believed that he was making his reign magnificent by the

[1] Julian had got the word out of Plato's Dialogues. No wonder it sounded strangely affable to Roman subjects.

exercise of wisdom, and the safety of the state accruing from the same, and through these means to grow more brilliant. The gold, it is true, upon his head continued there, the gods having so decreed, and this fact I believe he was informed of through the gods themselves, for he had frequently had the intention to divest his head of gold—*but He that prevented it was the stronger party.*[1] This *gold* reminds me of the crowns of gold that the several cities were sending to him, vying with each other in their weight—this one weighing a thousand gold-pieces, that one two thousand, one from another place more than both at once. But he, disapproving of the magnitude of the offering, being well aware that contributions of the sort are not collected without occasioning distress, notified to them that not above the weight of *seventy*[2] gold-pieces was the regular thing (φοιτᾶν), for he thought the honour from one and the other to be of equal value, whereas it showed covetousness to seek after gain in the shape of compliments. And the persons who carried round these laws and epistles, part of them not inferior, part even superior to the above, were so far from demanding a fee upon their receipt that even when people offered it spontaneously they would not accept it: so much danger was attached to all irregular gains, and it was well known that it was impossible for a receiver to escape detection, and that he needs must be punished for it. In this way the reputation of a good superior was not disgraced by the villainy of those that served him.

Now he was thus occupied, when all of a sudden there arose a cry in the Hippodrome of the starving population

[1] This wish to lay aside the diadem (Constantine's innovation in the imperial costume) is of a piece with Julian's dislike to the title "Dominus," alluded to in the Misopogon. It is a significant fact that the Emperor Magnentius, who set up for the restorer of public liberty, never wears the diadem on his coinage.

[2] Put roughly for 72 = one Roman pound, for 6 *solidi* of his times went to the ounce (avoirdupois), each weighing 3 dwts. troy.

[of Antioch], on the ground that the earth had been ill-treated by the weather, and the city by the land-owners not bringing into market the stores of the annual harvest, but forcing up the prices of corn. He called together husbandmen, artizans, retailers—in fine, all people of that sort—and compelled them by law to keep order; then he was himself the first to follow the regulation and bring his own wheat into the market; but when he discovered that the Town Council were fighting against the law, and making use of his supplies, but hoarding up their own, anyone, not acquainted with the events of that time, thinks he is going to hear of spear and sword, and burning and drowning—for such things seem the due of such as war against their lords. For truly this is a war without arms, to be disobedient deliberately; and when it is in one's power to join in the song, to interrupt it by discord; and what things he was bent upon establishing, to make the same null and void by every possible art. Now the right of power allowed of such proceedings (summary punishment), and yet more severe ones, and full surely anyone else would have come down upon these insolent fellows like a thunderbolt: he, however, was accustomed to bridle his anger on every occasion, then especially did he vanquish himself, and let them off the punishment that was their due, making them to suffer rather the *name* of imprisonment, than actual *bonds*:[1] not a single one, therefore, of his opposers came inside the gates of the prison; not even a night closed upon this brief and mild imprisonment; but short was the interval between the two sets of guards; the one party conducted them into custody, the other brought the order for their release. They on their part went to supper and to bed, but *he* to neither one nor the other; for *they* rejoiced for what they had *not* suffered, whilst *he* was grieved at what they *had*: and he said this

[1] Julian ordered the whole Senate of Antioch into prison, but revoked the order before they were actually locked up.

was the greatest insult he had received from the city, the being compelled to inflict such a punishment upon it. In such a way did this event, though very trifling in itself, affect him as a very serious one, and as one totally at variance with his own disposition: nor did he wait for any friends to censure it, but was his own accuser—not because it had befallen people that were without offence, but on the grounds that it was becoming in him not even on account of crimes to treat a Town Council in such a manner. For shortly after, when even more audacious measures had been taken by the city (although these terms are used of my native place, Truth before all things), he passed over the punishment of the men in power, and though he had full right to rack and put to death,[1] yet he had recourse to the arms of an orator, and avenged himself upon the city with a *book*—a thing that he had done before to a certain Roman who had audaciously committed an offence of such sort that he would justly, at the very least, have been deprived of his estates: the prince, however, did not deprive him of his wealth, but struck at him with the weapon of an *epistle*. But, nevertheless, the man so loath to shed blood, ten soldiers laid a plot to murder: they only waited for the day of the practice of manœuvres, but their drunkenness fortunately anticipated the proper time, and brought all to light; and the secret was blabbed in song.[2] Perhaps someone is astonished that a prince so mild and gentle—one that either inflicted no punish-

[1] Those suspected, with very good reason, of firing the temple of Apollo.

[2] Out of this plot Nazianzen makes his fine episode of the soldier-confessor (cap. 83). The circumstances as told by saint and sophist tally too exactly to permit doubt of their having the same event in view. Both give the occasion as the time of a grand review, and the *dénouement* as brought about at a drinking-party. According to the Christian version of the facts, these soldiers were exasperated at having been seduced into burning incense, and rushed upon the emperor to upbraid him for the deception.

ment at all, or else one lighter than the culprit's deserts—should have had enemies amongst his subjects: the cause of this I will explain when I come to mention his end—an end so full of sorrow for me!

At present it is the place to speak about his intimate friends—that is, of those who lived intimately with him. Some *were* very good men, and had that reputation of it; but others had the reputation and were not so: the former nothing at all ever changed, whilst the latter, time unmasked. For when he had taken possession manifestly of the empire, and was become lord of the treasures and of all else that constitutes imperial power, then some of their number attended him without fee or reward; they did not attempt to make their own wealth greater by means of his revenues; they deemed it ample (R. 590) gain to love and to be loved, and to see the same man attached to them who was ruling so vast an empire; and to receive with discretion—yea, often by his *express command*—an estate, a cavalry troop,[1] a house, silver, gold: but they saying they were rich enough, declined his largesses. Thus acted the best amongst them: but others who had long been thirsting for money (though pretending to despise it), having bided their time, made the most of it when it dawned upon them—they begged, and when they received they begged again; neither did they cease from pocketing, and there was nothing that could appease their greediness. He, on his part, through generosity lavished his money on them, but thought all the worse of them for the future: he was vexed to have been deceived in them, but nevertheless put up with their conduct out of regard to the length of time [of their intimacy], and he esteemed the reputation of being constant in friendship as preferable to the ridding himself of people of such a character: since

[1] A sinecure colonelcy; the tribunatus alluded to by Juvenal's

"Semestri *vatum* digitos circumligat auro."

Libanius is here singing his own praises to an intelligent audience.

he was not ignorant of the disposition of any one amongst his intimates, taking pleasure in such of them as were men of merit, and annoyed with those of different sort, he clung fast to the one, whilst he did not drive away the others: nay more, a *sophist* who displayed a soul superior to his title he would respect, whilst a *philosopher* that fell below his profession he used to contemn: but through his wish not to appear forgetful of old friendship, when arrived at the imperial dignity, he put up with and winked at everything.

But I see you are longing for the recital of the latest and greatest of his performances, the way in which he handled the Persians and their country in his expedition against them: and this is not to be wondered at, since you have long had your attention fixed upon that quarter of the world, and are acquainted with the main fact—that he fell in the midst of victory; though as to the particulars, some you have not heard at all, and others not correctly. What makes you so eager for the story (R. 591) is the thought of the might of the Persians, and how great was the power of Constantius whom they used to vanquish, and against what pride and audacity the hero of my speech did so fearlessly advance. The fact is that Constantius, besides the possession of the islands and the regions lying upon the Atlantic, was master of the land from the very shores up to the streams of the Euphrates —a region producing other things of all sorts, and tall men and courageous souls, wherewith to form an army invincible. Nevertheless this prince, so abounding in resources, the possessor of innumerable and splendid cities, in receipt of those vast tributes, he that was drawing that immense amount of gold from his mines,[1] he who clad the bodies of his cavalry in steel with greater care

[1] Probably those then worked in Thrace; for a few years later Ammian mentions the miners joining the Gothic invaders, because they could not endure the weight of their taxation.

than the Persians themselves, who protected from wounds the very horses by means of armour[1]—this prince, having inherited a war from his father that called for courage befitting an emperor, and a soul knowing how to employ his forces to the best advantage, he, just as though he had determined to assist his adversaries, never took thought how he might wrest anything from them, or defend his own from falling into their hands, but leading an army, year by year, at the beginning of summer, whilst *they* were laying siege to places with the opening of *spring*, crossing the Euphrates and halting his mighty armament in its vicinity, with the intention of beating a retreat if the enemy should show themselves, almost within hearing of the lamentations of his besieged subjects, he thought it better generalship to avoid fighting and not to succour his own people! What, therefore, was the result of his camping there? The one monarch battered down walls, demolished towns, and returned home carrying away goods and captives; the other sent out persons to view the desolation, and was grateful to Fortune that no greater mischief had been done, and made his return through the middle of the cities in broad daylight, welcomed by the population with the cries that are appropriated to victory! (R. 592.) And this was the programme of each successive year. The Persian king crossed the frontier, the other *intended* so doing; he attacked the fortifications, the other began to move; he was on the point of taking them, the other made inquiries about the matter; he took them, the other was well satisfied at not having come to blows; the one exulted in the multitudes of his captives, the other in his horse-races; the one received crowns from the cities, the other was giving them to charioteers. Is not such a man rightly to be styled an ally of the Persians? for when it is in one's power to hinder mischief, to permit it, is next

[1] Also a Persian invention: three centuries before, Propertius has, "Barbarus armato nec cataphractus equo."

door to assisting in it with your own hands. And let not anyone suppose me ignorant of that nocturnal battle (of Singara), in which both sides with mutual gall and loss separated; nor yet that sea-fight[1] upon dry land (at Nisibis), in which they with difficulty saved the town that had endured so much; for this is the very hardship of the case, that he who had received by inheritance spirits knowing how to strike fear into the enemy, trained them into feeling fear, and by a bad education unnerved courageous dispositions. What the force of training is in all matters philosophers point out, and the fable too declares; for it can change the better and the worse into the opposite to their former selves, if given to the former, of a worse kind than his natural disposition, and to the latter, superior to the same (R. 593). It (practice) has made women ride on horseback and rendered them more than a match for men in arms; and if it has forced the man endued by nature with virtue to live in the midst of revelling and drunkenness, his virtue forsakes him, and when he has learned this way of living instead of an honourable one, his former course grows hateful to him, and habit has distorted his natural character. Something of this sort do I say that prince's soldiers experienced through his fault, when they took up arms but were forbidden to come to blows, and were taught to slumber under their tents whilst their countrymen were taken captive, and not to dread disgrace, but to fear death; at which lessons they were at first impatient, as was natural for courageous men; then, less so; next they assented to, and finally they approved of them. Consequently, a dust rising in the distance, such as would be made by cavalry, did not stir them up to the conflict, but made them turn to flee. But when a squadron, and that only a small one, showed itself,

[1] Sapor had dammed up the river with the view of drowning the city, thereby converting the suburbs into one huge lake, and placing his battering train upon boats to approach the walls.

they prayed earth to swallow them up, preferring to suffer any fate rather than look a Persian in the face. And when their manhood had been thus extirpated their confidence was equally destroyed, to such a degree that in the houses where they were billeted whenever they demanded to be served by their hosts the word "Persian" put a stop to their being troublesome; and everyone used to say, jeering at them, "Here comes a Persian soldier!" and they forthwith turned red in the face and jumped away. Nevertheless, when led against their own countrymen they knew how to strike and to suffer blows, but the Persian terror, growing in the course of long years, had become so fixed in them that somebody said they even would have trembled at the Persians in a picture. (R. 594.)

These troops, so spoilt as they were, this admirable man led against the Persians, as they little by little regained the courage they had of old, and grew confident that they could pass through fire unscathed by means of his good counsel. What then were these measures? He knew the mighty force that lies in *secresy* (for nothing that is divulged is of any avail, though if kept secret it may be of great utility), and therefore never made public either the time of his invasion, the route of his expedition, the nature of his contrivances—in short, any of the things he was revolving in his mind, well knowing that whatever is spoken aloud immediately gets into the ears of spies; but orders were given to the Prefect to cover the Euphrates with boats, and to load these same boats with provisions; and before the winter had expired, outstripping the hopes of all, and rapidly crossing the river, he did not move upon the near-lying great and populous town called Samosata, in order that he might see and be seen, and receive the honours usually paid to sovereigns, but knowing that the occasion required despatch, he marched to a city possessing a grand ancient temple of Jupiter (Hierapolis), which having admired and offered up vows that the god would grant him power to ruin the Persians, he detaches

from his army twenty thousand men,[1] whom he sends off to the river Tigris in order to guard the country in case any danger should approach in that quarter, and to join him when he should summon them at the fitting time. It was arranged that the Armenian King should act in a similar manner; for the enemy was expected to march through the best of his territory with fire and sword, to give battle to the emperor; and when they (Romans and Armenians) had united their forces, either to put the enemy to flight out of his boundaries, or come to battle with them if they stood their ground.

Having given these commands, he advanced, hugging the Euphrates, which both allowed of navigation and conveyed his provisions by his side in the boats. (R. 595.) And seeing a great number of camels, tied camel to camel, and loaded with baggage, this load being the choicest wines from different countries and everything else that has been invented by man to make the use of wine more delicious, he inquired what they were carrying, and when he learnt what it was, he ordered the fountains of luxury to be left behind, saying, "That it behoves good soldiers only to drink the wine that their sword hath won; that he was himself one of the soldiers, and would have the same diet as the rest." Having thus cut off all that had luxury in it, he marched along, retaining no more than what actual necessity most required, the country itself feeding his baggage animals with excellent herbage, for spring had already set in over that region. And in their advance they espied a castle placed on an island of the river Cherbonesus, the first seen and the first taken, not by force of arms, but by terror; for when the garrison beheld the opposite hills covered with the legions, not being able to endure the flashing of their armour, they opened their gates, and giving themselves up, went

[1] This was the force under Procopius and Sebastian, whose failure to join him before Ctesiphon occasioned the ruin of the whole scheme.

off to settle in our territory. The abundance of provisions,[1] sufficient for several days' consumption, was to the benefit of each man, so that as they marched through the desert that came next, they had as much to eat as when living in the towns. There was another castle in a precipitous island, and a wall carried around the entire island, leaving nothing outside of it, not even room for the foot. (R. 596.) Thinking the occupants lucky in the nature of their post, and being well aware that if he should attempt what could not be accomplished he would only be pleasing the enemy, and that it shows equal want of sense to pass by the things one can take, and to wrestle with what cannot be conquered—saying that he would come back for them shortly, and striking no small fear into their souls thereby, and unsettling their determination by his words, he touches the land of the Assyrians: that land which renders its inhabitants blessed, partly through the plentifulness and fineness of the crops that grow from little seed sown, partly by reason of the produce of the vines and palm trees, and all other good things that are the productions of a fertile soil. All these our soldiers saw and partook of, abundant as they were in every village (for the villages were numerous and large, and like towns not very big, situated all over Assyria); our army, therefore, meeting with these comforts, did not grumble at the hardships of the march, for the prize was worth the toils they had endured, to gain the fertile land through the desert. Here they cut down the palm trees, rooted up the vines, beat down the barns, pulled down the houses with fury; they ate and they drank, not indeed to intoxication, for they were restrained by the example made of one that was executed for drunkenness; but they kept up their strength, and yet took care to keep sober. The unfortunate Assyrians, afar off from the mountain-tops, beheld their own calamities; fleeing away,

[1] Captured in this castle.

and leaving the flat country, so unfavourable to them, they (R. 597) made an ally of the River instead. In what way, then, did the River assist one side, but oppose the other? The Euphrates is the greatest of rivers, and equal to many rivers put together; inconsiderable in no part of its course, it grows to its largest size when the spring showers have melted the snow piled up by winter on the Armenian hills. The farmers dwelling about it, by cutting canals from thence inland, derive as much utility from the Euphrates as do the Egyptians from the Nile, and of both the cultivator is master as to whether the water shall flow in or not (into his canals). On the approach, therefore, of our army, by opening all the entrances for the stream, they flooded all the canals, and by these means the whole of the country. This, then, was the hardest of all our soldiers' labours, for the water spreading like a lake, gave trouble to them all, whilst that in the canals in some places reached breast high, in others up to the chin, in others even over the head. It became, therefore, a struggle of the utmost difficulty to save one's self, one's arms, provisions, and beast; whilst those who knew how to swim had a resource in their knowledge, but those ignorant of the art had all the greater labour; so that the latter were making bridges, whilst the former boldly ventured on. And those who advanced along a causeway both high and narrow succeeded in escaping a wetting, yet the narrowness of the way was a source of danger, which those who shunned, going inside of it, were drenched in the waters, and here the servant was holding out his hand to his master, there the master pulling his servant out of a hole. And though passing through perils thus great, they neither groaned nor shed tears nor grumbled at the expedition; they uttered no cross words, nor thought them to themselves; but just as though walking through the gardens of Alcinous they found amusement in the actual state of things, a better hope being, I ween, in the background

(R. 598); and, above all, their emperor sharing in the fatigue with the common men; for he did not lay boards upon the heads of soldiers, as another would have done, and so walked along without fatigue—the only one so amongst sufferers—but with his own person he was foremost to pierce through the mud, slime, and water; he encouraged the others by actions, not by words, showing to soldiers and baggage-bearers his imperial robes soaked with water. Now the Assyrians, who had caused the vast inundation, were in hopes this device would either divert the march, or wear out the strength of our troops, but they, as though endowed with wings, or as though Neptune had cleft the waters before them, continued their advance. In this way escaping with small loss, they no longer laid siege to castles, but there was a great city of the Assyrians called after the name of the king then reigning (Pyrisapor), and having within its wall a second enclosure, so as to form a town within a town, a smaller within a larger, after the manner of bowls put within bowls. And on the assault being given their alarm made the inhabitants draw together within the smaller fortification, as being the stronger of the two. Our men, having thus possession of the one wall, and making their approaches to the other, are plied with shot from the archers above, and a considerable number were killed, but by raising mounds that overtopped the wall, they reduced the besieged to surrender. The terms were that they should not be given back to the Persian, even upon the declaration of peace[1]—for they well knew their custom of flaying defaulters alive—which is a plain proof that it was not through their own cowardice that they were captured, but fighting with all their might.

Thus all things proved weaker than our emperor, and

[1] The same stipulation we have seen in the case of the garrison of Cherbonesus. It appears that Sapor's rule was to flay alive the Persians who had surrendered their towns, "pour encourager les autres."

nothing could stand against the hero. But he was severe to the enemy, severe also to such of his own men as knew not how to conquer or to fall. Thus, when the cavalry appointed to protect the advance had behaved so badly in fight as to lose their captain (after they had thrice demanded to receive a gratuity in preference to the whole army), he handed them over to the executioners, not sending their punishment behind the scenes, but walking boldly into the midst of them as they returned, and ordering (R. 599) several of them to dismount, though they were all armed and he himself had not three of his guards with him. To such a point had he trained his soldiers to obey, and to submit to whatever seemed good to their master. Having therefore met these horsemen when they were seeking with loud cries for their lost commander, and having inflicted deserved punishment, upon those who had failed to defend him, and shown to all the rest of his army what fate awaited the cowardly, he returned into his tent, having made himself more to be admired than ever. And being desirous to damage as much of the enemy's country as possible, he made his halts frequent, in order that part of the army might remain stationary within the stockade,[1] whilst it should be for the light troops and the more active to pillage the country, dispersing themselves in different directions. And these discovered subterraneous habitations, and brought back to us children of the Assyrians, together with their mothers, so that the number of captives was greater than that of the captors, yet not even so was there a scarcity of food. From thence he moves on to encounter the same difficulty—the flooded canals, or

[1] Coins of Licinius and of Constantine, legend VIRTUS EXERCITUS, show an immense *chevaux-de-frise*, its horizontal beam of sufficient width for soldiers to stand on and defend. Its being thought worthy of this monetary record, makes one suspect it an invention of the time, probably a portable defence available at short notice. Perhaps such fortification is alluded to here.

rather to the most difficult part of that obstruction, for now more numerous were the cuttings in the soil, and much greater their depth—on which occasion he showed himself yet more clearly as the father of the whole army. For when another line of march was recommended by some others, longer indeed, but beyond the reach of the inundation, he said this was the very thing he was afraid of in the march—to suffer thirst, and at the same time to be deprived of any sort of water—adding that in the one case (R. 600) there was annoyance, but in the other destruction, and that it was far better to march on incommoded by the waters than to seek for water and not get any. And remembering the fate of a certain Roman general who through similar want of reflection had destroyed himself and all he led, and having shown them directly in a book[1] the account of his utter ruin, he obliged those who proposed this inexpedient course to blush for what they had said, and persuaded the rest to fear nothing. Directly after this the palm trees on the land grew more plentiful, numerous bridges were made out of them, and the crossing over became an amusement to the generality, for there was a contest who should outstrip him that was going over a bridge, by plunging one's self into the water; and in this way the last expedient of the enemy was baffled, and the water vanquished, and high was the hope of success. Yet another defence remained for the natives, and this, too, was destined to be proved of no avail. It was a strong castle, also situated on an island, and rearing itself aloft into the middle of the sky with precipice and wall combined, such was the height of both. The space below, except exceedingly little, was girt with a thicket of reeds that covered from view the people drawing water, who, by means of a stair, unperceived by those outside, with full security under cover

[1] Doubtless Plutarch's "Life of Crassus;" that writer was certainly much studied by Julian.

of the reeds, had the use of the river. The wall also was too strong for the battering-engines; firstly, as being constructed upon an island, the whole of which it enclosed within itself; and, secondly, being upon an island of such steepness; and, added to all this, the burnt brick of which it was built was cemented together with asphalte. The strength of the castle was a reason for not attempting it, but the fact that some of the garrison had sallied out upon the advanced guard of the army, and had very nearly succeeded in wounding the emperor himself, induced the sufferers, through resentment, to lay siege to the place. So they sat down before it, whilst the Persians upon the walls laughed, jeered at, and insulted them, shot arrows and hit them, and thought they were doing the same as though they should attempt to scale the skies. Now our general at the outset did himself attack the enemy on the walls by means of stone shot and dart, and one or two fell down with the dart sticking in his body; but afterwards he connected the island with the bank by means of a bridge. Our men at this work had for protection their boats of hide, for by turning these upside down, and creeping under them, and using the bottoms of the boats for a penthouse, they were as well off for shelter as the enemy inside the walls,[1] for the Persians found fire and every sort of missile of no avail against this cover, which it was not possible to pierce with arrowheads, nor to crush with stones, nor to burn with fire; yet they were not struck with consternation at all this; but though they knew that the enemy was driving mines, though they saw they were using every kind of art, yet they kept up a revel night and day, in the belief that they were labouring to no result. Our men, however, plied the work, and fainted not, and pushing on made their way towards the upper parts. The width of the mine was the

[1] The text has *οἱμὲν εἴσω τῶν τείχων*, which must be an error for *τοῖς*.

width of a man, and the first that emerged from the opened ground penetrated unperceived at midnight into the middle of a tower; him followed a second, and then a third, and everyone was eager to be amongst those who came up. An old woman whom they found sleeping there alone along with a little child they silenced; they occupied the doors of the towers, and gave a signal to their friends below to shout; and upon a loud shout being raised, the garrison leaping out of their beds with the alarm, nothing more was wanted than to kill them all as they came in their way, for in truth the greater part destroyed themselves by throwing themselves down off the wall; there was also much hunting after such as were endeavouring to hide, and no one wished to take prisoner rather than kill, so that they flung them from above, and from below the spears welcomed the living, the half dead, and the dead. In so many ways, therefore, did they hold festival unto the hostile gods, and display the same to the Solar Deity as he rose, in this thing alone disobeying the orders of their emperor, for he had ordered to spare life and to make prisoners of whom they caught, but they, remembering the shots, and knowing who had been hit, whilst fury impelled the hand, assuaged in slaughter their vexation at the labours they had endured, and they begged to be pardoned if they inflicted the same evils as they had suffered. And upon the slaughtered men the castle also was destroyed, for it was razed to the ground more effectually than any other of the captured forts in that country, for in the same measure as that castle was superior to all the rest, by so much the more did it draw down on itself the sentence of utter demolition, for the loss affected the Persians in two ways, whether they rebuilt the place or not.

So brilliant and so far surpassing human capability was their exploit, that the one side now believed that nothing in the world could resist them, whilst the spirit of their adversaries sank along with the fall of the castle, and they

began to think that all their resources were no better than rotten. The emperor too, always doing great things, and always thinking them trifles, could not help regarding *this* as something very great; for he exclaimed, what he had never done before, "that he had given the Syrian (meaning myself) a theme for an oration." The theme, indeed, was admirable, thou dearest to me of men, but now that I have lost thee, what pleasure is there in life! But I must return to the point—the fate of the castle, in the manner I have related, produced a great bruit of what had happened, when reported to a great distance amongst those who were preparing to oppose him; so that even the baggage-bearers went up to the villages and took them, which the inhabitants had deserted without destroying them; or rather they took some things, and what they were unable to carry off they committed to the river or to the flames; as, for instance, a palace of the Persian king, situated upon the river, and containing all kinds of Persian magnificence, whatever lies in buildings, whatever in gardens, in the luxuriance of shrubs, and in the fragrance of flowers; and a herd of wild swine were kept in a walled park (*χωρίον*) opposite, in hunting which the Persian prince used to take his exercise. These furnished a feast to all the Romans. This palace was burnt, with less honour[1] than the one at Susa, as they say; and a second after this, and then a third, inferior indeed to the other in splendour (R. 604), but yet not deficient in beauty.

Doing things of this sort, they at length arrive at the cities, so long objects of their desire, the which, in place of Babylon,[2] adorn the land of the Babylonians. Through

[1] Because that was burnt by Alexander's own hand, but this by the common soldiers.

[2] Distant forty-five miles. Both towns lie on the Tigris; Seleucia founded by the Macedonians, Ctesiphon by the Parthians as its counterpoise, at three miles distance. Seleucia had been destroyed by L. Verus, and only its suburb, Coche, was at this time standing.

the midst of these runs the river Tigris, and after passing by them some little distance, unites with the Euphrates. At this point, what was to be done could not be discovered; for if the soldiers should pass along in the flotilla it was impossible to approach the towns; whilst if they attacked the towns, their boats would be useless to them, and if they should sail up the Tigris,[1] the labour would be excessive, and they would have to pass in the middle between the cities. Who then solved the difficulty? It was not a Calchas, nor a Teiresias, nor any one of the diviners; the emperor seized some prisoners out of those dwelling in the neighbourhood, and made inquiry about a navigable canal (this too from his books) constructed by the ancient kings, and leading from the Tigris into the Euphrates, at some distance from the two cities (Ctesiphon and Seleucia). Of these prisoners, the youthfulness of the one was entirely unsuspicious of his design in putting the question, whilst the one of advanced age told the truth because there was no help for it (for he perceived that the emperor was as exactly informed about the locality as anyone of the natives, so much had he, though distant, got a view of the place in books). The elder prisoner therefore tells, both where the canal is, and in what way it is closed up, and that it had been filled up with earth, and sowed over with corn at the part next its opening. At the nod of the commander all the obstruction was taken out (R. 605), and of the two streams the one is seen drained dry; the other bore along the flotilla which kept side by side with the army; whilst the Tigris coming down upon those in the cities greater than before, inasmuch as it had received the waters of the Euphrates, occasioned them great alarm, in the belief that it would

[1] If the army were forced to descend the Euphrates, along which they were moving, down to its natural confluence with the Tigris, and then to reascend the latter river, and run the gauntlet between the two great cities built upon its opposite banks.

not spare their walls. At last the choicest force of the Persians shows itself, and covers the river-bank with shining shields, with neighing horses, with bent bows, and with the huge bodies of elephants, to which it is the same thing to walk through stalks of corn and the midst of legions in battle array. These troops were opposite to us: a river ran on each side, the one close at hand, the other forced by art, and some other river at a little distance, and a second army of Persians; the country behind was cruelly laid waste, and allowed us no return by the way we came. The situation stood in need of superhuman courage for men that did not mean to perish by famine, and all looked up to One. He on his part acted like a person full of confidence; levelling a racecourse, he invited the horsemen to the contest, and assigned prizes for the racehorses. Spectators of these doings, in addition to his own men, were the enemy, part looking at the contests from below, part from their own battlements; whilst they felicitated him as being in the midst of the revellings of victors, but bewailed their own fate, being unable to hinder these proceedings. In the meantime, whilst the army was diverting itself with the horse-races, the boats were emptied of their guards, under the pretext that the rowing gear might be examined to ascertain whether it were in any way worn out; but in reality the emperor wished suddenly to embark the soldiers without previous notice (R. 606), having called together those in command after they had feasted, and proved to them there was only one way left for escape—namely, for them to cross the Tigris, and so be enabled again to have the use of an undevastated country. The other officers he found kept silence, but the one under whose command was the bulk of the army spoke in opposition, being discouraged by the height of the bank and the multitude of the enemy. To this the emperor replied that the nature of the locality would be the same however long they delayed, whilst the enemy would grow more numerous, and bad another

officer [direct the operation]. He also predicted that this officer would be successful, though not without a wound, and this wound he would get in the hand, nay, more, he added in what part of the hand, and this again—that it would stand in need of but little doctoring! Now the boats had already taken the combatants on board; but *he* stood looking up to heaven, and when he had received the *sign* from thence, he gives the signal to the tribunes, and they to the rest with all possible secrecy; they sailed, and landed, though discovered by those close at hand, and plied with shot; but nevertheless a steep bank that even in time of peace, with no one to hinder them, men without incumbrance would not have dared attempt by daylight, this same bank they at night and having the enemy above their heads, and loaded with armour, succeeded in mounting; but *how* they did it, not even now can they tell when asked. In reality this exploit was not so much due to man as to some god that lifted him with his own hands. Our soldiers therefore followed up their crossing with slaughter, and beat down such as opposed them, whilst they came upon others like an evil dream, and slew them in their sleep; and those aroused from their slumber had thus much the advantage over the sleepers that they knew what they were suffering, for even *these* had no power to defend themselves; and, as was likely in night and darkness, many swords fell upon men's bodies, many upon the trees; the latter the sound betrayed, a groan was heard when men were hit, had been hit, expected to be so, were begging quarter, were expiring; the others advanced slaughtering as they went, and the ground was covered with the bodies of the fallen, as far as six thousand corpses could cover it; and if our men had not through greediness after spoils wasted their time over the slain, but had rushed to the gates, and either torn them open or cut them down, they would have gained the famous Ctesiphon; as it was, they got the gold, silver, and horses of the slain. But with dawn of day they had to fight with

cavalry, which at first gave them some trouble; but these, afterwards, having received some loss from a single soldier who ran up to them from behind a stone fence, they took to flight. Then the rest of the camp passed over; and, whilst the latter were turning their eyes in all directions with astonishment, the slayers were washing themselves in the river, and the Persian Tigris flowed dyed with the blood of Persians. Let anyone consider their incursions into our territory, and each exploit one by one, and compare this single invasion with their numerous inroads, and he will find the latter performances to be indeed glorious, but the present superior to any one of them all; for those exploits of theirs were done when there was nobody to oppose them, but *this* was carried out fully in the face of fighting men; so that were one to ask the Persians whether they would choose rather not to have done what they had done, and not suffer what they did suffer, they would doubtless reply, beginning with the king (R. 608) himself, that they had bought their former successes very dear. Anyone may see it from the following fact—Constantius in none of the invasions was forced to descend to the begging for a truce, but after the aforesaid things had been done, the king sent to pray that Julian would end the war then and there, and that the victor, abstaining from further violence, should have the other's empire for friend and ally. Nay more, the Persian, one of the nobles who had come on this mission, went into the tent to the brother[1] of the sender, but who was marching against him with us, and embracing his knees, besought him to take part in his petition to the emperor. He then in haste and with joy, as though announcing some good news, entered the emperor's presence with a smile on his face, and looked for a reward for his tidings, but the other commanded him to keep silence on the affair, to send away his

[1] Hormisdas, who had taken refuge at the court of Constantius, and turned Christian.

visitor without his saying a word to anyone, and to pretend that their relationship was the only reason for the interview; for neither did he think it expedient to end the war, and he considered that mere name of peace was a dangerous thing to blunt the courage of the soldier; for he that is persuaded that it is at his own option not to fight at all, will fight but badly if compelled. For this reason he ordered the sweet name of truce "to bide within his teeth," and yet who else would not, in order to display to his men how great was his merit as a commander (R. 609), have held an assembly of the troops for the purpose of hearing these proposals? Nevertheless this man, though invited to peace, went up to the walls (of Ctesiphon) and challenged the besieged to battle, saying that what they were doing was fit for women, but what they shunned for men. On their replying that he must seek out the king, and show himself to *him*, he was anxious to see and pass through Arbela, either without a battle, or after fighting a battle; so that in company with Alexander's victory at that place his own might become the theme of song. His intention was to traverse all the land which the Persian empire comprises; nay more, the adjacent regions also; but he retreated because no reinforcements came to him, neither of his own side, nor from his ally: the latter through the false play of the prince of that nation;[1] whilst the second army, according to report, because some of their men had been shot at the very beginning whilst bathing in the Tigris, had thought it better worth their while to wage war on the natives. Add to this, the quarrelling of the generals with one another had bred cowardice in those under their command; for whenever the one leader was gaining victories, the other, by recommending inaction, gave advice that pleased his men.

[1] Arsaces, the Armenian, who as the former protégé of Constantius, and a zealous Christian, was very lukewarm in Julian's cause, for which treachery Nazianzen duly praises him.

(R. 609) This state of things, however, did not discourage the emperor; he did not approve of their being absent, yet he proceeded as he had planned to do if they had joined him, and extended his views as far as Hyrcania and the rivers of India. But when the army was already on the move in that direction, and part was actually marching off, the other part collecting the baggage, some god diverts him from his first scheme, and, as the poet hath it, "warned him to think of his return." The flotilla, according to his original design, had been given for prey to the flames—for better so than to the enemy. The same thing would probably have been done, even though the former plan (of advancing) had never been contemplated; but that of returning had carried the day; because the Tigris, swift and strong, running counter to the prows of the boats, forced them to require a vast number of hands (to tow them up the stream); and it was necessary for those engaged in towing to be more than half the army; this meant that the fighting men were to be beaten, and after them everything else was gained by the enemy without fighting for it. Besides all this, the burning of the fleet removed every encouragement to laziness, for whoever wished to do nothing, by feigning sickness obtained conveyance in a boat; but when there were no vessels, every man was under arms. Since therefore it was impossible, however much they wished it, to keep so many vessels, it was decided not to be expedient even to retain those that had been saved (they were fifteen in number, reserved for making bridges); for the stream being too violent for the skill of the boatmen, and the multitude (R. 611) of hands, used to carry the boat with those embarked therein into the hands of the enemy; so that if it behoves the side that is injured to complain of the conflagration, it will be the Persian that has to grumble; and full often, they say, he did complain. In this way they marched on, drinking of the waters of the Tigris, and keeping that river on the left

hand, whilst they were passing through a country more fertile than the former, so that they added to the captives whom they already had,[1] with all confidence. But when they were at the end of the planted land, and in the middle of that bare of trees, though no less fertile, proclamation is made that they must load themselves with provisions for twenty days; for thus long was the march to the noble city which, at the same time, is the boundary of our empire. Then for the first time is beheld the battle-array of the Persians—no disorderly multitude; abundance of gold upon their armour. But when one or two of our vanguard had fallen, and when all had joined battle, neither horseman nor foot-soldier stood the shields on our side, but turned and fled, being inferior in this one branch of warfare. And thenceforward there was no pitched battle, but only ambuscades and cowardly attacks of a few horsemen at a time, jumping upon the hindmost out of ditches, and not even then doing them so much hurt as they received; for the legionary getting under the lance of the horseman, and ripping up his horse with his sword (R. 612), got them both on the ground, and, truly, ready for slaughter the man in his iron shirt.[2] Now, those who came close were treated in this manner; but those that are efficient from a distance—namely, the archers—by discharging their shafts at the unprotected right sides of the soldiers, obliged us to look to them, and to advance with caution. They did advance, however, and the cloud of arrows did not check them entirely; for the emperor spurring his horse to all parts, brought help to the hard-pressed, carrying reinforcements from those out of danger to those in need, and sending the best of his officers to the rear-guard.

Up to this point he was advancing in his career of

[1] προσετίθεσαν, which Reiske translates, "increased the allowance of provisions," which seems to me very far-fetched.

[2] Being prevented from rising by its enormous weight.

victory, and it is a pleasure to me to speak—but thenceforth, O ye gods and genii and vicissitudes of fortune! to what a tale am I compelled! Do you wish that I should hold my tongue, and end the history with its more auspicious part? It would be to you much comfort, instead of a source of lamentation. What, then, is your decision—must we shut up, or proceed? You appear to me to be sorrow-stricken by the fact, but to crave the account of it. It is indeed necessary I should speak out, and put an end to the false reports current concerning his end. For when the Persian was already reduced to despair, having been manifestly conquered, and in fear lest our troops should occupy the best places in his kingdom, and winter there—when he was choosing envoys, was counting out presents (amongst which was a *crown* [1]), and intending, it is said, to send them on the following day, together with a supplication for peace, and to leave him (Julian) the arbiter of the terms—a part of the army is separated from the rest, from some troops having to resist an attack, and the others going on without perceiving it—and a brisk breeze at the same time stirring up the dust and producing a cloud, and giving cover to those who wished to commit the crime—the (R. 613) emperor hastened up with one attendant for the purpose of uniting the broken line, when a horseman's spear cast at him, being without armour (for he, on account, I suppose, of his being so much the stronger, did not even arm himself), passed through his arm and entered into his side. The hero fell, and seeing the blood pouring forth, but wishing to conceal the disaster, remounted his horse, when, as the blood betrayed the wound, he kept crying out to those he successively met "not to be alarmed at his hurt, for that it was not mortal." He said this, but at the same time was sinking under the danger; and is carried to the tent,

[1] An extraordinary mark of homage, an acknowledgment of his inferiority.

to the black bed, the lion's hide, and mattress—for such was his couch. And when the surgeons pronounced there was no hope of life, the army receiving the news of his death all set up a wail, all beat the breast, by all was the ground moistened with tears; their weapons escaped from their hands, and were thrown away; for they thought that not even one to carry the tidings would return from thence home. The Persian king dedicated to the gods his saviours, those gifts which he ought to have sent to *him;* and had customary table set up before him, having before that made the earth serve in its place; he decorated his head according to custom, which had been neglected all the time of his danger; and all things that he would have done if his adversaries had been swallowed up root and branch by the earth opening her mouth, the same way did he behave because a single young man was come to his end. Both sides, therefore, gave their vote that the existence of the Romans was locked up in *him* (R. 614), the one as they mourned, the other as they exulted; the one as they deemed they were lost, the other as they believed they had already conquered. One may discern his excellence even from his dying words: for when all who stood round him had fallen a-weeping, and not even the masters of philosophy could master their feelings, he rebuked the others, and especially the latter persons, because "when his past life was bringing him to the islands of the Blest, they wept for him as though he had spent his life so as to deserve Tartarus." The scene was like the prison that contained Socrates; those present resembled those that were present with that philosopher; the wound the cup of poison; the words his words; whilst the circumstance that Socrates shed not a tear was paralleled by our hero's doing the same. But when his friends besought him to name a successor to the empire, inasmuch as he saw nobody like himself at hand, he referred the election to the army; and *him* he urges to do his best to save the troops, for that he in preserving them had endured every toil.

Who was the one that killed him, does anyone desire to hear? His *name* I know not, but that he who killed him was not an *enemy* there is a clear proof, namely, that none of the opposite side received rewards for the fatal blow, although the Persian king summoned by public proclamation the slayer to come forward and receive reward, and it was in his power if he did come forward to gain great things. And yet no one from desire of the rewards boasted of the deed; and, truly, we ought to be very thankful to the enemy that they did not arrogate to themselves the glory of things they had not done, but gave it to us to look for the murderer amongst ourselves. For those persons to whom his being in life was no advantage (these were they who lived not according to the laws [1]) had previously plotted against him, and then, profiting by the occasion, effected their purpose; their natural wickedness compelling them to it, which had no liberty to exert itself under his government; and, above all (R. 615), the fact that the gods were receiving due honour, the very opposite thing to what they strove for. And what Thucydides remarks concerning Pericles, that he showed, by his death, how important a man he was to the state; the same thing, one may say, with respect to this emperor; for though all other things remained the same as they had been before—the men, the arms, the officers, the legions, the captives, the pay, the rations—yet in a single change, that regarding the sovereign, everything was shipwrecked. For, in the first place, they did not stand against the very foes whom, up to then, they drove before them; in the next, being unmanned by the name of peace (for the enemy brought the same device again to play upon them), and all cried out to accept terms and be glad to get them—nay, the new prince himself was the first drawn in. And the

[1] An euphemism for the Christians. But the absence of all such fanaticism from his troops signally appears from his highest officers, many of whom were Christians, immediately offering the empire to Sallust, that column of paganism.

Mede having found them thus eager for quiet, trifled with them, wasted time in asking questions, and giving answers: accepting this, rejecting that, wearing out their stock of provisions by a succession of embassies; and when they were in want of bread, and of everything else, and were begging mercy, and stern necessity to concede everything had beset them—then he demanded as the easiest price, cities, and provinces, and nations, the bulwarks of the safety of the Romans.[1] The other assented, and gave up everything, and thought it no hardship; so that I have often wondered at the Mede, because when it was in his power to get more, he did not choose it (R. 616); for who would have said him nay, had he extended his demands as far as the Euphrates? or as far as the Orontes? or as far as the Cydnus? or as far as the Sangarios? or as far as the Bosporus itself? For there was many a one at hand to persuade the Roman prince that what was left would be ample for ruling over, for luxury, for drunkenness, and for gluttony:[2] wherefore, if anybody rejoices that all this was *not* done, let him be thankful to the *Persians* who exacted ever so small a part of what it was in their power to obtain. So that these men of ours, having thrown away their arms for the enemy to keep, returned home as out of a shipwreck, naked, begging their bread the most of them, whilst he that carried a half of his shield, or a third of his spear, or one of his boots upon his shoulders, such a man was a hero; but all had one and the same apology for

[1] Under the circumstances. Sapor's terms were very reasonable, for he only demanded restitution of the territory taken by Galerius from his grandfather, Narses, some seventy years before, and yet in his letters to Constantius, he had actually (but evidently only out of bravado) claimed possession of the entire inheritance of his pretended ancestor Xerxes, *i.e.*, the whole of Asia Minor.

[2] Bold language this for Libanius to use—for these were the notorious vices of Jovian; although his brother-in-arms, Ammian, expresses a charitable hope that respect for his new dignity would have produced a reform, had his life been prolonged.

their unseemly flight—the death of him that would have cast all these disgraces upon the adversaries' heads.

(R. 617.) For what reason, then, ye gods and genii! have ye not ratified these vows of his? Wherefore is the race, that knows you not, made happy? Wherefore did ye not ordain this prince to be the author of happiness to them? What fault had ye to find with his intentions? which of his actions did ye not approve of? Did he not raise up your fallen altars, did he not erect new ones to your honour? Did he not worship magnificently, gods, heroes, æther, the heavens, the earth, the sea, fountains, rivers? Did he not wage war against those who warred against you? Was he not chaster than Hippolytus himself, a cultivator of justice after the model of Rhadamanthus? Was he not more sagacious than Pericles, more courageous than Brasedas? Did he not restore the world to health when almost at the last gasp? Was he not a hater of bad men, mild towards the honest, an enemy not even to the lawless; to the virtuous a friend? O, what a vast army, what numerous razings of castles; what repeated trophies, what an end so unworthy of his enterprise! We, indeed, were thinking that the whole Persian land would become a part of the Roman empire, and be administered by our laws, and receive magistrates from hence, and pay tributes, and change their language, and reform their costume, and cut their hair, and sophists should at Susa train up the Persian boys into orators, whilst the temples amongst ourselves, decorated with the spoils from thence, should teach those that came after the greatness of the victory; whilst he who had achieved all this should establish prizes for such as delivered panegyrics upon his exploits, admiring some of the speakers, and not driving out the others, being pleased with the former, but not exasperated at the latter, and the speeches, then if ever, be most delightful to the crowd; whilst the tomb-houses[1]

[1] The Christian churches dedicated to relic-worship, the grand staple of the religion in that age.

should give place to the temples, with everybody consenting to come to the altars; whilst those who had formerly upset them, should set them up of themselves, and those who formerly shunned the blood of victims, should be offering sacrifice of their own accord; and that the private houses of each would grow in opulence through a thousand various sources, as well as by the lightness of taxation. For this again is reported (R. 618), that he prayed to the gods in the midst of his distresses, "that the war might be so concluded that it should be in his power to reduce the capitation tax to its original figure."[1] All these, and yet more expected blessings, a band of envious demons has robbed us of, and the champion just on the point of grasping the crown, they have carried back to us hidden in his coffin! with good reason therefore did lamentation spread over land and sea; with good reason then did those die with joy who fell after him, and others grieve at not having died; deeming the times *before* him one perpetual night, and one perpetual night those to come *after* him; the period of his reign one of truly bright sunbeams! Alas for the cities that thou wouldest have built! Alas for the corruptions that thou wouldest have corrected! Alas for learning that thou wouldest have raised into honour! Alas for all virtue, how greatly would it have flourished under thee! Alas for Justice, which once more descended upon earth, but is gone back to heaven from hence. Alas for the rapid change of fortune! alas for the public happiness that begun, and that ended with *him!* For we are in the same condition as though when a man were athirst and raising to his lips a bowl of cool and clear water, and taking the first sip, someone should snatch it away and run off with it;

[1] Which seems to have been a single aureus per head, to judge from the proceeding of Severus Alexander in the coinage of smaller denominations of gold with the view of reducing the *caput*. In Julian's five years' government of Gaul, he had reduced the *caput* from twenty-three solidi to seven—a proof of what might be effected by proper management of the finances.

for if it were fated that we should be robbed of it directly, it were better not to have had part of it at first, than to be deprived thereof before one was satisfied. But as it is, He that gave us the taste took away the cup, that we might not enjoy it, but rather groan from knowing what kind of things we shall no more enjoy; (R. 619) just as if Jove, after having shown the Sun to mortals, had detained him at his court, and prevented his giving the daylight any more. And yet, although the Sun does this, and traverses the usual course, yet the favour is no longer the same as far as good men are concerned; for this affliction, depressing the soul, darkening the mind, casts, as it were, a mist over the eyes, and we differ but little from men living in darkness: for what a darkness has returned through the murder of our emperor! exultant are they that preach against the gods; the priests are involved in vexatious lawsuits; for what things the Deity was worshipped with, and what things the fire received, for these a fine is imposed upon them—or rather [1] he that has the means pays it out of his own pocket at home, whilst he that has not the means is thrown into chains and put to death: [2] of the temples some have been pulled down, those which are half finished stand for a laughing stock to the Christian little ones. Of the philosophers, the bodies are put to the torture, and the fact of having received anything as a present from the sovereign is put down as a debt to the treasury; the charge of embezzlement is thrown in to boot, and the man must stand stripped naked (R. 620) in the height of summer, at midday, tortured by the sunbeams; and over and above

[1] It appears from this that the Christians now having the upper hand in the Curiæ, were suing the pagan priest for the value of the victims supplied by their towns under the late reign.

[1] τέθηκε seems the true reading in the sense, "the poorer pagan is thrown into prison until he pays the fine;" this sense is demanded by the "at home" in the first member of the sentence, "the rich pagan pays his fine and is no more troubled, the poorer one is cast into gaol until he finds the money."

what he is not proved to have taken, and which he cannot refund, he is compelled to pay still more—not in order that he may *pay* (for how can he do what is impossible?) but in order that he may be killed by reeking and burning.[1] The professors of rhetoric, who previously lived on friendly terms with people holding office, are driven away from their doors like so many cut-throats; the flocks of youths that formerly surrounded them, seeing all this, fly from learning as a useless thing, and look out for some other means of living. The town-councillors (members of the *curia*) evade the rightful service of their native places, and hunt after immunities contrary to all justice, for there is no one to check him that does wrong. All places are full of extortioners—continents, islands, villages, towns, harbours, allies; they are selling house and slaves, nurse and nursling, schools of children, and ancestral tombs: everywhere there are poverty and beggary and tears, whilst the husbandmen think it better to go a begging than to till the ground; and he that is able to give assistance, to-morrow stands in need of one to give it to himself. Scythians, Sarmatians, Celts, all the other barbarians whom He, when living, had brought to keep the peace (R. 621) have again sharpened their swords, and are marching on, sailing about, are threatening, are up and doing, pursue and take, when pursued, beat their pursuers; just like bad servants when their master is dead, rising up against his orphans.

At all this, what man that has sense would not cast himself prostrate on the ground, and pour ashes upon his head, and tearing, if young his curls, if old his grey hairs, bewail both himself and the *inhabited* world, if indeed it be rightly so called any longer! Earth truly has been fully sensible of her loss, and has honoured the hero by an ap-

[1] An allusion to the treatment Maximus was receiving at the moment. As he had made himself specially obnoxious to the Christians, these charges of embezzlement were brought against him in order to furnish a pretext for torturing him to death.

propriate shearing off of her tresses, shaking off, as a horse doth his rider, so many and such great cities.[1] In Palestine several; of the Libyans all and every one. Prostrate lie the largest towns of Sicily, prostrate all of Greece save one; the fair Nicæa lies in ruins; the city, pre-eminent in beauty, totters to her fall, and has no confidence for the time to come! These are the honours paid to him by Earth, or if you choose, by Neptune himself; but on the part of the Seasons, famines and pestilences, destroying alike man and beast, just as though it were not lawful for creatures upon earth to enjoy health now that *he* has departed! What wonder then is it, if such being the state of things, many a one, like myself, deems it a loss not to have died before! and yet I for my part had begged the gods not to honour this admirable man after such fashion, but rather with a progeny of children, advanced old age, and length of reign. But of that Lydian king, O Jove, with bloodstained hands, one of his race reigned for nine-and-thirty years, another for fifty-seven (R. 622); and the murderous guardsman[2] himself for forty all but two: but to *this* prince thou hast granted only to touch upon his third year[3] on the higher throne—a man whom thou oughtest to have thought worthy of a longer, or at any rate, no shorter life than the great Cyrus; for like him he had preserved for his subjects the institutions of their fathers.

But stop, for when I reflect upon the reproof which he administered to his weeping friends in his tent, I see him disapproving of this complaining part of my oration, and I fancy that he, descending hither, were it allowed, would use to us language such as this: "Ye that are lamenting the fatal blow, and my death in the flower of youth, if ye

[1] In the middle of June, 365.

[2] Gyges, who had been captain of the guard to King Candaules, whom he murdered, and usurped his throne.

[3] Reckoning from the death of Constantius in the spring of 361, to his own in the summer of 363.

deem it a worse thing to dwell with the gods than to dwell with men, ye are not in your right senses: but if ye suppose that I have not been admitted to that region, ye are entirely in the dark, and appear to me to be in a most unreasonable condition of mind, for ye are entirely unacquainted with the very person whom ye believe you know most intimately. Neither let my falling in battle, and by the steel, be accounted by you a bad end—so fell Leonidas, so fell Sarpedon, so Epaminondas, so Memnon, children of the gods. If my time on earth grieves you by its shortness, let Alexander, the son of Jove himself, bring you consolation." Thus would he speak—but I, what shall I have to add to his words? One thing only, the first and greatest (R. 623). The decrees of the Fates are not to be controverted; and perhaps a Fate governs the Roman empire, of the same kind as ruled the Egyptian of old: and since it was ordained that *this* of ours should come to a bad end, and this man stood in the way by his bringing in prosperity, he has made way for the career of worse men in order that they should not escape faring as badly as they deserve.[1] Secondly, let us consider with ourselves another point, that although he hath departed young, yet it is after having surpassed in his performances the longest length of reigns, for whom does history record as having done so many, and such great things, though he lived thrice as long? It behoves us therefore, having his glory in place of himself, to bear his loss, and not to grieve on account of his end, more than we were rejoiced before that loss. This is he who at once is absent from the Roman world, and yet presides over it; who has left his corpse on hostile ground, and yet his own land under his sovereignty, and equally powerful to insure universal tranquillity now that he is absent as when he was with us. For neither hath the barbarian grasped his weapons with-

[1] He has made way for the innovators, in order that they may eat the fruits of their own devices.

out his willing it; nor has a single tumult broken out at home, such as has frequently been made by daring spirits, even when emperors have been present. And yet, it is either love or fear that causes this; or more properly speaking, if fear checks the enemy, and love the subject, assuredly there is good cause to admire the hero on either account—his striking terror into his adversaries, and his inspiring affection into his friends; or rather, if you please, his filling both parties with both feelings at once.

Let this reflection, therefore, remove some of your grief; and in addition to it, this other,—that none of those of old time is able to say to himself that he had been ruled over by a better sovereign. For what other ever had a better right to reign? that is, if it be *right* that he who excels the rest in prudence, in ability to speak, and all other virtues, should command those less accomplished than himself (R. 624). The man in person we shall no more be able to see, but we can peruse his books, so numerous, and all written with skill. And yet the greatest part of those who have grown old in writing, have shunned more branches of literature than just so many as they have ventured to treat upon; whence they have reaped less credit for what they have done, than blame for what they have not written about. But He, at one and the same time, carrying on wars and composing books, hath left behind him works in every descriptions of literature: in all of them surpassing all competitors, but his own works in that of "Epistles." Taking up these books I procure myself some consolation; by the aid of these, his offspring, you will be able to bear your sorrow; for these has he left behind him to the world in the place of children, and which time will not be able to obliterate along with the colours in his portraits. And since I have alluded to portraits—many cities have placed him by the side of the statues of the gods[1] and do honour to him with the gods, and

[1] This fact may be connected with the issue of the little medals bear-

already many a one has asked in prayer for some blessing from him, and has not been disappointed: so evidently hath he ascended up unto them, and received a share in the powers of those above (R. 625). Very much in the right, therefore, were they who were near upon stoning the first who brought news of his death, as one that slandered a god. Consolation, too, comes to me from the Persians representing, in pictures, the events of his invasion; for they are said to have likened him to a thunderbolt, and to paint a thunderbolt with his name written below; thereby intimating that he had inflicted upon them calamities beyond the power of mere human nature.

Earth, in the suburbs of Tarsus in Cilicia, has received his corpse—the place ought rather to have been the garden of the Academy by the side of the tomb of Plato, so that the same rites might be paid to him by youths and teachers as are paid to Plato himself; to make in his honour songs, in his honour odes, and every species of commemorative discourse: in setting out to war to invoke as helper against the barbarians *Him*, who, being able to discover all the future by means of divination, made it his business to discover whether he should do harm to the *Persians*, but did not trouble himself to know whether he should *himself* return home in safety—thereby proving that he was anxious for glory, not for life. To be governed by such virtue as his was indeed the greatest of all happiness; but since we are bereft of it, we must make his glory the medicine of our grief, and must swear boldly and with the gods to back us, laying our hands upon his tombstone, that he is more to be blessed[1] than by any of the barbarians are those reputed the most just amongst them.

ing Julian's head in the character of Serapis, the god of the Shades, and therefore an appropriate type for a memento-piece.

[1] μᾶλλον ἔυλογον, something seems lost here—the sense may, however, be "we can safely swear that he is more worthy of praise, than any prince amongst foreigners most celebrated for his justice," *i.e.*, Cyrus, Dejoces, Solomon, Zamolxis, &c.

"O offspring of deities, disciple of deities, associate of deities! O thou that dost fill but a little spot of earth by thy tomb, but the whole inhabited world with admiration! (R. 626.) O thou who hast conquered foreigners by thy battles, thy countrymen without fighting! O thou that art more to be regretted by fathers than their own lost sons, by sons than their own fathers, by brothers than their own brethren! O thou who hast done great things, but wert about to do still greater! O thou defender of gods, and converser with gods! O thou that didst spurn all pleasures save those of literature! this offering do I make to thee out of my eloquence, mean as it is, although *thou* didst once esteem it great!"

UPON THE SOVEREIGN SUN. ADDRESSED TO SALLUST.

IT is my opinion that the present subject interests all:

"Whatever breathes, and moves upon the earth,"

all that are endowed with existence, with a rational soul, and with a mind: but that above all others it interests *myself*, inasmuch as I am a votary (ὀπαδὸς) of the Sun. Of which fact I possess the most certain evidences in my own case; but one instance, which it is allowable to adduce, is the following:—From my earliest infancy I was possessed with a strange longing for the solar rays, so that when, as a boy, I cast my eyes upon the ethereal splendour, my soul felt seized and carried up out of itself. And not merely was it my delight to gaze upon the solar brightness, but at night also whenever I walked out in clear weather, disregarding all else, I used to fix my eyes upon the beauty of the heavens; so that I neither paid attention to what was said to me, nor took any notice of what was going on. On this account, people used to think me too much given to such pursuits, and far too inquisitive for my age: and they even suspected me, long before my beard was grown, of practising divination by means of the heavenly bodies. And yet at that time no book on the subject had fallen into my hands, and I was

utterly ignorant of what that science meant. But what use is it to quote these matters, when I have still stranger things to mention; if I should mention what I at that time thought about the gods? But let oblivion rest upon that epoch of darkness! How the radiance of heaven, diffused all round me, used to lift up my soul to its own contemplation! to such a degree that I discovered for myself that the moon's motion was in the opposite direction to that of the rest of the system, long before I met with any works giving the philosophy of such matters. What I have said must be taken as evidence of this. And truly do I envy the felicity of that man who, being endowed with a body sprung from a holy and prophetic seed, is able to unlock the treasures of philosophy: but neither do I undervalue that state and condition to which I have myself attained through the favour of heaven, in that I have drawn my birth from the family to which it has given the empire, and possession of the world.

My own belief is, if philosophers be entitled to any credit, that the Sun is the *common parent* of all men, to use a comprehensive term. It is a true proverb, "Man begets man, and so does the Sun:" but *souls* that luminary showers down upon earth, both out of himself, and out of the other gods: which souls show to what end they were propagated by the kind of life that they pursue. But well is it for that man who, from the third generation backwards, and a long succession of years, has been dedicated to the service of this god; yet neither is that person's condition to be despised who, feeling in his own nature that he is a servant of this deity, alone, or with few on his side, shall have devoted himself to his worship.[1]

Come then, and let us celebrate in the best way we can the anniversary festival,[2] which the imperial city is keep-

[1] Julian's first care had been to erect a temple to the Sun, within the palace precincts, in which he began each day with sacrifice to that luminary.

[2] "Natale Solis Invicti," December 25th, the origin of Christmas

ing by sacrifices, with unusual splendour. And yet I feel how difficult it is for the human mind even to form a conception of *that Sun* who is not visible to the sense, if our notion of Him is to be derived from the Sun that is visible; but to *express* the same in language, however inadequately, is, perhaps, beyond the capability of man! To fitly explain *His* glory, I am very well aware, is a thing impossible; in lauding it, however, mediocrity seems the highest point to which human eloquence is able to attain. Nevertheless in that attempt may Hermes, presiding over all knowledge, be our guide, together with the Muses and Apollo leader of their quire, for to *him* belongs my theme; and may they grant me to deliver such things concerning the immortal gods as shall be acceptable and well-pleasing to themselves. What plan, therefore, of setting forth His praises shall we pursue? shall we treat of His nature and origin, His powers and influences, both those that be manifest to all, and those occult; or of the distribution of blessings which He showers down so largely upon all worlds; and by so doing, perchance, we shall not be unsuccessful in the kind of praise that is most acceptable unto Him? From this point therefore let us start.

That divine and all-beauteous World, which from the highest vault of Heaven down to the lowest Earth is held together by the immutable providence of God, and which has existed from all eternity, without creation, and shall be *eternal for all time to come*, and which is not regulated by anything, except approximately by the *Fifth Body*[1] (of which the principle is the solar light) placed, as it were, on the second step below the world of *intelligence;* and finally by the means of the "Sovereign of all things, around whom all things stand."[2] This Being, whether

Day—Julian was writing at Antioch, in the middle of his preparations for the Persian campaign.

[1] Apparently the same as the "Soul of the World;" intermediate between the κοσμὸς νοητὸς and the Supreme God, "The One."

[2] As Plato calls Him in his celebrated Epistle to Dionysius the Younger.

properly to be called "That which is above comprehension," or the "Type of things existing," or "The One," (inasmuch as *Unity* appears to be the most ancient of all things), or "The Good," as Plato regularly designates Him, *This*, then, is the Single Principle of all things, and which serves to the universe as a model of indescribable beauty, perfection, unity, and power. And after the pattern of the primary substance that dwells within the Principle, He hath sent forth *out* of Himself, and like in all things *unto* Himself, the Sun, a mighty god, made up of equal parts of intelligible and creative causes. And this is the sense of the divine Plato, where he writes, "You may say (replied I) that I mean the offspring of the Good, whom the Good has produced, similar to itself; in order that, what the Good is in the region of intelligence, and as regards things only appreciable by the mind, its offspring should be the same in the region that is visible, and in the things that are appreciable by the sight." For this reason I believe that the *light* of the Sun bears the same relation to things visible as *Truth* does to things intelligible. But this *Whole*,[1] inasmuch as it emanates from the Model and "Idea" of the primal and supreme *Good*, and exists from all eternity around his immutable being, has received sovereignty also over the gods appreciable by the intellect alone, and communicates to them the same good things, (because they belong to the world of intelligence), as are poured down from the Supreme Good upon the other objects of Intelligence. For to these latter, the Supreme Good is the source, as I believe, of beauty, perfection, existence, and union; holding them together and illuminating them by its own virtue which is the "Idea" of the Good. The same things, therefore, does the Sun communicate to things intelligible, over whom he was appointed by the Good to reign and to command: although these were

[1] Referring to the emanation from the Good, above described by Plato; and apparently what Julian has designated in the beginning as the "Fifth Body."

created and began to exist at the same moment with himself. And this, I think, was done, in order that a certain Principle which possessed the "Idea" or pattern of the Good, and exercised the principle of Good towards the intelligible gods, should direct all things according to intelligence. And in the third place, this visible disk of the Sun is, in an equal degree, the source of life and preservation to things visible, the objects of sense; and everything which we have said flows down from the Great Deity upon the *intelligible* gods, the same doth this other *visible* deity communicate to the objects of sense. Of all this there are clear proofs, if you choose to investigate things non-apparent by the means of things that are visible. For example, first take his *light*—is it not an incorporeal and divine image of what is transparent in its action? and the very quality that we term "transparence," what else is it, to speak generally, but the property that goes with all the elements, and is their approximate form? and which is neither corporeal, nor composite, and does not destroy the natural properties of the body with which it goes. For this reason it is wrong to call *heat* a property of it,[1] or *cold* its opposite; or to *hardness*, *softness*, or any other distinction perceptible by the *touch*, nor, again, must we attribute to it either *scent* or *taste*. For the quality in question is the object of the *sight* alone, which is brought into play by the instrumentality of light. But light is a *form* of this, as it were of a material substance, diffused through bodies. But of that light which is incorporeal, the most perfect part and as it were the *flower*,[2] are the solar rays. The Phœnicians who from their sagacity and learning possess great insight into things divine, hold the doctrine that this universally diffused radiance is a part of the "Soul of the Stars." This opinion is consistent with sound reason: if we consider the light that is without body, we shall per-

[1] The light of the Sun.

[2] Or, as we should say, "quintessence."

ceive that of such light the source cannot be a *body*, but rather the simple *action* of a mind, which spreads itself by means of illumination as far as its proper seat; to which the middle region of the heavens is contiguous, from which place it shines forth with all its vigour and fills the heavenly orbs, illuminating at the same time the whole universe with its divine and pure radiance. The effects that redound from this Power upon the gods themselves, have been already slightly touched upon, and I will shortly return to the subject. When we *see* things, this action has the name of "Sight," but the effect is of no value unless it obtains the influence and assistance of the light. For can anything be the object of sight, unless it be first brought under it, like the raw material to the workman, that it may receive its form? In the same manner, the things that are by their nature objects of the sight, unless they be brought together with light before the instruments of seeing, cease altogether to be objects of sight. Since, therefore, both to the *seers*, in order that they may see, and to the objects *seen*, in order that they may be visible, this god gives the powers, it follows that he constitutes by his own action both *sight* and the *objects* of sight. "Perfections" consist of Form and Essence; this definition, however, may be too abstruse. But a fact patent to all, learned equally with unlearned, philosophers and uneducated, is the influence which this deity possesses in the world at his rising and at his setting; how he produces day and night, and how he manifestly transforms and regulates the state of this creation—an influence assignable to no one of the other planets. From these considerations ought we not to draw conclusions respecting matters more beyond the reach of man: that is to say, respecting the existence of those beings that are divine, and objects of the intellect alone, who exist invisible above the heavens, and derive their fulness from that "Type" of Good, Him whom all the host of the stars follow, and whose nod that whole family (of deities), whom he governs by his providence,

fail not to obey. For the planets round about him (the Sun), as though he were their king, lead on their dance, at appointed distances from him pursue their orbits with the utmost harmony; they make, as it were, pauses; they move backwards and forwards (terms by which those skilled in astronomy denote these properties of the stars); and then, in proportion to her distance from the Sun, how doth the Moon increase or wane!—things patent to all. And such being the case, is it not reasonable to suppose that a more ancient system, corresponding to this visible arrangement of Nature, exists in the case of the deities who are only conceivable by the mind? From all this, therefore, we must gather the powerful and perfecting truth, that the object which enables things to *see* that are endowed with the sense of sight, the same object renders these things perfect by means of his *own* light, whilst the creative and productive power arises from his changes as he moves around the universe: and that capacity for embracing all things at once is the effect of what is so apparent in his movements; namely, the harmony of all in one and the same thing. The *Centre*-point comes from himself[1] as being central; whilst the circumstance of his being placed for king amongst the objects of intellect is the result of his station amongst the planets. If we perceived these, or other similar properties, to exist in any other of the visible deities, certainly we should award *him* the first place amongst them. If, however, he should have nothing in common with them, except this power of doing good, which he communicates unto all, then we ought to acquiesce in the reasoning of the Egyptian priests, who raise altars to the Sun conjointly with Jupiter; nay, rather we should assent to Apollo himself (long before them), who sits on the same throne with Jove, and whose words are,

"One Jove, one Pluto, one Sun is Serapis."

From which we must conclude that the sovereignty of the

[1] Is furnished by himself.

Sun and of Jupiter amongst the deities that are objects of intellect is held in common, or rather is one and the same. For this reason Plato seems to me to be right in calling Pluto a *provident* (φρόνιμος) deity. The same god we also name "Serapis," that is, Ἀϊδης, "Invisible," clearly because he is the *object of the intellect alone*: up to whom (it is said) that the souls ascend of such as have led the best and most righteous lives. We must not suppose him (Pluto)[1] the terrible being that Fable describes him; but a mild and benevolent one, who completely frees souls from the trammels of Birth; far from nailing them down to new bodies, and punishing and exacting retribution from souls already released from the body: but on the contrary, he directs them in their upward course, and carries them aloft to the Intelligible World. This doctrine is far from being of modern origin; those most ancient poets, Homer and Hesiod, are already possessed thereof—whether they conceived it through their own sagacity, or whether, like prophets, they derived the truth from some supernatural source, must be concluded from the fact itself. For the one in describing the genealogy of the Sun makes him out to be the offspring of Hyperion and Thea; by which account he almost directly declares that he is the son of the *supernal* and *all-surpassing* Godhead: for what else can we under-

[1] Julian seems here to have in his mind Plutarch's observation on the true nature of Osiris as identified with Pluto ("De Iside et Osiride," lxxix.): "It disturbs the mind of the vulgar when they get the notion that the sacred and truly holy Osiris dwells *in* the earth, and *under* the earth, where are hidden the corpses of such as seem to have come to an end. . . . But the souls of men here below, enveloped in bodies and in passions, have no participation in that deity except in as far as they grasp him by conception, like some indistinct dream, through the medium of philosophy. But when they are set free and migrate to the Formless, Invisible, Impassible, and Good, *then* doth this god become Leader and King to them; they hang, as it were, upon him, and contemplate without ever being satiated, and long for, that Beauty which can neither be spoken nor described."

stand by the title "Hyperion"?[1] And as for "Thea," what does that imply except the most *divine* of all things? For we must not suppose any corporeal conjunction or marriage in the case—all which are merely the sportive fables of Poetry: but must hold the father and the producer of that Being as something most divine and supereminent. Of such a nature is He who is above all things, around whom, and by reason of whom, all things do subsist. But Homer calls him by his father's name, "Hyperion," in order to show that he is *independent*, and not *subjected* to any *constraint*.[2] For Jupiter, as the poet tells, orders about the other gods according to his will and pleasure, as being their master; but when *this* deity declares that he will retire from Olympus on account of the impious deed of the companions of Ulysses, Jupiter swears:—

"I would drag thee with the sea and earth together."

Yet he does not threaten him with *chains* or *personal violence:* and promises to avenge him upon the authors of the sacrilege, and begs him to continue to give light to the gods. Now what else did Homer signify by this fable but that this deity, besides being totally independent, possesses also the power of *perfecting?* For wherefore do the other gods stand in need of him, unless that he, by infusing into their substance and essence the illumination of his mystic radiance, he may communicate to them the power of *effecting* all the good things that we have already mentioned?[3]

"Imperial Juno sent the unwearied Sun
To Ocean his unwilling course to run."

[1] Taken literally for "he that goes over, or above."

[2] Translating ὑπερίων in a second sense of "overleaping all bounds." Of these far-fetched etymologies Julian found examples more than enough in the above-quoted treatise of Plutarch's.

[3] The argument only becomes intelligible by keeping in mind that "gods" here signify "Natural Causes," such as the respective influences of the planets, etc.

has no other significance than that, in consequence of darkness being spread over the earth, men supposed it to be night before its time. And of the same goddess we read in another passage of this poet :—

"Darkness profound great Juno sent before."

But let us now dismiss these poetical fictions; because with what is divine they have mingled much of human alloy; and let us now consider what the deity has declared concerning himself and the other gods.

The region surrounding the Earth has its existence in virtue of *birth*. From whom then does it receive its *eternity* and imperishability, if not from him who holds all things together within defined limits, for it is impossible that the nature of bodies (material) should be without a limit, inasmuch as they cannot dispense with a Final Cause, nor exist through *themselves*. For if things should be created out of what previously existed, whilst nothing is again refunded into that same source—the material for such creation would in time come to an end. But this deity, as he revolves with a defined and regular motion, by kindling this nature, stimulates and renews the same, whilst by his receding to a distance he weakens and destroys it, or else animates its nature by impressing motion upon it, and transfusing life out of himself; whilst when he deserts the same objects, and turns his influence in another direction, he occasions the destruction of the things that are destroyed—the good effects that emanate from the same source are equally diffused upon the earth. Different regions become partakers in these benefits in different ways; so that neither their production comes to an end, nor does the Deity confer his blessings upon the recipient world with any degree of variation. For where the *substance* is the same, so is the *action* thereof, in the case of Divine Powers; especially with him who is king of them all, namely, the Sun; of whom the motion is the most simple amongst all the

bodies that move in a contrary direction to the world, which fact that most excellent philosopher, Aristotle, adduces to prove the superiority of that luminary to the others.

But, further, the other intelligible Powers exercise a by no means imperceptible influence upon our earth—but what of that, for we do not *exclude* them when we give the *first rank* to the deity in question? In fact, we endeavour to draw conclusions from things evident concerning things that are abstruse and not apparent. For which reason, in the same way as the Sun *perfects* the influence and virtue which descend upon the earth from the other powers, and modifies and applies the same to himself, or rather to the universe, so have we good grounds to infer the existence of a similar arrangement and co-partnership of the same powers in the things that are not apparent to the sense—namely, that the influence of the Sun holds the chief place amongst these also, whilst the rest act in concert with him. But as we have laid it down that he holds the middle place amongst the *intelligible* Powers (which are themselves intermediate), I pray the Sovereign Sun himself to grant me ability to explain the nature of the station that he holds amongst those in whose middle he is placed! By the term "middle" we are to understand not what is so defined in the case of things contrary to each other, as "equi-distant from the extremes," as *orange* and *dark brown* in the case of colours; *lukewarm*, in that of hot and cold, and other things of the sort; but the power that *collects* and *unites into one* things dispersed, like the "Harmony" of Empedocles, from which he completely excludes all discord and contention. What, then, are the things that the Sun unites into one, and in the midst of which he holds his station, as we have defined it? The answer is, the *Sensible Powers* that revolve around him as their centre, and the *Immaterial* and *Intelligible Powers* that are with the "Good," whose essence also is intelligible and divine, and multiplied in a manner of their own, without either passion or accession.

In this manner, therefore, the intelligible and excellent substance of the sovereign Sun does not consist of anything made up out of *extremes*, but is perfect in itself, and free from all admixture with other Powers, whether visible or invisible, whether intelligible or sensible. This is my definition of the sense in which "middle station" ought to be understood; but if we are to investigate particularly this central station of his nature, in its relation to *first* and *last*, although the subject be not an easy one to explain, nevertheless let us endeavour to treat it to the best of our ability.

The *one* absolutely, the Intelligible, the ever Pre-existing, comprehending all the universe together within the *One*—nay, more, is not the whole world One living thing—all and everywhere full of life and soul, perfect and made up out of parts likewise perfect? Now of this *double unity* the most perfect part (I mean of the Unity in the *Intelligible* World that comprehends all things in One, and of the Unity encompassing the *Sensible World*, that brings together all things into a single and perfect nature) is the perfection of the sovereign Sun, which is central and single, and placed in the middle of the intermediate Powers. But coming after this, there exists a certain connection in the Intelligible World with the Power that orders and arranges all things in one. Does not the essence of the *Fifth Body*, which is turned, as it were by a lathe, in a circle, move around the heavens, and is that which holds together all the parts, and binds them to one another, uniting what is naturally united [1] amongst them and also those parts that mutually affect each other.[2] These two essences, which are the causes of mutual attraction and of union (whereof the one manifests itself in the

[1] The parts having a natural affinity to each other.

[2] A definition showing this "Fifth Body" to be the same with the *Mercury* to whom, says Ammian, Julian paid adoration on his first waking, as the "Soul of the World."

Intelligible, the other in the Sensible creation) does the Sun thus concentrate into one. Of the former he imitates this power of embracing and containing all things in the Intelligible creation, inasmuch as he proceeds from that source; whilst he governs the latter, that which is perceptible in the world of Sense. Perhaps, therefore, the self-existent principle, which existed first in the Intelligible creation, and lastly in the Visible bodies of the heavens, is owner of the intermediate, self-created essence of the sovereign Sun, from which primal creative essence there descends upon the visible world the radiance which illuminates the universe.

And again, to consider the subject in another light, *One* indeed is the Creator of all things, but *many* are the creative powers revolving in the heavens; we must, therefore, place the influence of the Sun as *intermediate* with respect to each single operation affecting the earth. Moreover, the principle productive of Life is vastly superabundant in the Intelligible World; our world, also, is evidently full of generative life. It is therefore clear that the life-producing power of the sovereign Sun is intermediate between these two, since the phenomena of Nature bear testimony to the fact; for some kinds of things the Sun brings to perfection, others of them he brings to pass, others he regulates, others he excites, and there exists nothing that, without the creative influence of the Sun, comes to light and is born. And, furthermore, if we consider the Sun's unpolluted, pure, and immaterial essence—where nothing from without approaches, and nothing of a different nature has part; but which is full of its own undefiled purity; and also his nature in the universe, as regards the *Body* that revolves in a circle about the planets which are all free from admixture, must be homogeneous in the extreme and composed of an undefiled and divine body. We shall from all these considerations lay down that the essence of the sovereign Sun, being pure and unmixed, is intermediate between the two—the im-

material Purity in the Intelligible World. and that part existing in the Visible World which is undefiled and without mixture as regards birth and corruption, and of pure homogeneousness. A very weighty argument is this—namely, that neither does the light which descends from thence, chiefly upon the world, mix itself with anything, nor admit of dirtiness or pollution, but remains entirely, and in all things that are, free from defilement, admixture, and suffering. Besides, we must pay attention to the other kinds of phenomena, both to the Intelligible, and yet more to the Sensible—whatever are connected with matter, or will manifest themselves in relation to our subject. Here, again, the Intelligible is the centre of the species that lie around the mighty Sun, through whose means the species connected with Matter are benefited, inasmuch as they would be unable either to exist, or to subsist, unless they be helped by him as regards their existence. Besides, is not he the author of the separation of Species and of the combination of Matter? He not merely allows himself to be *mentally* conceived, but to be an object of the *sight*, for the distribution of his rays over the whole world, and the unity of his light, demonstrate the creative and separating powers of his mode of action.

And as there are still numerous visible benefits connected with the essence of this deity, which surround that which is intermediate between the Intelligible and the Sensible powers, let us pass on to his final and visible conclusion. The *first degree* of his, contains as it were the model and the substance for a pattern to the Solar Angels who are stationed around the lowest world. After this comes that which is generative of things perceptible to Sense: of which the more refined part contains the source of heaven and the stars, whilst the inferior part superintends generation, containing from all eternity within itself the ungenerated essence of generation. To explain, however, everything relating to the nature of this deity, is beyond the power of man, even though the god himself should

grant him the ability to *understand* it: in a case where it seems, to me at least, impossible even *mentally* to conceive all its extent. And now that we have discussed so much, we must put as it were a *seal* upon this subject; and to stay a while and pass on to other points no less requiring examination. What then is this *seal;* and what comprises everything, as it were in a summary of the conception concerning the nature of the god? May He Himself inspire our understanding when we attempt briefly to explain the *source* out of which he proceeded; and *what* he is himself; and with what *effects* he fills the visible world. It must therefore be laid down that the sovereign Sun *proceeded from the One God*,—One out of the one Intelligible world; he is stationed in the middle of the Intelligible Powers, according to the strictest sense of "middle position;" bringing the last with the first into a union both harmonious and loving, and which fastens together the things that were divided: containing within himself the means of perfecting, of cementing together, of generative life, and of the uniform existence, and to the world of Sense, the author of all kinds of good; not merely adorning and cheering it with the radiance wherewith he himself illumines the same, but also by making subordinate to himself the existence of the Solar Angels; and containing within himself the unbegotten *Cause* of things begotten; and moreover, prior to this, the unfading, unchanging source of things eternal.

All, therefore, that was fitting to be said touching the nature of this deity (although very much has been passed over in silence) has now been stated at some length. But since the multitude of his qualities, and the beauty of his effects have been passed in review, it remains for us to glance at the superabundance of the theories that have been started concerning the nature of this god, because as divine objects, when they come forth into the light, are naturally multiplied, owing to the excess and the fecundity of the life that is in the same. But what, I

beseech you, shall we do when we strip ourselves to swim a sea without a shore, having hardly, and much to our content, recovered our breath after the discourse already pronounced? Nevertheless let us trust in the god and take courage, and make an attempt to handle the subject.

As a general rule, all that has been hitherto advanced respecting the nature of this deity, must be understood to refer to his *properties:* for the *nature* of the god is not one thing, and his *influence* another: and truly, besides these two, his *energy* a third thing: seeing that all things which he *wills*, these he *is*, he *can*, and he *works*. For neither doth he *will* that which he *is not;* nor is he without strength to *do* that which he *wills;* nor doth he *will* that which he cannot *effect*. Now this is very different in the case of men, for theirs is a *double* nature mixed up in one, that of soul and body; the former divine, the latter full of darkness and obscurity: hence naturally arise warfare and discord between the two. For this reason Aristotle remarks that neither our pleasures, nor our pains harmonize with each other within us: for the one part of our nature being in opposition to the other parts, pain is the result. But with the deities there is nothing of the kind, for their essence is that which is good, and that too uninterruptedly, not sometimes one thing, sometimes another. In the first place, therefore, as we stated when attempting to describe his being, it must be borne in mind that we lay this down as regards his *qualities* and his *effects*, since in matters of this kind the discussion has a natural tendency to contradict itself. Everything, therefore, that we are going to consider under the title of *qualities* and *energies*, all these must be regarded as *existence*, and as *effects*. For there are Powers of kindred nature with the Sun, crowning the unpolluted being of that god, multiplying themselves around him in the world, though existing in uniformity. Listen, therefore, to what those say who do not look up to heaven, like so many horses or oxen, or any other irrational or un-

taught animal, but who investigate the unseen through the medium of the visible Nature. Besides, if agreeable to you, let us consider his supra-mundane powers and energies, and as they are infinite in number, take a few of them for subjects of discussion. The first of his powers is that by which bringing together into one and the same thing the whole intelligible existence through its whole extent, that is to say, the extremities thereof, he converts it into One: a thing which is clearly discernible in the case of the visible world, how that fire and earth being wrapped together, air and water, which are in the middle, form the bond between the extremes: this fact we may reasonably take as a guide in the case of the nature of bodies that is beyond the reach of Sense. That which possesses the final cause of generation is not *itself* generation; so must we consider it as the law that, in the former case, the extreme causes, entirely separated from bodies,[1] by means of certain intermediate agencies are by the sovereign Sun brought together, and made one around him: with him, too, concurs the creative power of Jupiter. On this account, as we have already stated, in Cyprus certain temples are founded and dedicated to them both conjointly. Nay, we call Apollo himself to bear witness to this statement (who certainly ought to know more about his own nature than anyone else), for he is co-existent with the Sun, and communicates to him both the unmixed character of things Intelligible, and the stability of his being, and the unchangeableness of his energy. Nay, more, this deity, as is evident, by no means separates from the Sun the discriminating operation of Dionysos; for he ever makes it subordinate to the latter; and, by declaring him (the Sun) "partner of his throne," he becomes to us the interpreter of the most beautiful thoughts by means of that deity. But how many are the final causes of union, the most beautiful, which this deity contains within him-

[1] Purely immaterial.

self? The Sun, that is, Apollo, is "Leader of the Muses;" and inasmuch as he completes our life with good order, he produces in the world *Æsculapius;* for even before the world was, he had the latter by his side.

But were one to discuss the numerous other qualities belonging to this god, he would never arrive to the end of them. But we must content ourselves with considering his property of *separation* (which also is prior to all bodies and is also prior to all visible energy); whence we must conclude that the sovereign power is one and the same of the Sun and Jupiter; but that the singleness of thoughts, coupled with divinity and unchangeableness, we must adjudge to Apollo: whilst the separative power of creation together with the power that directs this separation, belongs to Dionysos, whilst the quality of the finest harmony and intelligible unification we have already defined as belonging to the power of the "Leader of the Muses;" whilst that which makes complete the harmony of all life, we suppose the prerogative of Æsculapius.[1]

Thus much then for his powers that are prior to the creation of the world, but his operation, which is of the same order with them, over the visible world, consists in the fully carrying out of what is good. For since he is the legitimate offspring of the Good, having received from Him the good portion entire, he distributes it amongst all the Intelligible deities, imparting to them their *good-working* and *perfect* nature. This, then, is one of his *operations.* And the second operation of this god is the most exact distribution of *Intelligible Beauty* amongst the intelligible incorporeal species. For the generative principle which is visible in Nature (that which aims at generating in the Beautiful, and at bring-

[1] The Sun and Apollo are one deity in two, but certain powers belong to him when entitled "Dionysos," others when "Musagetes," others again when "Æsculapius." This deity or Natural Power, has the same influence in the universe as the planet Jupiter.

ing forth its birth), must necessarily be directed and preceded by that Being who performs the same function in the *Intelligible* Beauty, with full power and without intermission, that is, not to do so at one time, and at another to do the contrary; or now to be generating, and then without generation: inasmuch as all things that here below are *occasionally* beautiful, are so *permanently* in the Intelligible world. We must, therefore, hold that the generative final cause belonging to the Sun in the visible creation is preceded by the uncreated offspring existing in the intelligible and eternal Beauty, which offspring this deity contains, having also stationed it round about himself: to which likewise he imparts his perfect Intelligence, in the same manner as he imparts sight to the eyes by means of his own light: so, in the same way, by means of that *Intelligible pattern* which he holds out (one far more conspicuous, in truth, than his *celestial* radiance) doth he, as I think, furnish all the Intelligible Powers with the capacity to understand and to be understood. Another operation, equally worthy of our admiration, besides those just described, is discoverable with respect to that sovereign of the universe, the Sun—namely, that more benignant Fate which grants birth to angels, to genii, to heroes, and to those souls out of the common run, all which abide by the guidance of their *Pattern* and *Type*, without giving themselves over to the tendency of their bodies.

Now, therefore, the pre-mundane existence, the properties, the operations, in celebrating the sovereign Sun, as far as our ability extended to extol his divinity, all these we have rehearsed with the utmost care. But since, as the saying goes, the eyes are more to be trusted than the ears (although they be less to be relied on, and more feeble than the intellect), let us now make an attempt to speak concerning his *visible operation*, after first soliciting from him a moderate degree of success in such attempt.

The visible world has, as I have said, subsisted around

him from all eternity: and the Light also which surrounds the world has also its place from all eternity,[1] not intermittently, nor in different degrees at different times, but constantly and in an equable manner. But whosoever will attempt to estimate, as far as thought goes, this external Nature, by the measure of Time, he will very easily discover respecting the Sun, Sovereign of all things, of how many blessings he is, from all eternity, the author to the world. I am aware that the great Plato himself, and after him, a man posterior to him in date, though not in mind, I mean Iamblichus of Chalcis (who initiated us into other branches of philosophy, and also into *this* by means of his discourses), did both of them as far as hypothesis goes, take for granted the fact of a Creation and assumed the universe to have been, in a certain sense, the *Work of Time*, in order that the most important of the effects produced by this Power, may be reduced into a shape for examination. But for myself, so far inferior in force to those philosophers, such a liberty must not be taken in any way; since it is certainly unsafe to assume, even as far as bare hypothesis, any *temporal creation* in the case of the world; as also the illustrious hero Iamblichus was of opinion.[2] Nevertheless, as this deity himself proceeds from an Eternal Cause, or, rather, has produced all things from all eternity, by his divine volition, and with ineffable velocity, and with power not to be surpassed, having begotten all things simultaneously in Time that now is, he hath allotted to himself the middle space of heaven, as it were, for his more peculiar station, in order that he may equally from all sides distribute his

[1] Julian insists upon this proposition as being diametrically opposed to the cosmogonies of the Epicureans and the Christians.

[2] Iamblichus, though for the convenience of discussion he assumed a temporal creation, nevertheless thought such assumption a very dangerous one, and not to be attempted by any not passed-masters in philosophy—evidently fearing the advantage such an admission would afford to the Christian side.

benefits upon the gods that come forth *below* him, and *together with* him; that he may direct the Seven,[1] and also the eighth revolution of the heavens. This *ninth operation* I assume to be the *Generation* eternally revolving in an uninterrupted course of production and destruction. As for the planets as they dance around him, it is evident that they have for the law of their movement in relation to this god, some such harmony as that just described to regulate their figures; and the entire heaven, making its parts everywhere harmonize with him, is filled with spirits emanating out of the Sun. For this god is ruler of *five* orbits in the heavens, and whilst traversing three out of these orbits, he produces in three the *Graces*, themselves three in number, the remaining circles form the *Scales* to the Balance of supreme Necessity. I am, perhaps, speaking unintelligibly to the Greeks[2] (just as if it were right only to speak of things commonplace and familiar to them), yet this point is not, as one might suppose, altogether strange to them. For what, I pray you tell me, are your *Dioscuri*, ye very wise people that take most things upon credit, without any examination? Are they not called "alternate day-keepers" because it is not lawful for both of them to be visible on the same day? It is clear that you hear of this both yesterday and to-day.[3] In the next place, in the name of these same Dioscuri, let us mentally assume this very circumstance as applicable to a nature and an operation of a different kind, in order that what we are speaking about may not be unintelligible: yet, however much we investigate it, we shall not arrive at any exact result. For it is not true, what some suppose to be stated by theologians, that the two hemispheres of the universe possess a kind of *Reason* (λόγον); for in what

[1] The seven spheres, moving one within the other, as fully described by Plato, at the end of his "Republick."

[2] These astrological doctrines being of Chaldean growth.

[3] "This is no news to you."

way each of them is "alternate"[1] it is not easy even to conceive, inasmuch as each day the increase in their visible appearance takes place by insensible degrees. Let us now examine the points in which we shall probably be thought by some people to be introducing a novelty. Those beings may properly be designated as "alternate day-keepers,"[2] whichsoever possess an equal portion of time out of the Sun's passage over the earth, in one and the same month. Let anyone now see whether this "alternate day-keeping" does not apply to the other cycles, as well as to the tropical. Someone will reply that the case is not the same, because the former are always visible; and for those inhabiting opposite sides of the globe, the one tropical cycle is visible to the one half, the second to the other; whereas in the case of the latter (cycles) those who behold the one, do not behold the other by any manner of means. But not to waste time by dwelling too long upon the same subject; the Sun, by performing his returns (solstices) in the manner known to all, becomes the parent of the *Seasons:* but did he never desert the poles at all, he would be the "Oceanos," that Ruler of the double substance. Perhaps what we are saying is somewhat unintelligible? Homer has said the same thing before us:—

"Ocean, to all things made the source of life."

What, both of mortal, and (as he would say) "of the blessed gods"? Yea, verily, for of all things nothing exists that is not by its substance the offspring of ocean.[3] But why will you have me tell this to the vulgar? Although better to have been shrouded in silence, it

[1] Because they do not change places with each other day by day, but by an imperceptible movement.

[2] ἑτερήμεροι—the ancient title of the Dioscuri.

[3] In other words the philosophical dogma that *Water* is the source of all things. Julian seems to allude to the Egyptian notion (often cited by Plutarch) that the Sun was born of water.

nevertheless has been spoken; at all events I declare it, although all men will not readily receive the same.

The solar disk moves over the space which has no stars, and is much more elevated than the fixed region; in this way he will not occupy the centre of the planets, but rather of the "Three Motions," as they are called in the hypotheses taught in the Mysteries, if, indeed, such things are rightly to be termed "hypotheses," or rather ought they not to be called "articles of faith" (δόγματα), but what relates to the spheres, "hypotheses"? For those so assert who have heard the same from the gods, or else from some mighty dæmons; whereas the others [natural philosophers] make up a theory that is plausible from its agreement with visible phenomena. The latter, indeed, it is but fair to *praise;* but whoso thinks it better to *believe* in the former [the teaching of the Mysteries] him do I both in jest and in earnest admire, and always have admired. Such therefore are their statements upon these points. Besides those I have mentioned, there exist a vast number of Powers in the confines of the heavens; they have been discovered by those persons who do not contemplate the heavens carelessly and after the manner of brute beasts; for the Sun cutting the three circles in four places, by reason of the communication with each of them of the zodiacal circle, again distributes this zodiac amongst the powers of twelve deities, and this again is subdivided into three, so as to make six-and-thirty. Hence, I think, there extends as far as ourselves downwards from heaven above, a triple descent of the Graces; that is to say, from the circles which this god intersects in his course in four places, and so sends down the fourfold splendour of the Seasons, which in truth occupy the turning-points of the times. In fact, the Graces in their representations upon earth imitate the figure of a *circle*,[1] whilst the "Giver of the Graces"

[1] The Graces, clasping each other round the neck, stand in the form

(χαριδοτης) is Dionysos, who has been shown to reign conjointly with the Sun in the same place. Wherefore should I mention to you *Horus*, and the other names of gods, all of them belonging in reality to the Sun? For we men have gained our notion of the god from the works which the same god actually works—he that hath made the universal heaven perfect through his *Intelligible* blessings, and given to the same a share of his *Intelligible* beauty. And beginning from that point, himself wholly and partially by the giving of good men,[1] . . . . . for they superintend every motion as far as the extremest limits of the universe. And Nature and Soul, and all that at any time exists, all these, and in all places, does he bring to perfection; and after having marshalled so vast a host of deities into one governing unity, he has given to them *Athene*, or *Providence;* who, mythology says, sprung forth out of the head of Jupiter; but whom *we* assert to have been projected entire out of the entire Sovereign Sun, for she was contained within him, in this particular dissenting from the legend, in that we do not hold her to have sprung out of the *topmost* part, but all *entire*, and out of the *entire* god. For in other respects, inasmuch as we consider Jupiter to be one and the same with the Sun, we are agreed with the antique tradition. And in calling Athene "Providence," we are making no innovation, if indeed we rightly understand the line:—

"He came to Pytho and the blue-eyed *Prescience*."

In this way, then, was Athene, or Providence, regarded by the ancients also, as partner of the throne with Apollo,

of a circle. Julian, after the fashion of theologians, taking words in the sense they will *bear*, not in that for which they are *meant*, makes Bacchus' old title, "joy-giver," as god of wine, take the transcendental meaning of "Giver of the Graces," supposing the god the Solar Power.

[1] A *lacuna* here in the MS., but what follows shows it to have referred to the Sun's giving birth to angels, heroes, etc., as set forth amongst his other "Operations," at p. 237.

the latter considered as no other than the Sun. Perhaps Homer uttered this by divine command, for he was, as is commonly said, "possessed by a god," and he has actually spoken like a prophet in many places in his poem:—

"Honours, that Phœbus and Athene gain."

From Jupiter, that is to say, who is the same with the Sun, in the same way as the sovereign Apollo is a partner with the Sun by means of the *singleness* of their conceptions. So, indeed, must we believe that Athene, having received her own being from him (and who is also his perfect *Intelligence*), binds together the other deities, with the Sun into unity, without confusion of person with the Sun, sovereign of the universe; and that she regulates and distributes the streams of unpolluted and pure Life from the topmost vault[1] of heaven, through the seven cycles, as far as the region of the Moon, which last, as being the most remote of the bodies moving in cycles, this goddess[2] has filled by the agency of her thought; empowered by which the Moon not merely contemplates the Intelligible things that be *above* the heavens, but regulates the Matter that is below her, and eliminates therefrom whatever is brutish, turbulent, and disorderly. Unto men Athene gives good things—namely, wisdom, understanding, and the creative arts; and she dwells in their citadels, I suppose, as being the founder of civil government through the communication of her own wisdom.

Now for a few words about Aphrodite, whom the Phœnician theologians agree in making co-operate in the work of creation with the last-mentioned goddess—and I

[1] The Egyptian Neith is regularly depicted as forming, by her own body, bent from one end of the horizon to the other, the actual vault of heaven. In the primitive Nature-worship she represented the visible heavens. The Alexandrian Platonists extracted from the type the refined doctrine set forth in the text.

[2] Perhaps referring to Aristotle's statement that Athene was properly the lunar deity, whence her attribute, the Owl.

believe they are right. She, then, is the *mingling together* of the celestial deities, and of the harmony of the same, for the purposes of love and unification. For she being near to the Sun, and running her course together with him, and approaching close to him, she fills the heavens with a good temperament, she imparts to the earth the generative power, whilst she herself provides for the perpetuity of generation of animals, of which generation the Sovereign Sun contains the final efficient cause. She, however, is joint cause with him, enthralling our souls by the aid of pleasure, whilst she sheds down from the æther upon the earth her rays so delightful and pure, more lustrous than gold itself.

And yet, again, I wish to mete out a little more of the theology of the Phœnicians—whether to good purpose my argument will discover as it goes on. Those who inhabit Edessa, a place consecrated to the Sun, from time immemorial, place on the same throne with him two gods called "Monimos" and "Azizos." By these names are understood (as Iamblichus says, from whom I have borrowed these few things out of his abundance) by "Monimos" *Mercury*, by "Azizos" *Mars*, the assessor of the Sun, who also diffuses, as a channel, many blessings upon the region encompassing the earth.

The operations therefore of this deity as regards the heavens are of the number above stated, and are effected by the aforesaid agencies, reaching as far as the extremest boundaries of the earth. But all that he operates in the region *above the Moon* it would be too tedious to recount in full. Nevertheless, these also must be told in a summary way: I am aware that I have already alluded to them when I recommended you to view things unseen through the medium of natural phenomena, in the question of the nature of the gods. My subject now demands that in this sequence I should express my opinions upon these points.

In the same manner therefore as we have laid it down

that the Sun holds the supremacy in the Intelligible world, having round about his own being, in one species, a vast multitude of gods (supposing him to have the same in the Sensible world), all of which move along their everlasting and most felicitous course in a circle, so do we prove him to be *Leader* and *Lord*, imparting to and filling the whole heaven, as he does, with his own splendour, likewise with infinite other blessings that be invisible to us: whilst the benefits commenced by the other deities are brought to perfection by him; nay, more, before this, these gods themselves were rendered perfect through his spontaneous and divine operation. And similarly it is to be believed that certain deities, held together by the Sovereign Sun, are stationed about the region belonging to *Birth*,[1] who govern the fourfold nature of the elements, and dwell, in company with the three superior species, round about the souls around which these same elements are fixed. And to the disembodied souls themselves of how many blessings is not He the source! by his holding forth to them the means of examining themselves, by his correcting them with his justice, and purifying them with his brilliancy. Is it not He that stirs up and fans the flame of all Nature, by imparting unto her the faculty of generation? Nay more, to the disembodied natures also He is truly the cause of their progress towards perfection, for Man is generalled by Man and the Sun, as Aristotle hath it. The same opinion it behoves us to hold respecting the Sovereign Sun, in the case of all other things, whatever be the operations. And what! doth not this deity produce the rain, the winds, and all that takes place in the upper regions, by making use of the double effect of *evaporation*, as it were for his raw material? For by his heating the earth he draws up the vapour and

[1] Meaning, perhaps, the Milky Way, which Macrobius describes as the road taken by souls in their downward course for union with the body.

fumes; out of which are generated not only atmospheric changes, but all the effects, both small and great, that go on under the earth.

But why do I dwell upon the same things when it is in my power to advance towards the end, after having sung all the benefits that the Sun hath bestowed upon mankind? For we spring out of him, and are nourished from him. Furthermore, his more transcendental operations—all the service he renders unto souls, by releasing them from the body, and carrying them up to the Beings that are cognate to the Divinity, whilst he lends them for vehicle of their safe return to their birthplace, the subtile and elastic part of the divine light—all this may be celebrated by others as it deserves: but by *us* it must rather be believed in than demonstrated. Such things, however, as by their nature are patent to all people, these we must not be too lazy to set forth. Heaven, says Plato, was our first teacher of Philosophy; for from thence we got the notion of the nature of *Numbers*. The same Plato adds Day and Night, in the first place [to the list of teachers; and secondly we gain the same notions] from the light of the Moon, the which is lent to this deity from the Sun. After this we advance still further in this power of comprehension, everywhere having for our aim an exact agreement with the teaching of this deity. As the same philosopher somewhere observes "that our race being full of trouble, the gods out of compassion have given to us Bacchus and the Muses for allies."[1] Now it has been proved by us already that the Sun is the common leader of these deities, since he is sung of as the sire of Bacchus; and likewise is the "Leader of the Muses." And the Apollo who is joint-ruler with him, hath he not given forth his Oracles in all

[1] Julian, like the philosophers of his day, here "sees in *Plato* more than *Plato* saw," for the ancient sage is unmistakably thinking of wine and song in their most materialistic sense.

parts of the earth? He has given to men inspired wisdom; he has adorned states with religious and political institutions.

This god has civilized, by the agency of the Greek colonies, the greatest part of the habitable globe; he has prepared it the more readily to submit to the Romans—a race possessing not merely a Grecian origin, but also *Greek*, and who have established and maintained a creed as regards the gods that is thoroughly Greek from beginning to end; and who, besides all this, have founded a form of government in no way inferior to that of the best regulated states—even if of all the governments that have ever been tried, it be not the very best; from all which circumstances, I think I have myself recognized the Roman state as being *Greek* both in its origin and in its government. Furthermore, I make known unto thee how He hath provided for the bodily health of us all, by having produced *Æsculapius*, the Preserver of the universe; and how he hath communicated to us virtue of every kind, by sending down Aphrodite in company with Athene for our guardian; having made it all but a law that no one should use copulation except for the end of generating his like. For this reason truly, according to his revolutions and seasons, do the various vegetable and animal races feel themselves stirred towards the generation of their kind. What need is there to magnify the glory of his rays, and of his light? A night without moon, and without stars, how terrible is it! Let anyone reflect on this, in order that he may estimate how great a blessing is the light we derive from the Sun! Although he affords the same light continuously, and not shared with Night, in the suitable regions reckoning upwards from the Moon, yet doth he grant men a respite from their toil through the intervention of the Night. But there would be no end to the discourse were one to attempt to enumerate everything of this sort, inasmuch as there is no blessing in life that we have not received

from this deity—either complete, and directly from him, or else indirectly coming from him, but perfected by the means of the other Powers. Our patron is he—for the Capitol in our metropolis is occupied not merely by Jupiter, conjointly with Venus and Minerva—that Jupiter, who is hymned as the "Universal Sire"—but by Apollo likewise upon the Palatine Hill, Apollo himself—a name thus common to all, and belonging by right to them. But how we universally and everywhere belong to him, as the sons of Romulus and of Æneas, though I have much to say, I will but mention a few, and the best-known facts. Æneas sprung from Venus, who is the agent of and akin to, the Sun. The actual founder of our city, tradition has delivered down to be the son of Mars, confirming the improbable tale by the miracle that followed his birth; for a she-wolf gave suck to the child, according to report. That Mars, called "Azizos" by the natives of Edessa in Syria, is the harbinger of the Sun, though I am aware of the fact and have already named, I shall for the present pass it by. For what reason is the wolf the attribute of Mars, rather than of the Sun? And yet they say that his annual revolution is called "Lycobas," *Wolf's-walk*, after this god; and not only Homer so denominates it, but also other well-known poets; as, moreover, the god himself, for he says at the end of a response

"The twelvemonth's ancient *Lycobas*, in dance."

Do you wish me then to adduce to you a stronger proof that the founder of our city was not merely *sent down* from (the planet) Mars, but that perhaps to the *creation of his body* aid was lent by some martial and generous dæmon—the one that, according to the legend, visited Sylvia as she was carrying the lustral water to her goddess. And to make a general observation, the soul of the god Quirinus came down from the Sun. For in the same manner as the exact conjunction of those bodies which assign sovereignty, namely, the Sun and Moon, brought him down

upon earth, so did it carry up again to heaven that soul which it carried back again from earth; when it eliminated the mortal part of his body by the fire of lightning. And thus manifestly, the goddess who is the creator of terrestrial phenomena, and who is in a special sense subordinate to the Sun, took back again that Quirinus who was sent down upon earth through the agency of Minerva —Providence; for she carried him back, as he flew upwards from earth, unto the Sun, sovereign of the Universe. Do you wish me to adduce respecting the same matter the institution of King Numa? The fire derived from the Sun is preserved unextinguished by virgins, agreeing with the different Seasons in number; which latter in truth guard the fire that was produced by the Moon, around the earth, by the influence of the Sun. I have yet a stronger proof to mention of this deity's existence; the actual working of the most divine sovereign. The *months*, by all mankind so to speak, are reckoned from the Moon; we alone, and the Egyptians, count the days of the year according to the motions of the Sun. If after this I were to mention that we worship *Mithras*, and celebrate quadrennial games, I should be speaking of more recent institutions; it is better therefore to confine myself to those of more ancient date in what I am going to add. The beginning of the annual cycle different nations calculate in different ways; some taking for it the vernal equinox; others the middle point of Summer; others again the end of Autumn. In all this they celebrate the most conspicuous blessings of the deity: in the first, the opening of the favourable season for work, when the earth blossoms and rejoices, with all the crops just springing up. The seas do then become fit for navigation; and the never-smiling and sulky face of Winter is transformed into a more cheerful aspect. The second sort have done this honour to Midsummer Day, as having it then in their power to rejoice securely over the success of their crops: the seed-crops being by this time got in, and the fruit-

crops already ripe, and the produce still hanging on the trees now drawing to maturity. The third, yet more acute than they, have established for the end of the year the most complete maturity and decay of all productions; for this cause do they hold their annual festivals when the Autumn is now drawing to an end. But our ancestors, from the time of that most religious King Numa, paying special honour to the god in question, cast aside the common practice, and as they were of superior understanding, they recognized this deity, and settled to hold the New Year's festival in the present season, at what time the Sun returns to us, leaving the extreme distance of the meridian, and bending his course around Capricorn as his goal, moves from the South towards the North; being about to give us our share of his annual blessings. And that they have thus fixed the time of the New Year's festival out of an accurate understanding of the case, may be easily discerned from the following circumstance—they did not fix the festival upon the *actual day* when the Sun makes the turn [but on the day][1] when it is apparent to all that he is making his progress from the South towards the North. For not yet known to them was the subtlety of those rules which the Chaldæans and Egyptians invented, but which Hipparchus and Ptolemy brought to perfection; but they trusted to their senses, and followed the guidance of natural phenomena. And in this way, as I have said, the matter was discovered to be of such a nature by those who came after them. Immediately after the last month, which is Saturn's, and previous to the festival in question, we celebrate the most solemn of our Games, dedicating it to the honour of the "Invincible Sun," during which it is not lawful for anything cruel

[1] ἀλλὰ must have dropped out of the text; for Julian argues that New Year's Day was not fixed at the real solstice, December 21, but at a later day, when the change in the Sun's motion was clearly perceptible to these simple rustics.

(although necessary), which the previous month presented in its Shows, should be perpetrated on this occasion. The *Saturnalia*,[1] being the concluding festival, are closely followed in cyclic order by the Festival of the Sun; the which I hope that the Powers above will grant me frequently to chaunt, and to celebrate; and above all others may the Sovereign Sun, lord of the universe! He who proceeding from all eternity in the generative being of the Good, stationed as the central one amidst the central intelligible deities, and replenishing them all with concord, infinite beauty, generative superabundance, and perfect intelligence, and with all blessings collectively without limit of time; and in time present illuminating his station which moves as the centre of all the heavens, his own possession from all eternity! Whilst he imparts his own beauty to every phenomenon of Nature, and fills the universal heaven with as many deities as he contains intelligibly within himself; whilst they multiply round about him without separation, and dwell together with him in unity of species! And nevertheless the region *below the Moon* he embraces by the agency of his perpetual generation, and the benefits flowing out of the *Cyclic Body*; providing for the entire family of Man, and, especially, for our commonwealth; in the same way as he *hath from all eternity created our own soul, having appointed it for minister unto himself.*[2] May He therefore grant unto me that which I have just now prayed for; and moreover to the whole of my empire may He with his good will supply and guard all possible continuance! And to ourselves may He grant success both in religious and secular affairs, so long as He may concede us life!

[1] The Saturnalia lasted the three days following the 16th or 18th December, the festival of the "Sol Invictus" was held on the 25th of the same month.

[2] *ὥσπερ οὖν καὶ τὴν ἡμετερὰν φυχην ἐξ ἀιδίου ὑπέστησ· εν, ὀπαδὸν ὑπο φήνας ἀυτοῦ.* A remarkable enunciation of the soul's eternal pre-existence, and derivation from the Sun.

And grant us to live, and to govern in life, as long as it is well-pleasing to *himself*, best for *us*, and expedient to the *public* interests of the Romans![1]

Thus much, my dear Sallust, upon the threefold operation of the deity have I ventured to write for you, in about three nights' space, having gone over the subject in my memory as far as it was possible: since what I had previously written to you "upon the Saturnalia"[2] did not prove entirely labour thrown away. But on the same subject you will obtain more complete and more abstruse information by consulting the works upon it composed by the divine Iamblichus: you will find there the extreme limit of human wisdom attained. May the mighty Sun grant me to attain to no less knowledge of himself, and to teach it publicly to all, and privately to such as are worthy to receive it: and as long as the god grants this to us, let us consult in common his well-beloved Iamblichus; out of whose abundance a few things, that have come into my mind, I have here set down. That no other person will treat of this subject more perfectly than *he* has done, I am well aware; not even though he should expend much additional labour in making new discoveries in the research; for in all probability he will go astray from the most correct conception of the nature of the god. It were perhaps an idle attempt (if I were writing this discourse for the sake of giving *instruction*) for me to treat of it at all after what that philosopher has done; but inasmuch as it is my wish only to compose a hymn of *thanksgiving* in honour of the god, I have deemed it quite sufficient[3] to discourse to the best of my ability concerning his nature. I do not think I have wasted words to no pur-

[1] A prayer most remarkably fulfilled! for what a troublous, perhaps disgraceful reign, awaited the enthusiast, had he returned alive from his unsuccessful expedition.

[2] The book has perished; it doubtless was of the same mystic character as this and the following "Hymn."

[3] τὸ πανὺ, all in all—complete success.

pose: the maxim, "Sacrifice to the immortal gods according to thy means," I accept as applying not merely to *burnt-offerings*, but also to our *praises* addressed unto the gods. I pray for the third time, in return for this my good intention, the Sun lord of the universe to be propitious to me, and to bestow on me a virtuous life, a more perfect understanding, and a superhuman intellect, and a very easy release from the trammels of life at the time appointed: and after that release, an ascension up to himself, and an abiding place with him, if possible, for all time to come; or if *that* be too great a recompense for my past life, many and long-continued[1] revolutions around his presence!

[1] Before the same soul is again re-united with Matter, and imprisoned in the body: exemption from such thraldom being a reward doled out in measure proportioned to merit during its last probation on earth.

UPON THE MOTHER OF THE GODS.[1]

MUST we then speak of this subject also: and shall we write concerning things that are not to be told, and shall we publish things not to be divulged, and secrets not to be spoken aloud? Who indeed is *Attis* or *Gallos;* who the *Mother of the Gods;* what is the reason of this rule of *Chastity;* moreover for what cause has such an institution been established among us from remote antiquity; handed down to us indeed from the most ancient of the Phrygians, but accepted in the first place by the Greeks—and those not the vulgar herd, but the Athenians—taught by the event that they had not done well in ridiculing him that was performing the rites of the Great Mother. For they are said to have insulted and driven off the Gallos, as one who was making innovations in religion: because they did not understand the character of the goddess, or how that she was the very "Deo," "Rhea," and "Demeter" so much honoured amongst them themselves.

Then followed vengeance on the part of the goddess, and then a remedy for that vengeance. For she that was directress unto the Greeks in all good things (namely, the prophetess of the Delphic god) ordered them to propitiate the anger of the Great Mother; and hence was

[1] Written at Pessinus, in a single night (says Libanius), in the winter before his expedition into Persia (which also appears from Julian's own asseveration at p. 278), A.D. 362-3.

erected by the Athenians the Temple "of the Mother," wherein were kept all the public documents. After the Greeks, the Romans also received her; the Pythia having advised them, in their turn, to bring the goddess out of Phrygia for their helper in the war against the Carthaginians. And here there is nothing to prevent me from relating a little history. These most religious inhabitants of Rome, on the receipt of the oracle, send off an embassy to beg of the kings of Pergamus, who at that time were masters of Phrygia, and from the Phrygians themselves, the most holy statue of the goddess. They received and carried away the sacred burthen, having embarked it in a large merchant-ship, competent to traverse such mighty seas. Having crossed the Ægean and Ionian Seas, and sailed round the Sicilian and the Tyrrhene, she finally entered the mouth of the Tiber. The people streamed out of the city, together with the Senate: before them all, however, advanced to receive her the priests and priestesses, arrayed after the manner of the country, with their attention fixed upon the vessel which was coming in under full sail. They gazed at the surging of the waves as they divided themselves around the keel; and as she sailed up they welcomed her, each one kissing his hand to her, as they happened to be standing in front, from a distance. But the ship, as though desirous to prove to the people of Rome that it was not a mere lifeless *wooden* image[1] she was bringing them from Phrygia, but that, whatever it was she was bringing them from the Phrygians, it must possess some greater and supernatural virtue of its own, as soon as the goddess touched the Tiber she made the ship stand still, as though it had suddenly taken root in the bed of the river. They towed her against the stream—she did not follow: they waded into the shallows, and endeavoured to shove off the ship—

[1] A remark worthy of notice, for her famous idol at Pessinus was a shapeless black stone, doubtless an aërolite.

she did not yield for all their pushing: next every possible resource was tried—she none the less remained immovable. For this cause a dire and unjust suspicion was cast upon the virtue of the Virgin who was invested with the highest sacerdotal rank, and they accused Clodia (such was the name of the reverend Vestal) of not keeping herself entirely unpolluted and pure in honour of the goddess, and therefore the latter was perhaps incensed, and took her vengeance: for all thought the event to be something supernatural. The Vestal, at first, was filled with shame at the rumour, and at the suspicion; so far removed was she from the forbidden and disgraceful fact: but when she perceived the slander against herself was spreading, and every moment gaining strength, she took off her girdle, and fastening it about the figure-head of the ship, as if by a sudden inspiration she ordered the crowd to fall back, and besought the goddess not to suffer her to be without cause exposed to such accusations. Then shouting, they say, like the sailors' cry: "Mistress and Mother," she exclaimed, "if I *am* chaste, follow me:" and forthwith she not merely stirred the ship, but towed it after her for a considerable distance against the current. And hereby the goddess, I ween, showed unto the Romans that the freight they were bringing from Phrygia was one worth no small price, but rather worth all they had to give: not a thing human, but a thing divine: not mere soulless earth, but something possessed of life, and out of nature. Such a manifestation, therefore, of her power did the goddess make before our people: she proved also another thing, that neither the virtue nor the vice of a single one of the citizens could escape her scrutiny. The war immediately prospered with the Romans against the Carthaginians, in such sort that their third war was merely for the *walls* of Carthage.

If this tale of the Vestal shall be thought by some incredible, and not suitable for either a philosopher or a theologian, let it none the less be recounted, for it is pub-

licly recorded by very many historians, and its memory preserved in brazen statues in that most noble and religious[1] city, Rome. I am not indeed ignorant that certain over-wise people will call these legends "old wives' fables," and not worth listening to; but I think, for my part, that in such matters it is better to believe the testimony of nations than of those witty individuals, whose little soul is acute indeed, but has a clear insight into no one thing. As regards the theory that came into my mind lately, during the actual period wherein *continence* is enjoined, I am informed that Porphyry, too, has composed a philosophical treatise upon this very subject; but as I have not met with his book, I cannot tell whether he happens to agree in any way with my own explanation. For my part, by my unassisted judgment I understand by this "Gallos," or "Attis," the existence of the *Generative* and *Formative Intelligence*, which generates all things down to the very furthest limits of Matter, and which contains in itself all the reasons and causes of *material species*. For the species of all are not contained in all; nor are those of the farthest off and the *last* of all, beyond which no more exists, contained in the Causes that be highest (final) and *first*, or where the name of "Deprivation" is applied with the sense of "Absence of Form." Now since there are many Existences, and very many Creators, the nature of that Creator who possesses the remote reasons, and the continuous efficient causes of material species, the nature, that is to say, of the superabundance of generative faculty,[2] which is the lowest placed, and which extends as far as our earth from the stars above—

[1] A remark showing that the old religion was still in the ascendant there.

[2] A fundamental principle of this philosophy, repeatedly insisted upon in the "Hymn to the Sun," is that the Natural Powers, Θεοί, are continually replenished with their proper forces from some supreme fount, and the surplus of such force is expended by them in the creation and maintenance of *material species*.

this Nature is the *Attis* we are seeking for. It is, however, necessary to make a clearer definition of what I am advancing. I lay it down that there is *Matter*, and also there are *Material Species*, but unless a *Final Cause* for them be previously assumed, we shall be, without perceiving it, introducing the doctrine of Epicurus: since if nothing be anterior to two efficient causes, a spontaneous *flux* and *chance* must have united the two together. But we see (remarks some quick-witted Peripatetician, like Xenagoras) that the cause of these things is the "Fifth[1] and Revolving Body:" Aristotle, also, has made himself ridiculous by his inquiry and idle curiosity in this subject, and Theophrastus has followed his example, for he did not understand his own language. For after he had got as far as the Incorporeal and Intelligible existence he stopped short, not *investigating* that existence, but *defining* in what *way* these things came to exist; whereas he ought, I fancy, to have *assumed* their coming into existence in the same way as he did in the case of the "Fifth Body," and not sought after the causes, and to have stopped at this point, without flying off into the Ideal—a thing which has no natural existence of itself, but rests upon bare mental conception. To this effect I remember having heard Xenarchus lecture, but whether he was correct or not in so speaking must be left to the most high flying Peripa-

[1] Aristotle's *πεμπτὴ ὀυσία*, afterwards so famous as the "Quintessence," the Fifth Element, superior to all the rest. But the best definition is Plutarch's (De Ei Delphico, cap. x.):—*τὸ δὲ πέμπτον οὐρανὸν, οἱ δὲ φῶς, οἱ δ' αἰθέρα καλοῦσιν, οἱ δ' αὐτὸ τοῦτο πέμπτην οὐσίαν, ἣ τὸ κύκλῳ περιφέρεσθαι μόνῃ τῶν σωμάτων κατὰ φύσιν ἐστὶν, οὐκ ἐξ ἀνάγκης οὖσ' ἀλλως συμβεβηκότος.* This Attis of the Mysteries seems to have the same origin with the Metatron of the Kabbala, the only-begotten son of the Tetragrammaton, who, like a wheel, *ophan*, is continually descending and ascending, bringing down lights from the Father, and carrying up to Him the good deeds of His people. At any rate, the Ophites (says Hippolytus) discerned in Attis, "almond-branch," the "wheatear cut off," the express type of the Saviour.

teticians to discover, but that he (Aristotle) does not speak in every way to *my* satisfaction is quite clear, inasmuch as I do not accept even the hypotheses of Aristotle unless they be brought into conformity with the doctrine of Plato; and, still more, the present subject must be reconciled with the revelations given to us from the mouth of the gods. One question, however, is worth asking; In what way can the Revolving Body contain the incorporeal causes of the immaterial species? for that without these Causes it is not possible that generation can subsist is, I suppose, self-evident and certain. To what purpose, pray, exist all these things that be born? Whence come male and female? Whence the difference in kind of all things that be, amongst visible species, unless there be certain pre-existing and previously established *Reasons* and *Causes* subsisting beforehand, in the nature of a *pattern?* With regard to which, though we are dull of sight, yet let us strive to clear away the mist from the eyes of the soul. The proper mode of clearing them is to turn into oneself, and to contemplate how the soul, and the mind imprisoned in *Matter*, are, as it were, the impression in wax and the image of things *Immaterial*. For this one thing[1] is not of the number of bodies, nor of the things that exist and are contemplated, incorporeally in connection with our bodies, the conception of which the soul is unable to receive independently of the body: a thing that it (the soul) would never have done, did it not possess in its nature some certain relationship with things incorporeal. This is Aristotle's meaning when he called the soul the "Type of species, though not in *activity*, yet in *potentiality*." That a soul thus constituted, and one turned inwards upon the body, contains these qualities in potentiality, is a necessary consequence; and if this soul be unconfined and without mixture, as it were, it cannot upset the argument, but must be supposed in all respects to be in *activity*.

[1] This impression, or image, of the immaterial world.

Let us consider the point more intelligibly, through the medium of an example which Plato has used in his "Sophist," although applied there to a different subject. The example I do not intend adducing for a proof of my argument, for it ought not to be taken as a *proof*, but only as an *illustration;* since it is about the First Causes, or those at least which are of the same rank with the First, that is, if our Attis be (as there is good reason to think) of divine nature. But what, and what sort of thing is your example? Plato remarks somewhere in his discussion upon "Imitation," that "if one should try to imitate in such a way as to *reproduce* the thing imitated, the task is full of labour and difficult—nay, of a truth almost an aiming at what is impossible; whereas that of imitating reality by means of *appearance* is pleasant, easy, and very possible. When, therefore, we take a mirror and carry it round, we easily take the *impression* of real objects, and show the figures of each of them." From this example let us transfer the comparison to the subject under discussion, so that the mirror may stand for what is termed by Aristotle the "Place of Forms in *potentiality*," for the *real* forms. But these forms themselves must necessarily exist in *activity* before existing in potentiality, and consequently prior to our soul (which is the opinion of Aristotle) that contains these forms in potentiality. Where, therefore, are we to place these things that exist first of all in activity? Must we place them in things united with Matter? No, for *these* are evidently the latest in rank. The only alternative left us, is to look for the *immaterial* causes in activity, previously established, of things *material*, *prior to* which our soul has existed, and together *with* which it has emanated from its source, and *out* of which it receives (as do mirrors from real objects), as a necessary consequence, the reasons of Forms, and communicates them through the agency of its nature unto Matter, as well as to the material bodies. Now that Nature is the *maker* of these bodies, we all know, inas-

much as she is, as it were, the entire Nature of the universe; that she is also the maker of each individual part is, I fancy, self-evident and certain. But Nature in activity is distinct from Imagination (*φαντασία*) in us, whilst the soul, which is superior to her, has received the property of Imagination. If, then, it is allowed that Nature possesses the *cause* of the things whereof she does not possess the *conception*, why in God's Name shall we not allow the same to hold good, and in a still higher degree, in the case of the soul, where we already *know* by means of imagination, and *discover* by means of the reason? For who is there so fond of cavilling as to allow that Nature possesses the *material* reasons (if not all alike in activity) at least all in potentiality, and yet refuse the same to the soul? If, therefore, Forms exist in Nature in potentiality, but not in activity, they certainly do exist in the Soul potentially in a purer and more distinct manner, so as to be comprehended and be known, although by no means in activity. To what shall we fasten the *cables* of this continuous generation? Where shall we mentally fix[1] our reasonings concerning the eternal duration of the world? The circulating Body[2] is certainly made up out

[1] An allusion to the *δὸς ποῦ στῶ* of Archimedes.

[2] Aristotle makes the Universe to consist of seven concentric spheres, each governed by a spirit of its own; whilst God eternally revolves in external space, and perpetually keeps up the existence of the whole ("Metaphysics," book x.). From Aristotle Dante derived the term ("Paradiso," viii. 126):—

> "La *Circular Natura* che è suggello
> Alla cera mortal, fa ben sua arte,
> Ma non distingue l'un dall' altro ostello.
> Quinci addivien ch' Esaù si diparte
> Per seme da Iacob; e vien Quirino
> Da sì vil padre che si rende a Marte.
> Natura generata il suo cammino
> Simil farebbe sempre ai generanti,
> Se non vincesse il provveder divino."

of *subject* and *form*. This is a necessary consequence, unless these two exist in activity, separate from each other; but, by thought at least, all the former must be regarded as existing the first,[1] and as the more ancient. Since, therefore, a certain Cause is allowed to have preceded material forms, being itself entirely immaterial, under the "Third Creator" (who[2] is to us father and lord, not of these objects only, but also of the Visible and Fifth Body), so we separate from the former [the Third Creator] *Attis* as the Cause that descends as far as the region of Matter, and we regard this Attis as the generative Power and the Gallos at one and the same time—him who, as Fable tells, was exposed by the side of the streams of the river *Gallos*, and there grew up, and afterwards, when he had got tall and handsome, became the favourite of the Mother of the Gods, and she committed to his care all other things, and placed upon his head the star-bespangled cap. Now if the head of Attis be covered by this visible heaven,[3] ought we not perchance to interpret the river Gallos as signifying the *span of the Milky Way*, for at that point, it is said, that the body which is susceptible of passion mixes with the impassive circular orbit of the Fifth Body? As far as this limit truly hath the Mother of the Gods allowed this minion of her's to *leap* about and *dance*—namely, he that resembles the *sunbeams*,[4] this *intelligible* Power, Attis. And when the same is

[1] As being the first to exist.

[2] This notion is *not* to be found either in Plato or Aristotle, but comes from Iamblichus, who makes τρεῖς Δημιουργοὶ connected with the three species of Being—the Intelligible, the Intellectual, the Cosmic. The "Third Creator," therefore, is the one that comes more immediately into contact with Matter, and produces the universe.

[3] As symbolized by his starry cap, a proof of the identity of Attis with Deus Lunus.

[4] An evident allusion to an explanation in the Phrygian Mysteries that made the mad dances of the Galli symbolize the play of the sunbeams.

arrived at the extremity of his limits, he is said in the fable to have descended into the Cave,[1] and conversed with the nymph, symbolizing the *duplicity* of Matter, and it is not Matter itself that is here meant, but the ultimate Cause of things incorporeal, which also existed before Matter. Moreover, it is asserted by Heraclitus: "Death unto souls is but a change to *liquid*."[2] This Attis, therefore, the intelligible Power, the holder together of things material below the Moon, having intercourse with the pre-ordained Cause of Matter, holds intercourse therewith, not as a male with a female, but as though flowing into it, since he is the same with it.

Who then is the Mother of the Gods? She is the Source of the Intelligible and Creative Powers, which direct the visible ones; she that gave birth to and copulated with the mighty Jupiter: she that exists as a great goddess next to the Great One, and in union with the Great Creator; she that is dispenser of all life; cause of all birth; most easily accomplishing all that is made; generating without passion; creating all that exists in concert with the Father; herself a virgin, without mother, sharing the throne of Jupiter, the mother in very truth of all the gods; for by receiving within herself the causes of all the intelligible deities that be above the world, she became the source to things the objects of intellect. Now this goddess, who is also the same as Providence, was seized with a love without passion for Attis. And according to her will and pleasure made not only material things, but in a still higher degree the causes of the same. Now the fable relates how that the *Virginity*,

[1] According to the legend, Attis having vowed perpetual chastity in honour of Cybele, was afterwards seduced by a certain nymph, and being punished with madness for thus breaking his vow, castrated himself in a fit of frenzy.

[2] This notion plays a great part in the system of the Naaseni (Ophites), who identified their serpent, *Naas*, with the element, Water.

which preserves that things that be born and those that die, became enamoured of the creative and generative cause of these things, and commanded it to conceive, in preference, within the intelligible world, and to turn itself towards her, and to consort with her; that she made an injunction it should do so with none of the other Powers; whereby it should at once preserve the unity of form that conduces to preservation, and escape all tendency towards Matter; also she commanded this Cause to look up to herself (because she is the source of the creative Powers), without being drawn down or seduced into generation. For in this way the great Attis would become more powerfully creative, inasmuch as in every case the aiming at the better is more effective than the declination towards the worse. For in fact the Fifth Body is more creative through the former, than through the latter tendency,[1] and likewise more divine in consequence of its directing itself towards the gods; since the *body*, even though it were composed of the purest æther, no one would presume to say was superior to the *soul* that was both undefiled and pure, such as was the soul of Hercules, which emanated from the Creator. And yet this soul was more effective when she had given it to a body. For unto this very Hercules the superintendence of things below had been rendered more easy now that he is returned entire to his entire Father, than was it of old time when he wore flesh and lived amongst men. Thus in all cases the going away towards the better is more productive of effect than the turning towards the worse. And this the legend aims at teaching when it makes the Mother of the Gods enjoin upon Attis to be her servant, and not to stray from her, and not fall in love with another woman. But he went forward, and descended as far as the boundaries of Matter. But when it became necessary for this *igno-*

[1] To look up towards the Mother of the Gods.

rance[1] to cease and be stopped—then Corybas,[2] the mighty Sun, the colleague of the Mother of the Gods (he that creates, and contrives all things beforehand, in unison with her, and who does nothing without her), persuades the *lion* to turn informer. Who then is this lion? We hear him styled "blazing"—he must, therefore, I think, be the cause presiding over the *hot* and *fiery* element; that which was about to wage war against the *Nymph*, and to make her jealous of her intercourse with Attis; and who this Nymph is we have already stated.[3] This lion, the fable tells, lent his aid to the Mother of the Gods, that is, to the *creative Providence of things that be;* and by his detecting the offence and turning informer, became the author of the castration of the youth. Now this "castration" signifies a check to *ignorance;*[4] for the business of generation stood still in the ordained forms, being checked by the creative Providence of the universe, not without the intervention of the fabled madness of Attis; which madness, running wild and overleaping all bound, and therefore deprivative of all strength, and not possible to be kept under command, was a thing which it is not unreasonable to suppose is due to the Final Cause of the gods. Contemplate and consider the Fifth Body—how it remains

[1] ἀπειρία used here as signifying a "going out of bounds," as if derived from πέρας. It is the "Indefiniteness" used by Plato to denote imperfection.

[2] Here we find the true origin of the Ophite Triad, composed of the Spiritual Man (Adam Kadmon), Ἔννοια, and the Spirit; out of which proceeds the Christ, who corresponds to the Attis in his operations.

[3] He makes her play the same part that *Matter* does in all the Gnostic theories. Thus in the "Pistis-Sophia," the main plot turns upon the seduction of the Æon so named, and her entanglement in the sticky abyss of *Matter*.

[4] Or "the going out of bounds," the double meaning of the word (somewhat forcibly obtained, 'tis true), which affords foundation for this esoteric doctrine, cannot be preserved in the translation. Plato himself is the author of this play upon the words. "Indefinity," is a good equivalent for ἀπειρία proposed by Dr. Jackson.

free from change during every change, in the case of the illuminations of the moon; in order that finally the world, so constantly renewed, and continually destroyed, may be near to the Fifth Body. With regard to her[1] illuminations we observe the occurrence of a certain change, and particular effects taking place simultaneously. It is not therefore unreasonable to suppose this Attis a supernatural personage (in fact the fable implies as much), or rather in all respects, a deity, seeing that he comes forth out of the Third Creator, and returns again after his castration, to the Mother of the Gods, after he has persuaded himself to incline completely[2] towards him, although he seemed at first to have a tendency towards Matter. One will not be wrong in taking him for the last of the *gods*, although the *foremost* of all things not human. For this reason the fable styles him a "demi-god," in order to express the difference between him and the unchangeable deities. The Corybantes, who are assigned by the Great Mother to act as his bodyguard, are the *three primal Substances*[3] of the superior kinds, that come next to the gods. He also rules over the lions, which together with their chief, Leo (the Zodiacal Sign), having a hot and fiery nature allotted to them, are the causes of the element *Fire* in the first instance, and by means of the *heat* resulting therefrom, are the authors of the Exciting Energy, and also of preservation to all the rest. He is crowned with the heavens instead of a tiara, coming forth as he does, so to speak, from thence unto us. This great god of ours is Attis; this is the meaning of the "Flight of King Attis" that we have just been lamenting; his "Concealments," his "Vanishings," his "Descents into the Cave." Let my evidence be the time of year when all these cere-

[1] Probably referring to the identity of Attis with Deus Lunus.

[2] That is, "to be completely reconciled to the Third Creator."

[3] The elements Air, Water, Earth; Fire being mentioned in the next sentence.

monies take place; for it is said that the *Sacred Tree*[1] is cut down at the moment when the Sun arrives at the extreme point of the equinoctial arc: next in order follows the Sounding of the trumpets, and lastly is cut down the sacred and ineffable Harvest of the god Gallos: after these come, as they say, the Hilaria and festivities. Now that a "cessation of Indefinity"[2] is meant by the castration so much talked of by the vulgar, is self-evident from the fact that when the Sun touches the equinoctial circle, where that which is most definite is placed (for *equality* is definite, but *inequality* indefinite and inexplicable); at that very moment (according to the report), the Sacred Tree is cut down; then come the other rites in their order; whereof some are done in compliance with rules that be holy and not to be divulged; others for reasons allowable to be discussed. The "Cutting of the Tree;" this part refers to the legend about the Gallos, and has nothing to do with the rites which it accompanies; for the gods have thereby, I fancy, taught us symbolically that we ought to pluck what is most beautiful on earth, namely *virtue joined with piety*, and offer the same unto the goddess, for a token of good government here below. For the Tree springs up out of the earth and aspires upwards into the air; it is likewise beautiful to see and be seen, and to afford us shade in hot weather; and furthermore to produce, and regale us with its fruit; thus a large share of a generous nature resides in it. The rite, therefore, enjoins upon us who are *celestial* by our nature, but who have been carried down to *earth*, to reap virtue joined with piety from our conduct upon earth, and to aspire upwards unto the deity, the primal source of being and the fount of life. Then immediately after the cutting does the trumpet give out the invocation to Attis and

[1] An almond-tree—Valentinus had before interpreted all these rites as prefiguring the history of Christ.

[2] Or "a stop to straying."

to those that be of heaven, whence we took our flight, and fell down to earth. And after this, when King Attis checks the Indefinity by the means of castration, the gods thereby warn us to *extirpate* in ourselves all incontinence, and to imitate the example,[1] and to run upwards unto the Definite, and the Uniform, and if it be possible, to the One itself; which being accomplished the "Hilaria" must by all means follow. For what could be more contented, what more *hilarious* than the soul that has escaped from uncertainty, and generation, and the tumult that reigns therein, and hastens upwards to the gods? Of whose number was this Attis, whom the Mother of the Gods would not suffer to advance farther than was proper for him, but turned him towards herself, and enjoined him to check all indefinity.

And let nobody suppose me to say that all these things were done and happened formerly without the gods themselves knowing what they meant to do; or as though they were chastising their own faults. The causes of things that be, the ancients (whether with the gods to guide them, or discovering them by their unassisted efforts, but better to say seeking them out under the guidance of the gods), when they *had* discovered them, wrapped up the same in strange fables, in order that the fiction, being detected through its own extravagance and obscurity, might draw us on to the investigation of the Truth. For the vulgar, incapable of reasoning, derive sufficient benefit from what is conveyed by means of symbols; whilst to those of superior intellect, the truth respecting the gods will then only be serviceable, when they through diligent research shall find it out and lay hold thereof: whilst they are reminded by means of dark legends that it is their duty to *inquire;* and that they may advance to the end, as to the summit of the thing, after they have discerned it by means of such research; not so much out of

[1] τοὺς ἡμῶν in text, is clearly a corruption of τὸ σημεῖον.

respect and confidence in the judgment of others, as in the exertion of one's own understanding upon other objects. What then do we assert as the fact—to consider it, as it were, in a summary? That as far as the Fifth Body, not merely the Intelligible, but also the Visible bodies, because they belong to the impassive and divine part, the ancients believed to be gods free from all mixture: whilst through the generative activity of the gods simultaneously existing in this same region of the universe, *Matter* had emanated in company with these gods from all eternity. Whilst out of these gods, and through their agency (on account of the superabundance of their generative and creative faculty), the Providence of things that be, uniting itself from all eternity with the gods, became at once Colleague of the Mighty Jupiter, and Source of the Intelligible Powers; whilst what appears without life, without generative power—the refuse, and what one may call the off-scouring, dregs, and sediment of things that be—(was made) by means of the lowest in order of all the gods, that is to say, by him in whom the beings of all the gods terminate; and this maker has regulated, corrected, and changed the same for the better. For this Attis wears the star-spangled tiara—evidently meaning that he has ordered the visible limits of the influence of all the gods upon the Sensible world, to be the *beginnings* of his own kingdom. Above him was the Unmixed and Pure, extending as far upwards as the Milky Way; but round about this place (where the passive element mingles with the impassive, and *Matter* exists simultaneously from that same source) his intercourse with the latter is symbolized by his "Descent into the Cave": a *descent* not indeed made against the will of the gods and of the Mother of them all, although said to have been made against their will. For the gods being by nature in superior place, the Better Part seeks not to drag them down from thence to this condition, but rather by means of the united descending of the Better Part, to draw the latter up to the supe-

rior, and what is more acceptable to the gods, the limit already mentioned. In this sense the Great Mother is described as not *hating* Attis after his castration; nay more, she is described as no longer wrath with him: she was wrath with him on account of the descent into the Cave, because he, being a god and superior, had given himself up to his inferior: and after he had of his own accord checked the progress of his straying out of bounds, and had reduced to order this disorder by means of his subjection to the same influences with the equinoctial circle (in order that the mighty Sun may govern that which is most perfect in measure in his appointed course),[1] then does the Goddess gladly recall him to herself, or rather retains him by her side. And there never was a time when these things followed another order than they do now: ever is Attis minister and charioteer to the Great Mother; ever does he stimulate generation; perpetually does he *cut away* from himself all *extravagance*[2] (want of limitation) by means of the ordained Cause of Forms. And returning, as it were, out of the bowels of the earth, he is said to sway his ancestral sceptre: although never deposed therefrom, nor to be deposed; yet, as the legend goes, deposed on account of his intercourse with the passive element. One point, however, is perhaps worth discussion: how it is that, the Equinox being *double*, Attis has preferred that which falls in Scorpio's Claws to that falling in Aries. The reason for this preference is plain enough in my opinion. For at what time the Sun is be-

[1] In reference to the explanation above given of the reason for holding the festival of Attis at the time of the equinox.

[2] "Extravagance," taken in its primary sense, expresses the meaning Julian extracts out of *ἀπειρία* more exactly than "ignorance." The aim of all this high-flying argument seems to be to show that Attis symbolizes the Creative Energy (the Gnostic Demeurgus) that at first wasted itself in illimitable Space, but finally ceased from such *extravagance*, and confined its operations within the *forms* or *types* appointed by the Supreme Being.

ginning to approach us from the equinoctial line, and the length of day is on the increase—this season was, I think, considered the most suitable to the subject; for besides the reason which asserts that *light* is the accompaniment of the gods,[1] they believed (the ancients) that the attractive rays of the Sun were favourable to all those who aimed at being released from the trammels of generation. Consider the matter by the light of experience: the Sun draws up all things out of the earth, he calls up to himself and causes them to spring aloft by means of his stimulating and wondrous heat, penetrating all bodies with the extremest subtilty; whilst the objects that naturally have a downward tendency he renders light. And such facts as these we ought, I think, to take for illustrations of his *invisible* operations; for he that forces such results in bodies by means of his corporeal heat, cannot but by means of the invisible, entirely spontaneous, divine and pure activity existing in his beams, draw up and attract to himself the blessed souls. When therefore he has displayed this light, so congenial to the gods, and to men desirous of ascending unto him, and whilst this light is on the increase, so that the day shall be longer than the night, and the Sovereign Sun is beginning to traverse the Sign of the Ram, at that time the attractive nature of the rays of this deity is manifested both by their visible operation and their invisible, whereby innumerable souls are drawn upwards, following the guidance of the most luminous and most sun-like of all the senses. For this ocular sense Plato hath extolled as not so much pleasant and useful for the purposes of daily life, as it is a guide in the acquisition of wisdom in a higher point of view. But if I should touch upon that unspeakable mystic science which the Chaldæan hath uttered through inspiration, concerning the "god of the seven rays"[2] making souls ascend

[1] The ἠλυγή attending upon the manifestation of a deity—"rosea cervice refulsit."

[2] The number of rays in the crown of Serapis—the ἑπταγράμματος

through him, I shall be speaking of things unknown; yea, altogether unknown to the vulgar, yet familiar unto the blessed ministers of the gods, wherefore I shall now pass it over in silence.

But to return to what I was saying, namely, that we must suppose the season for the festival was fixed by those of old time not without consideration, but rather with plausible, in the highest degree, and well grounded reasons, a proof of this is that the goddess in question has the equinoctial line assigned to her. For under the Sign Libra the solemn and ineffable mysteries are celebrated in honour of Ceres and her daughter, and with good cause is this done, for it was fitting that they should be held a second time in honour of the god (Sun) as he is leaving us, in order that we may suffer nothing unpleasant from that goddess and dark Power[1] which then gets the upper hand. At any rate, the Athenians celebrate the Mysteries to Ceres twice a year; in the Sign Aries they celebrate, it is said, the Lesser Mysteries; the greater they hold when the Sun is in the Claws of Scorpio; for the reasons already stated. I believe them to be called "Greater" and "Lesser" Mysteries, for other reasons, but particularly as is probable for *this*, their being held when the Sun is *receding*, rather than when he is *approaching* us; wherefore in the latter case they are done merely as a reminder; because the preserving and sublimating deity is still present, the preliminaries of the *Initiation* are marked out; then, shortly after, continuous practices of religion, and purifications connected with the rites; and when the deity later is taking his departure for the zone opposite to our land, then the crowning rite of the ceremonies is performed for the sake of our protection and preservation.

θεὸς. One account of the introduction of the Serapis-worship into Alexandria makes it brought from Babylon; and in fact Plutarch, in describing the last days of Alexander, calls the Temple of Belus that of Serapis.

[1] Evidently an allusion to Ahrimanes, the Power of Darkness.

And observe how in this case also the final cause of generation is cut away, for amongst the Athenians also those that handle the holy things are strictly continent; and the Hierophant who presides over them shuns all generation, inasmuch as he has nothing to do with progression into indefinity, but on the contrary, is concerned with the Essence that is definite, that abides for ever, and is comprehended in the *One*, the which also is free from admixture, and pure. On this subject, thus much is sufficient. It now remains for us in continuation to discuss this observance of strict *continence* and of *purity* in order that we may extract them from whatever bears upon our hypothesis. And at first starting, this thing appears to everybody an absurdity, that the sacred rule allows one to touch flesh, and prohibits one's touching seeds. Are not the latter without life, the former possessing life? Are not the latter clean, the former filled with blood and much that is disagreeable both to the sight and to the hearing? Whilst the former possess the additional recommendation that no one is aggrieved by the eating of them, whereas in the other case there is the slaughtering and throat-cutting of the beasts, which feel pain in consequence, as is natural, and make a roaring noise. Thus much many superior souls may possibly say; what follows, even the most impious of mankind nowadays ridicule, namely, that the *stalks* of vegetables are eaten; but their roots, for example turnips, are refused; that figs are allowed to be eaten, but pomegranates by no means, and apples, besides. This I have frequently heard many people whining at; and though I have said it already, I consider myself especially indebted to all the gods together, and more than all to the Great Mother in this particular instance (as in all others) that she did not suffer me to wander about, as it were in the dark, but firstly commanded me to *cut away*, not as regards my *body*, but as regards the irrational appetites and motions of the *soul*, all that was superfluous and empty, by the aid of the Cause, the object of intellect, and which

presides over souls, whilst she herself enabled me to conceive certain notions perhaps not discordant with a true, and at the same time, reverential understanding of divine matters. But I seem to be running around in a circle, as though I had nothing that I could say. It is in my power, even by giving particulars, to adduce clear and convincing reasons why it is not allowable for us to bring to table those vegetables and fruits, which are prohibited by the sacred rule; and this I will do a little further on. At present, it is better to produce some types, as it were, and models; by following which, even though in my haste something may be left unnoticed, we may be enabled to form some judgment on these points. This is the proper place to recapitulate; first of all, *whom* I have stated Attis to be, and what is the meaning of his *castration;* what is symbolized by the things done *between* the castration and the Hilaria, and what the object of the observation of *continence*, Now, this Attis has been defined by me as an Existing Cause, and a deity proximately creating the material world; who, when he descends as far as the extreme limits, is checked by the *Sun* in his generative motion; when the latter Power arrives at the sharply defined circumference of the universe, the name whereof is the *Equinoctial line* by reason of its effect. His *castration*, we have explained to mean the checking of straying beyond bounds —the which can only be brought about by his recall and reascension to the more ancient and original Causes. Of the *continence* itself, the aim we say is the reascent of the soul; therefore, in the first place, it forbids the eating of the plants that sink below the ground, forasmuch as the Earth is the lowest of things that be; for thither Plato also says that evil things return after having been driven away; and the gods also by their oracles in many places have called it the "refuse;" and frequently exhort us to make our escape therefrom. First of all, therefore, the life-giving and provident goddess doth not allow us even as far as concerns our bodily nourishment, to make use of things

that descend beneath the earth; thereby warning us to look up to heaven, or rather above the heavens. Some persons, it is true, eat one sort of seed, namely, kidney beans; because they look upon them as not so much seeds as green vegetables, on account of their growing in an *upward direction* and erect, and not being at all rooted under the earth; for the bean is rooted from the haulm, in the same way as the fruit of an ivy or of a vine hangs from the tree. This is the reason why it is forbidden us to use the seed of plants, whilst it is allowed us to use fruits and green vegetables, not such, however, as creep along the ground, but those that raise themselves aloft in air. In this way she commands us to reject as earthy the ground-loving nature of the turnip, whilst she allows us to bring to table that which grows upwards and aspires on high; inasmuch as this very action is the mark of purity. At any rate she allows us to use the stalks of vegetables, whilst she forbids their roots, most especially those that grow under, and are affected by the same influences as the ground. And truly the apples of trees, as being holy and goldlike, and the images of the mystic prizes,[1] and of those given in the ceremonies, she permits us not to destroy nor to consume; seeing that they deserve, for the sake of the things they symbolize, to be respected and taken care of; but pomegranates she has rejected as being an earthy shrub; and the fruit of the palm tree, some one perhaps will say, in consequence of its not growing in Phrygia, where the religion was first established. It seems however to me that it was as a tree sacred to the Sun, and not subject to decay that she forbids us to consume it, during the fasts, for the nourishment of the body. In addition to the foregoing rules, she forbids us to use every sort of fish; and this question concerns us in common with the Egyptians. For my part

[1] The regular shape of the prize-vases, *ex. gr.*, those figured on the imperial copper of Byzantium, is that of a *pomegranate*.

I think that for two reasons we should abstain from fish, —best entirely; or, at any rate, during the time of fasting; and firstly because we ought not to eat of things the which it is not lawful to sacrifice unto the gods,[1] and here perhaps some dainty and gluttonous persons may raise objection, as I remember to have been often served before on different occasions when they heard me explaining for what reason we do not offer sacrifice of fish to the gods. But in reality we have something to say in reply to this objection; for we *do* offer them up, I replied, in the sacrifices of *Initiation*, in the same way as the Romans to the *horse;* and many other beasts and living things, for example the *dog* to Hecate (like the Greeks and the Romans also); and there are many similar victims belonging to initiatory rites amongst other nations, offered by the community either once or twice a year; although not in the *honorary* sacrifices of which alone it is lawful for the gods to partake and banquet upon. Now fishes we do not offer up in the honorary sacrifices, because they are things that we do not pasture, nor do we take care of their breeding; neither have we herds of fish in the same way as we have of sheep and of oxen. For these latter animals being fed and made to multiply through our care, may justly be applied to our other uses, and above everything else, to the purpose of the most honorific sacrifices. This is one reason why I think we are not allowed to use fish for food during the times of fasting. There is yet another, and which I fancy is more consonant with what has been already said—namely, that fishes from their habit of *sinking to the bottom*, are more of an earthy nature than seeds themselves; whilst he that desires to soar upwards, and to fly aloft above the air unto the very pinnacles of heaven, will with good cause reject all things of the kind; he will emulate and run after those that aspire upwards into air,

[1] This may have been the very reason why the Christians allowed fish to be eaten during their own fasts, out of the spirit of contrariety.

that aim at ascension, and to speak poetically, that *gaze* at heaven. Birds, our religion allows us to eat, with the exception of a few that are held sacred by the common consent of mankind; and also the usual quadrupeds, except the swine; the latter as being *earthy* in all respects, in form, in habits, in the very article of its nature, (for it is full of superfluity, and bloated in body) is justly proscribed from the holy table. For this beast is believed to be an acceptable offering to the infernal gods, and not without good reason, for it is without sight of heaven, not merely never attempting, but even naturally made incapable of looking upwards. Such are the reasons that the holy institution assigns for abstinence from the things whence we are bound to abstain; and which we, who understand them, communicate to those who believe in the gods.

But as regards what we are permitted to eat, I make this observation. The holy rule does not allow all indiscriminately, but keeping in view what is within the power of human nature, allows us to make use of these common things, not in order that we should all of us necessarily consume all such things (for this perhaps were no easy matter), but that, firstly, each might use whatever his own constitution should permit: secondly, a larger supply for human wants is the consequence of such variety; and, thirdly, it is attended by the exercise of *will*,[1] which last it is right to strain to the utmost in matters of religion, so as to be zealous and to exert one's self, even beyond one's strength to follow the divine rules. Such conduct is the more serviceable to the soul as regards its health, supposing that one makes greater account of *it*, and not of the health of the body. Nay, as regards the *body*, it will ultimately prove to have participated unconsciously in this more estimable and still greater benefit. For when

[1] This permitted variety of diet, affording occasion for the exercise of "meritorious self-denial" in abstaining even from lawful enjoyment.

the soul gives itself up completely to the gods, committing all that concerns itself entirely to its superiors, whilst purity of life is the consequence, and previous to this the divine rules lead the way where is nothing further that confines or trammels it; for all things are in the power of the gods, and all things subsist around the gods,[1] and all things are full of the gods; thereupon does the divine light illumine their souls, and being themselves rendered divine, they impart a tension and a strength to the spirit,[2] to which they are united at birth, whilst the latter, being thus sharpened and at the same time governed by the soul, becomes the source of health to the whole body. That probably all bodily diseases, or at any rate the greater number and the worst, arise from the upsetting and depravation of the animal spirits, as I fancy none of the sons of Esculapius will deny, for some say this of *all* diseases, others of the most numerous, the worst, and the most difficult to cure. Testimony to this fact are the oracles of the gods; I mean that not only the soul, but the body likewise, is rendered worthy of much benefit and health by means of this purity of living. For, as they say, "The mortal envelope of bitter Matter is likewise preserved," as the gods promise in encouragement to the extremely pure amongst their own ministers.

What subject then remains for us to handle—especially when we are confined within the short space of a single night, and have read nothing beforehand, or made any research into these matters, nay, without any previous intention of writing about them, before asking for these tablets; the goddess will bear witness to what I say. But as I was

[1] The gods are centres about which all things turn.

[2] Julian here uses *φύχη* and *πνεῦμα* exactly in the sense of the Latin "animus" and "anima." But in the regular Neo-Platonism the *νοῦς* takes the place of his first, and holds the same relation to the *φύχη* that the latter holds to the body. This is fully and curiously set forth by Plutarch in his "Face in the Moon."

saying, what else is left for us to do, save to commemorate the goddess conjointly with Athene and Bacchus —the festivals of whom, in truth, the law has fixed during the time of this fast, perceiving doubtless the relationship that exists between Athene and the Mother of the Gods, because of the *provident nature* common to both, having also an eye to the separate creative operation of Bacchus, which power the mighty Bacchus has received from the mighty Jupiter, inasmuch as he has emanated out of *him*, and has communicated the same to all the visible creation, while he directs and governs the universal separate creation. It is also fitting to make mention of *Hermes*, entitled "Epaphroditus"—for so the god is styled by those initiated persons, who profess to kindle torches in honour of Attis "the Wise." But who is so thick-headed as not to understand that through Hermes and Aphrodite are invoked all things in all places that contain the cause[1] of the universality and various forms of generation, which is the proper subject of my argument? Is not this the Attis, who at first is called *insane*, and then *sane*, in consequence of his castration? *Insane* because he chose for himself the realm of Matter, and superintends the work of generation; but *sane* because he hath modelled this refuse into Beauty, and hath wrought therein so great a transformation, that no skill or craft of man can imitate the same. But what shall be the conclusion of my theme? Verily a Hymn of praise unto the goddess. O Mother of gods and men, assister and colleague of mighty Jove! O source of the Intelligible Powers! Thou that keepest thy course in unison with the simple essences of things intelligible; thou that hast received out of all the universal Cause, and impartest it to the Intelligible world! Goddess, giver of life, Mother, Providence, and Maker of our souls! Thou that lovest the mighty Bacchus; who didst preserve Attis when he was cast forth, and didst recall him to thy-

[1] Ἔχοντα τὸ ἕνεκα τᾶ παντῆ κάι παντὼς.

self after he had sunk down into the cave of the earth; thou that art the beginning of all Good unto the Intelligible Powers, and that fillest the world with all the objects of Sense, and grantest all good things, in all places, unto mankind! Grant unto all men happiness, of which the sum and substance is the *knowledge of the gods;* and to the Roman people universally, first and foremost to wash away from themselves the stain of *atheism,*[1] and in addition to this, grant them propitious Fortune, that shall assist them in governing the empire for many thousands of years to come! To myself grant for the fruit of my devotion to thee—Truth in belief concerning the gods, the attainment of perfection in religious rites, and in all the undertakings which we attempt as regards warlike or military[2] measures, valour coupled with good luck, and the termination of my life to be without pain, and happy in the good hope of a departure for your abodes!

[1] By the complete eradication of Christianity, the denial of *his* gods.

[2] A hint of some important reforms he was contemplating in the constitution of the army, which was kept secret until the successful termination of the Persian War should enable him to carry it out, in defiance of all opposition from the officials interested in the existing corruption.

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